



THE
CRUISE;
A
POETICAL SKETCH,

IN
Eight Cantos.

BY
A NAVAL OFFICER.

“ Fight for your Country ! heed not Faction’s roar !
“ But, at the price of Life ! defend your Native Shore !!! ”

Tell us, how act, a brave, a British Crew ;
But do not o’er the path the tinsel Fiction ! strew.—

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD VISCOUNT MELVILLE,
AS A
VERY TRIFLING BUT SINCERE
Tribute of Gratitude,
FOR THE
MANY BENEFITS CONFERRED
ON THE
BRITISH NAVY;

BENEFITS SO ESSENTIALLY RECOMMENDED BY THE BE-
NEVOLENCE AND DISINTERESTEDNESS WHICH MUST
HAVE DICTATED THEM; FOR, THE FOREMAST-MAN, HIS
ORPHAN, AND WIDOW, ON WHOM THEY HAVE BEEN
PRINCIPALLY BESTOWED, ARE NOT OBJECTS, WHO
HAVE IT IN THEIR POWER TO MAKE SUCH A RETURN, AS
WOULD ATTRACT THE NOTICE OF THE OSTENTATIOUS
OR GREEDY ;—

THIS
POETICAL SKETCH
OF A
TWO MONTHS' NAVAL CRUISE,
IS,
WITH THE GREATEST DEFERENCE, INSCRIBED,
BY ONE,
PERSONALLY UNKNOWN;
WHO HAS NEVER RECEIVED A FAVOUR,
NOR IS UNDER THE NECESSITY OF ASKING ONE;
BUT IS,
IN COMMON WITH HIS PROFESSION,
HIS LORDSHIP'S
OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT
HUMBLE SERVANT,
A NAVAL OFFICER.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following Undertaking would never have been engaged in, nor probably thought of, had it not been for an unfortunate necessity the Author found himself under, of recruiting an extremely exhausted constitution, by a regimen on shore.

During this most painful period, making Poetical Sketches of Scenes which had occurred on Naval Service, afforded the greatest relief to his mind; his ill state of health putting any pursuit requiring much research, absolutely out of the question.

These Sketches increasing, it struck him, that if they were connected by a “Regular Detail of Duties, and probable Events;”—by the introduction of “Characters, to be met with in the Service;”—by “Reflections, when naturally arising;”—and, above all, by the “Promulgation of Sentiments which have emanated from some of our most shining Naval Characters;”—a Work might

be formed, conveying a *correct* idea of NAVAL LIFE (including the mode of carrying on Duty), during so memorable an Epoch as the present;—becoming a vehicle through which a few suggestions of Improvements might be offered to the sense of the NAVY;—and furnishing Sentiments which, if allowed to be, among others, those of a BLAKE! and NELSON!, must ever prove safe and glorious for BRITISH SEAMEN to cherish!!!;—in short, a Work of considerable importance to the *rising* Generation of Sailors, (inasmuch as, having a tendency to rightly form their minds, and give a general Knowledge of their Profession,) and not altogether unworthy the notice *even of the present*.—Only one thing seemed wanting, “an *Execution* equal to the Design.”

Upon his own attempt at treating a subject, *all* may perhaps think well worthy of the *ablest* pen,—the Author declares, with the utmost sincerity, he feels the greatest diffidence.

He has been induced to lay it before the Public, from conceiving that he could, in the first place, (as above detailed,) account unexceptionably for his leisure;—that therefore it could not be thought incompatible with the Character of a BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER, to attempt Versification on “Nautical Subjects, and after the fashion of a Sailor;”—from feeling a kind of pride in proving

that he had employed his mind in his Profession, in the only way left him ;—from being flattered by a Friend (to whom he feels much indebted for Revision, and some grammatical corrections,) that it might meet the approbation of, the Author is well convinced, a *candid* Public ;—from conscience assuring him his intention is *good*, therefore not leading him to imagine he can, at all events, do *harm* ;—and lastly, but by far the strongest inducement !, from a sanguine hope it may have some effect towards confirming the determination of the *present* Race of Sailors, to continue the glorious career they have hitherto run ; and filling the minds of those who are to succeed them, with the noblest ardour to follow their footsteps.

How far he has any right to indulge such hopes as this last inducement implies, can best be judged of by a perusal of the Contents :—to say more on the subject *here*, would be to intrude unnecessarily :—it may not be deemed so, however, to offer some remarks upon the Author's idea of “ its not being incompatible with the Character of a NAVAL OFFICER to attempt Verse, under certain limitations ; ” —and upon the “ Work itself.”

As to the former, in order to bear him out in what he has advanced, he begs to submit, that

he is not aware of our constant rivals, the French, having any *Naval Poets*!; a sort of *natural* reason that *we* should!!!;—and that the following precedents are to be found in his Profession;—namely, a DORSET, and others of older date;—a FAULKNER;—the amiable and manly Captain EDWARD THOMSON (who died in the command of a Squadron on the African station);—some Officers of the Victory, while bearing Lord NELSON's flag;—and a DIBDIN and WALCOT* (out of the Profession, but on Nautical topics); the social, humanizing, and inspiring effects of whose Poetical effusions are so generally admitted;—effects also surely more lasting than those of prose?—witness the Songs of the Bards, which, in the total want of other means, have been retained by the memory to this present day.—Indeed it was the idea, that “Verse would have the advantage of Prose,” which conduced much to the present Undertaking.—But he conceived, at the same time, that, to produce this advantage in his case, the *manner* must be ap-

* And, in regard to Authorship in general,—the Navy has produced a considerable list of Voyage, &c. &c. Writers; including a RALEIGH and COOK; a BURNEY;—and honourable to the Service would it have been, had a CLARKE of Eldon been included.—The Marine Corps have furnished, probably amongst others, a TENCH, and GILLESPIE; nor should a BICKERSTAFFE be forgotten.

propriate to the *matter*;—in other words, a “Nautical subject treated *nautically*.”—By which means also, that great desideratum! would be the nearer attained, viz. “conveying the *best* sense of Reality.”

It will be found therefore, that the Author has endeavoured throughout, to write as much in the *language of a Sailor*, as the subject would admit of. Finding also that his subject embraced very considerable variety, he has conceived it would not be appropriately met, unless “*different* styles of verse were made use of.”—The greatest latitude has therefore been taken;—the measure and manner, at times, are changed (though, it is hoped, not too abruptly) and Blank Verse approached.—The Author pretends not to genius, or classical knowledge; but he will say that he could have given the whole a “different and more *poetical* dress,” had he confined himself to scenes admitting *best of poetical* description:—but would it then have been consistent with his wish of “conveying a sense of Naval Life in all its branches, according with reality?”—It must however be understood, that although the Scenes, Traits, and Anecdotes, are founded on facts;—yet that no one Ship, or Cruise, has precisely afforded what is here brought together;—they are selected from Naval Service *in general*.

Further, in regard to the “Work itself,” the Author has to observe, that it ends with the Death of Lord NELSON;—that copious Notes (intended indeed to form no inconsiderable portion of the Work) are given to elucidate, and prevent misinterpretation as much as possible;—in which, that the “unity of action” may be preserved, nothing is adverted to of a subsequent date to the matter detailed.—Thus, in a Note upon the first mention of Lord NELSON, at the *commencement* of the Poem, his greatest Achievement, “the Victory off Trafalgar,” is not stated,—because it is supposed *not to have taken place*.—On the same account, those very decisive, and important proofs of BRITISH superiority evinced by Sirs RICHARD STRACHAN, DUCKWORTH, and BRISBANE, are not introduced:—although, as Achievements of the greater magnitude, since the French Revolution, have been touched upon in the Introduction, it would be the height of injustice to pass over the above-named Exploits here:—as it would also be to pass over the noble gallantry of a Rival Service,—rival never, it is to be hoped, but in deeds of Honour! and Courage!—conducted by a Sir JOHN STEUART on the plains of Maida.——Bringing in the Army even in *this* manner, may be objected to on the score of irrelevancy:—but be it remembered, that they often serve with us *afloat*, and we with them on *shore*;

—that therefore our interests are identified, and must be so, until a total degeneracy takes place on the part of one, or both.—National Danger; mutual Hazard to avert it;—Equal Glory;—and a Liberal Determination to postpone the Discussion of any point which can possibly arise, tending in the least to disturb Harmony, until a time of perfect *Tranquillity* and *Security*;—must “cement
“ an Union, so truly important to the welfare of
“ our Country.”

It is also but right to say, that the “Establishment of a Naval Asylum for Children,” and an “Increase of Patriotic Donations for the Relief of Wounded Men,” have taken place since writing passages, to which they will be found to refer; and have considerably diminished their *force*.—The Author, however, has not expunged them, as he would fain submit what yet remains to the opinion of the Navy and those interested in its Welfare; satisfied that no mischief can possibly arise from his so doing, because “it is not to be imagined,
“ that any suggestions of *his* will be deemed of sterling weight, until their value has been stamped
“ by the sanction of *those*, whom an eminent
“ Knowledge of the Profession, entitles to be considered competent Judges.”

Buonaparte is called a “Modern Hun;”—and
“*hitherto*, sanguinary propensities and actions

have been attributed to the French nation *since* their Revolution."—It may be objected, that *such expressions only tend to still more exasperate the already exasperated nations, and consequently make Peace yet more impossible.*—But if Peace were to take place *to-morrow*, the Pen which in the slightest degree touches on History, *should not shrink from recording the Truth!!!*—nor would a palliation of her conduct be respected by France,—she is *too powerful!*—Buonaparte has, surely? *hitherto* proved himself *worse* than a Hun!—and the French nation has been *hitherto*, in many respects, *worse* than detestable!.*—but because this *has been*, does it follow that *it is to be?*—Buonaparte *may* humanize himself, and his people; and, by making all the amends in his power (which we know is great) for the atrocities he has committed, and made them commit, become entitled to confidence and respect.—He *may* be convinced, that the Peace and Security of the World, can only be brought about and confirmed, by "his permitting all Countries to enjoy the Advantages seem-

* The Author speaks feelingly, having suffered much from a state of captivity in France at the beginning of the War.—Indeed, those who are exposed to the vindictive fury of the enemy, may well be excused for expressing their sentiments on the occasion.

ingly designated by Nature, nicely balanced in the scale of Equal Power*.”— He may learn from History, in the examples of an Alexander!, Charlemagne!, Genghis Khan!, &c., that “Conquests, or rather Ravages!, however widely spread, *never* have been retained under *one* influence, beyond the life of the *Ravager* †.”— He may find, after having *tried us to the inmost core*, that “we are neither to be *ruined* in our Finances!, nor *conquered* in our Persons!;”—but that, on the contrary, while he destroys the Commerce of *other* Nations, he only obliges *us* to open New Channels (perfectly attainable);—and occasions, if any check?, a WHOLESOME *one*, upon an *excess* in Mercantile and Manufacturing

* Briefly explained, by stating, on the principle of empires comprising *extensive* territories and population, confining themselves to the cultivation of “Natural Produce, Arts, and Manufactures;” leaving the *exchange* of these, and *supply* of what they want,—in short, “Commerce,”—principally in the hands of those, whom an *insulated* situation, and *small* population, render *most* competent and *least* dangerous.

† The Roman Empire required centuries! to bring it to its zenith, it may be said, under Julius Cæsar, the greatest conqueror she produced!!!—But was not the title of “Mistress of the World,” accompanied by a *fatal decline*?—When the “Independency of States” *ceased*, the “noble spirit of Emulation” *vanished*;—the civilized world lost its energy and virtue;—barbarians!, and those forced to bite the bitt of slavery!, but *never* losing sight of their degradation, *became instructed in the way to conquer*;—and a “new order of things took place.”

Speculations, making us more Military, and Unanimous*. — Or, if the above causes, and the proof positive given at Amiens (so near having been fatally acted upon) of our determination to meet him in Peace, far more than half-way, will

* Preserve but our own Island and its Naval Superiority ; and Resources for Revenue are incalculable."—If the West Indies can possibly be wrested from us?, the East will afford in abundance similar advantages:—and in such a case, it might be indispensable to open a *free trade*, in order to facilitate communication, and keep up the number and *quality* of Seamen.—If, on the other hand, we lose our East-India Continental Possessions, and retain our West, with a Trade to the Brazils, and extend it to other parts of South America, (perfectly attainable by a well-adapted policy,) the *loss* will sufficiently, if not *amply*, be made up.—Strong Naval Stations in the East-Indian Seas would then alone be necessary to check any Naval Armaments of the enemy :—Not only might these stations (islands, suppose) be made impregnable, but Garrisons be maintained in them, sufficiently strong to go on Expeditions ; and yet a number of Troops, now employed on that vast Peninsula, be spared for other purposes:—A trade with China might still be kept up ; for, such a Maritime superiority on the part of the enemy as could prevent it,—or such security at *home*, in Europe, mind ! as well as amongst the warlike, immensely populous, and distracted nations of Asia, as would enable a conquest of China,—if in the compass of possibility?, must yet absolutely be the work of time ! — — But the further exposition of these, *at least*, rational suppositions, would lead me without the limits of a note.—One serious asseveration I must make :—In *no sense* do I mean that our East-India Possessions should be given up without the most gigantic struggle!;—their *present* value we *know*;—the effects of their *loss*, we have to *learn*.— — The above observations are only intended to drive away despondency !, if such an unmanly feeling can (save in a fit of hypochondriacism) debase the heart of a Briton !, "by sketching the incalculable resources of our Country."

not amend the nature of this man;—if the World is found to be too small for his ambition;—“the French nation itself, may choose a Numa!; and as they deserve the *odium* of having involved the human race in misery, so will they become entitled to the *glory* of bringing about their Emancipation.”

Where a people have not the “Liberty of the Press,” consequently *no* means of “judging for themselves,” as in France!, they must *feel* as their “Government chooses to make them;”—it is then to the *rulers*, and *not* the *ruled* that we are to look for Peace:—and until such are found as will encourage the *best*, and not *worst* of the human passions, we are bound, in duty to ourselves and posterity, to regard them as “*fiends bent upon our extermination from the face of the earth**.”

Nor are these observations of mere *temporary* importance; for, the causes on which they are

* Worthy people are, doubtless, to be found in France, as in every other country:—these, when the blind is torn from their eyes, will meet us in an honourable and secure Peace, with an enthusiasm increased by the very bitterness of their former animosity; (the deliverance being the greater):—but we know there are others so *incorrigible*, that “conciliatory conduct” is absolutely thrown away upon them.—Let us then *esteem* and fly to meet the JUST!—but never, never let the VILLAIN! *triumph over us*.

founded, must afford “a truly *instructive* lesson, so long as the world endures !!!”*

No one can be more aware, than the Author, of the extreme delicacy with which a Naval Officer should discuss many of the Topics introduced:—upon the *propriety*, or *impropriety* with which it is done, he presumes, rests the *responsibility*:—by these he must be judged;—only assuring his Reader, that he is not aware of having written under the most distant feeling of prejudice, *local* or *otherwise*;—being equally connected, by “ties of blood,” to the three chief divisions of the BRITISH Empire, meaning ENGLAND, IRELAND, and SCOTLAND; born however in the former, but educated under a most liberal Clergyman in the second-named division, and sent at a very early age to a Service, he believes is not reckoned a *prejudiced* one, and which has given him an opportunity of seeing no trifling portion of the rest of the Globe; and having too (he begs to remind his Reader) put his thoughts on paper at a time when only such feelings can sway, as

* Indeed it is hoped, that little will be found throughout the Work (or rather sketch) entirely devoid of utility hereafter, as the motive which gave birth, and the manner which brought forward, may not, perhaps, be thought quite unworthy of imitation:—for, until “perfection is the lot of mortality,”—*there must be something to amend.*


are to accompany a man in his exit from this state of existence: and hardened indeed must he be, who is not *then* "liberal*."

Quotations *there are* ;—Plagiarisms *there may be* ;— upon its various demerits, taking into consideration the circumstances under which it has been written, a liberal criticism is hoped for, which ever must *improve*, while the reverse! only *confirms in error*.

* The Author would not intrude this account of himself, did he not conceive that it afforded the strongest and most *natural* proof of his inclination to write *impartially*, which he thinks the very first duty of an Author.

☞ *An INDEX to the NOTES is given at the End of the Work.*

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CANTO I.

Argument.

Introduction to, and Opening of the Poem—Time, the latter End of September 1805, about half-past Eleven in the Forenoon—A Frigate moored with her Sails loose—Description thereof—Weather calm—A Sailor goes aloft—Henry, a young Midshipman, Nephew to the Captain, introduced—Sails furled—Breeze sets in—Piping to Dinner—Officers also take Refreshment—Captain comes on board—his Character — Unmooring — Weighing — Departure— Watch called — Quarters — Hammocks piped down—Make a Light-house at Eight o'Clock, and set it—Done by the Master—his Character—Watch and Idlers reef the Sails, and make the Ship snug before Night—First Watch called—Captain sups in the Gun-room—Account thereof—Lights put out at Nine o'Clock—Captain and First Lieutenant give their Orders for the Night—Sea gets up—Conduct of the Officer of the Watch—Manner of passing ditto—Middle Watch comes—Tricks played upon a Youngster—his first Cruise—A middle Watch at Two—Conversation on Sweethearts—Why Marriage should not be thought of by a young Naval Officer—with various Reflections, and Sentiments arising out of the above Scenes.

THE CRUISE:

A Poem.

IN EIGHT CANTOS.

CANTO I.

HOMER! could I breathe thy fire,
Like thee, the dullest soul inspire ;
No longer would my ardent muse
The animating task refuse
Of singing each great Seaman's praise,
In thy heroic, lasting lays.
His too, whose wise presiding lore
Made BRITAIN's Navy flourish more
Than e'er known to a former age ;
E'er noted in historic page—
Sage lib'ral SPENCER!, fain I'd here
A tablet to thy conduct rear,

Engrav'd with words of praise so deep,
 That, spite of time, 'twould perfect keep*
 Had I but pow'r! soon would my pen
 Immortalize those Patriot Men,
 Who nobly for their Country fought,
 And vict'ry to her ensigns brought.
 Then, would I sing of mighty war,
 And the achievements of each Tar ;
 Nor should my emphatic story
 Yield e'en to thine in warlike glory.
 Thy Heroes and thy Cause, I dare
 Affirm, cannot with mine compare !
 The theme's too lofty for my feeble verse,
 Ne'er can I, HOWE !, thy valiant deeds rehearse ;
 Ne'er can I so, my simple lyre attune,
 To sing the glories of the FIRST OF JUNE.
 First on the list of Warriors, first you broke
 The jacobinic line, and dealt a deadly stroke ! †

* Earl Spencer presided at the Board of Admiralty during the most critical periods of the late war, viz. the first, and middle ; under his administration, the Navy began to evince that energy and conduct which have so pre-eminently distinguished it from former æras, glorious as they were !—The inference is plain—"much credit must be given the first Lord at the outset."—The above eulogium therefore is not misapplied, nor is it at the expence of his successors.

† Earl Howe was the first who defeated the republicans, June 1, 1794;—the force on either side at the commencement of the action being about equal.

ST. VINCENT too! where is the magic spell
 To urge my pen that it thy deeds may tell?
 France, not more num'rous bow'd the first to HOWE;
 Spain's host superior, you, the first, laid low! *
 DUNCAN! the first, from abject Holland's son
 A most decisive retribution won! †
 Next BRIDPORT comes! highly distinguish'd Tar!
 To share the honours of this glorious war. ‡
 Th' illustrious Seaman HOOD! displays a name
 Ever allied to meritorious fame! §
 Brave HOTHAM! too, justly deserves applause,
 For he upheld his best, his Country's cause. ||
 But now we come to BRITAIN's chiefest boast,
 One who is in himself alone, a host—
 Thrice gallant NELSON!!! great, and also good!
 O! that my willing, but weak talents could

* Earl St. Vincent was the first who vanquished the Spaniards Feb. 14, 1797, with so great a disparity of force, as, on his side, 15 sail of the line, to theirs of 27.

† Viscount Duncan was the first who encountered the Dutch (in general action) Oct. 11, 1797, took their chief admiral and another, with two-thirds of their fleet;—both sides at the commencement about equal.

‡ Viscount Bridport, distinguished himself by capturing three sail of the line, from a French force rather inferior, June 24, 1795.

§ Viscount Hood, performed much good service in the Mediterranean at the commencement of the late war.

|| Lord Hotham, took two sail of the line from the French (about equal in force) March 14, 1795.

Do ample justice to thy grand career,
 And make thy deeds, as they deserve, appear.
 Alas !, alas !, ne'er can my pen attain
 Pow'r to relate, or justly to explain.
 Let me then, on the theme transcendent pause,
 Fearful I may a cold injustice cause.*
 Vet'ran CORNWALLIS !,† KEITH !,‡ and SAUMAREZ !,§
 Merit their Country's most exalted praise—
 And MITCHEL's steady valour too ! must claim,
 A sprig of laurel from the tree of fame ||.

* It is impossible to do justice to the feats of this Hero ; suffice it just to record the victory over a superior French force at the Nile, August 1, 1798, and that, over the powerful Danish line of defence off Copenhagen, April 2, 1801.

† Admiral, the hon. Cornwallis, famous for a most lion-like retreat from an immensely superior French force, at the earlier period of the war ; also for a particularly indefatigable blockade of Brest.

‡ Lord Keith, captured an entire Dutch squadron at the Cape of Good Hope, August 17, 1796.

§ Sir James Saumarez, after having lost a ship, and been severely handled in an attack of ships and batteries at Algeziras, owing to baffling winds and shoals—proved the wonderful dispatch and unconquerable perseverance of British seamen, by, in an incredible short space of time, refitting, and attacking (July 12, 1801), with only five sail of the line (two-deckers), a French and Spanish force combined, of ten line-of-battle ships (two first-rates), when the unheard-of circumstance occurred of Captain Keats, in a seventy-four, causing the destruction of the two first-rates ! and capturing a French two-decker (half the crew Spanish) without other assistance than that of a small frigate—alone up with him.

|| Two Dutch squadrons, obliged to surrender in their own ports of the Helder and Texel, prove the intrepidity and skill of Sir Andrew Mitchel.

In vain I'd tell of SMITH ! that name so dear !
 The first who check'd dread Bonaparte's career,
 Dreaded by all, but BRITAIN's fearless son
 Who at proud Acre beat this modern Hun !
 Nay ! not a country is there but must own
 That in this feat, our Hero stands alone !!!*
 'Twere better, WARREN !, I thy deeds forget,
 Than with my pen to pay, what fame's in debt—
 Oft' hast thou urg'd on Gallia's frightened shore
 The dread surprise, or thund'ring cannon's roar !†
 How many Heroes more ! can BRITAIN boast,
 Who fight her battles, and protect her coast ?—
 To tell their wond'rous deeds I've no intent,
 An humbler subject to relate is meant—
 Not humble neither, 'tis on smaller scale—
 A cruizing Frigate's course I would detail ;
 And trace the Captain, Officer, and Tar,
 Thro' the eventful scenes attending war.

* Sir Sydney Smith has, in addition to many claims upon our admiration, a peculiar one—that, of utterly discomfiting with a handful of British seamen and marines, and an inconsiderable aid of Turks, a powerful veteran French army commanded by Bonaparte in person ! the man who has conquered sovereigns !—It is really dazzling !!! against Britons alone has Bonaparte failed, and without a total degeneracy on their parts, against them he will fail !

† Sir J. B. Warren, has been the scourge of the French coasts in the channel—as the great number of men-of-war and merchantmen, cut out at night, or boarded in the face of day, and brought out, or destroyed, prove—only two, out of a French squadron of nine sail, escaped through his action off Lough-Swilly—October 12, 1793.

Whether 'midst horrors! pleasantry! or woe!,
 The rough, yet faithful picture, still shall show;
 Marking the action, the expressive mien,
 Throughout each varied and impressive scene—
 Now while the shock of battle rages dire,
 A flashing eye proclaims a native fire!,
 Scarce can each breast contain the working ire!
 Then comes a mournful calm—the fight is o'er,
 Our swelling hearts now throb, for those, no more!
 Sailors, indeed, but little sorrow feel,
 Yet will a sigh, a tear, full often steal:
 Cold is the heart! can think it e'er disgrace,
 When mild compassion clouds the manly face.
 This bitter scene once past, the joke and pun
 Take their glad round, with cheerful song and fun;
 We think of home, think on what friends will say,
 When we triumphant tell them of the glorious day!!!
 Think, how each gentle fair with fond caress,
 Will greet her Tar clad in a victor's dress—
 The thought inspires! cheer up, my humble muse,
 And tho' thou wilt the arduous task refuse
 Of painting scenes where potent fleets contend,
 While anxious nations on the fate attend;
 Or of those chiefs, whose very names appal!
 (The foe, first urging flight, till doom'd to fall)—
 Yet may'st thou try, vainly altho' it seem,
 A less exalted, but a glorious theme!

Try then to sing, in pleasing song, and brief,
 Of but *one* noble Ship, *one* gallant Chief;
 Tell us how act a brave, a BRITISH Crew,
 But do not o'er the path, the tinsel fiction strew.

BEHOLD then! floating on the azure deep,
 While each rude blast is lock'd in calmest sleep,
 Yon ROYAL FRIGATE—mighty work of art!—
 By mortals form'd to bear a trying part;
 The dreadful battle's utmost brunt to brave;
 To still o'ertop the overwhelming wave;
 To cherish in her ample breast the Tar,
 And waft him safely out to regions far.
 Thro' ling'ring calms, and most tempestuous seas;
 Thro' Afric's sultry heat, and Iceland's breeze:
 That busy Commerce, with her golden store,
 May safely reach BRITANNIA's welcome shore—
 Constructed both for warfare and delight;
 Our good allies to serve, our foes to fight.

Survey her form! — 'tis beauty's finest mold! —
 And now the undulating sail behold,
 Majestic, swelling, as the gale it feels,
 Which o'er the glassy surface trembling steals.*

Th' intricate windings of the ropes amaze,
 Admiring,—lost in wonder,—strangers gaze!—

* Although the weather, generally speaking, may be calm, yet flurries of wind denominated by seamen "cats-paws," frequently steal over the water, and expand the sails.

The length'thy pen'ant * floats upon the breeze ;
 The Union Cross waves grandly o'er the seas ;†
 The burnish'd yellow side reflects the sun,
 Contrasted by the awful ! sable gun !‡
 Terrific engine ! death's tremendous prop !—
 Ah ! wilt thou never in "soft pity" stop
 Thy murd'rous course—O blind, unhappy man,
 Who can thy various passions aptly scan—
 Ambition, pride, a lawless thirst of gain,
 In bloody characters thy annals stain !—
 For these, you bid the aged Parent mourn :
 The Widow's heart, with racking anguish torn,
 Soon bursts its bonds ; and hapless Orphans, now,
 Her babes are left, plung'd in the depth of woe !——
 Yet this must be !—nor can the mis'ry cease,
 Till free-born Britons "conquer lasting peace !"
 Ambitious Gallia gave the first offence, —
 BRITANNIA wars, but in her own defence,
 For Virtue's sake, for ev'ry social tie —
 Who would not to her glorious standard fly ?

* A very long, narrow kind of streamer, which is hoisted at the mast-head, and distinguishes Men-of-War : —it is spelt "Pendant," but pronounced without the *d*.

† In the ship Ensign, there are now three crosses blended, to commemorate the Union of the three Kingdoms.

‡ Men-of-War usually have that part of the side where the port-holes are cut, painted a shining yellow without,—and the guns black.

The patriot mind, tho' bleeding, ne'er can pause,
 When it reflects upon the awful cause —
 Awful indeed ! — for ev'ry thing's at stake ! —
 Let then the Sons of BRITAIN's soil awake,
 And crush the foe, who would their heart's blood take !!!

Now mount the side—behold the whiten'd plank *
 For this, the finish'd officer we thank —
 Sign of good order — discipline severe —
 Or rather firm, the good man need not fear —
 Take for a truth, that when a ship is seen,
 With all her gallant seamen neat and clean
 No toil so dire, or danger, but they'll brave !
 The foe to punish, and their country save ! —
 Unrivall'd will our Navy act its part,
 While native courage is improv'd by art —
 “ The fost'ring art of Discipline ”—in vain
 Would myriads of enemies attain
 Their end—our ruin !—while we *this* maintain —
 “ Let us but add to it kind union's bond ;
 “ Let us, like patriots, of our homes be fond ;
 “ Let us but to our King and Laws be true ;
 “ Then, shall no human force our happy Isles subdue ! †

* The planks of the deck, on board a British Man-of-War, are kept beautifully white.

† If not only Sailors, but every Briton, would attend to this,—then would it indeed be impossible,—no dividing, to conquer !—no treachery—no cajoling one part, while a superior force crushes the

Many a nation would be brave as we,
 Had they like us a Constitution free ;
 Had they like us but hearts of sterling mold,
 In times like these, unsway'd by traitor's gold ;
 BRITONS alone, refuse the treach'rous bribe
 To sell their Country, like, O shame ! the tribe—
 The venal tribe, of other lands the stain,
 Of ancient laws and usages the bane —
 'Tis infamous Corruption paves the way
 For Jacobinic rage, and Despotism's sway! —
 Sailors! for ever keep these rules in mind,
 “ Let Mercy e'er, with courage be combin'd ;
 “ Let Discipline conduct that courage right ”—
 'Twere vain without, to urge the anxious fight.
 And above all ! let BLAKE's great maxim guide
 Your counsels ever, ever be your pride —
 Noble it is, O, to what high degree!
 The goodliest blossom of bright honour's tree —
 “ Fight for your Country ! heed not faction's roar !
 “ But, at the price of life ! defend your native shore !!! *

other—no!—the foe would then be stript of his terrors, and must meet us as men, with forces we can equal.—Look to History, and our present achievements both by Sea and Land, and anticipate the result.

* The great Admiral Blake, that Nelson ! of former times, is recorded by Historians to have said (after he became a British Tar) “ that it was the bounden duty of Seamen to fight for their Country, upholding its honour, and insuring its safety, from without, amidst all

You are the piers, which from the seas emerge,
Safety's within, while you will brave the surge!

You are the mounds too, which protect the coast ;
If ocean once break in, the land is lost! —

the internal convulsions of the state." — This however, the Author has heard interpreted by some as implying, " that Sailors should be totally indifferent to every thing but their profession ;" becoming in fact little better than a part of the Ship ! This, as far as *serving*, when it is possible to *render service*, and when *on service*, being *absolutely regardless of aught else*, is certainly the most noble, rational conduct that can be pursued—but being *wedded to the profession*, banishing the most distant attempt at *interfering in politics when on service*, and never pursuing what is irrelevant, surely cannot imply (as some people conceive Blake meant) that we are to know how to fight and work a ship, but not have an idea beyond!—ignorant of the beauties of the Constitution we protect, and of the relations we bear to other countries!—Surely, the more enlightened a Seaman is, the more enthusiastic will he uphold a Constitution, he finds by comparison infinitely superior to any other:—for until some form can be pointed out (applicable to such a great commercial country as Great Britain), affording more freedom, more resistance to the assaults of time, and whose evils can easier be cured by Patriotism and Patience, than our own, it is but common sense to esteem it above any other known, or probably possible—the better enabled will he be to do it, by shaking off the mere Tar, and acquiring knowledge fitting for any emergency, —and above all, the clearer will he discern the extreme necessity of " keeping his professional account clear." A Naval Officer may shine pre-eminently in his profession, but lamentably may he sink himself, and ruinous may be the consequences if he departs from it. In strict justice, the officer who has done service of magnitude for his country is entitled to any constitutional honour he may aspire to, for surely no remuneration, permitted by the laws, is more than commensurate to the benefits some have rendered!—but in regard to gratifying his own truly laudable ambition, of living the object of universal admiration! there are honours he must dispense with, as invariably marring the glory he aims at, " by drawing him into an interference in politics and party spirit," consequently raising a bitter

Or, metaphor to quit,—you are the band
 Destin'd to keep invasion from the land—
 Let all enjoy what they by birth-right may —
 Their own opinion — let ministerial sway
 Rest with whom e'er it will — keep you the foe away !!!
 Surely there is much patriot wisdom found,
 To grow spontaneously on BRITAIN's ground ;
 Let then no envious foreigner decide
 Our own disputes ; be it our constant pride
 To watch around each sacred, happy Isle,
 Nor let the foe their envied soil defile !!!

animosity against him in those, who would otherwise have heartily joined in the general commendation due to that man who, nobly satisfied with repelling the foreign foe, and arriving at pre-eminence in his profession, discards with firmness the prejudices and involvements of Party, and thus maintains the character of a Naval Officer, pure ! and exalted !—Nor can a supposition be reasonably entertained, that the rights of the Navy are unattended to, because officers prefer serving their country by arms, rather than by attaching themselves, for instance, to a party in parliament :—a Lord of the Admiralty is generally in the House (it might be better perhaps that it should ever be so) to answer any questions, &c. &c.—And as to a general or even partial grievance, is it to be imagined that men in power could be so lost to their own interest, have so little of the feelings of Englishmen in them, as to pass unheeded “a regular and temperate representation from the Navy,” would the Sovereign, would the sense of the nation, permit it ? that sense, which in spite of the distracting feuds of party, has been the salvation of the country, and, under Providence, yet will ! — By military men becoming party-men, the nation has and ever must suffer, from the non-employment at times of transcendent abilities. Had Lord Nelson been embroiled this way, an adverse Administration might have arisen, and the Country have lost his heroic, and never-to-be-forgotten services !—

In praise of Discipline what may be said ?
 How many have, its absence dearly paid ! —
 What did the Mam'louk bravery avail
 'Gainst France's war-train'd bands ?—the well known tale,
 Alas ! is fearful—valour bites the dust,
 Yielding to Discipline, as e'er it must.—
 Or when yourselves have fought 'gainst hosts of foes,
 Did they not ever fall beneath your blows ?
 The reason this — bright in your bosoms glow'd,
 That patriot courage, freedom's tenets sow'd —
 That freedom, which your righteous laws ensur'd,
 And which your steady valour well secur'd ;
 But then a valour, nought, without the aid
 Of that, which is to war's tremendous trade,
 The soul ! — firm, equal, Discipline !—for when
 This guardian sways us, 'tis, we fight like men —
 No panic, or ferocious, vain attempt,
 But both from fear, and anarchy exempt ;
 Bent on our purpose, with collected might,
 We watch the op'ning, and as lightning smite.
 Inspiring confidence ! pervades a crew,
 Of Vict'ry (need I say ?) the presage true.—
 How diff'rent *this*, to *that* our foe delights,
 Which as an instinct, guides him when he fights—
 Such a dread instinct, as the tiger fires,
 Who fiercely wars, heedless tho' he expires !—

But drives out mercy, steels the yearning heart,
 Teaching alone, to act a brutal part!—
 Bids th' infuriate bands indulge in plunder,
 When opposing cannons cease to thunder:
 Urges to lust, and ev'ry wild excess,
 Careless of most ineffable distress!!!*

O Mercy! thou thrice-hallow'd, cherish'd name,
 Long may it be our gallant Navy's fame,
 To love thee, even in the battle's rage,
 Nor soil its hitherto unsullied page,
 With cruelty;—then shall the virtuous brave,
 In glorious mem'ry, long outlive the grave!!!

Coil'd on the deck, behold the pliant cord;†
 This to the gazing stranger must afford

* Witness the sackings, &c. &c. in Italy, Germany, Egypt, St. Domingo, &c. &c. Introducing such a subject here, may by some, be thought irrelevant;—the author means it to elucidate:—there are who might imagine, that the very extraordinary successes of the French (one end of Discipline) is a sufficient reason for imitating them;—hence this picture of rules which they have hitherto adopted, that we may revolt at their horrible effects, and enjoy the reflection, of having (comparing circumstances) more completely conquered in battle, and by means which dignify! not debase! human nature:—“Infirmity of Purpose” during war is a deplorable and most dangerous weakness:—but he who breaks through every Law, human and divine, to obtain his end, is a base criminal, whose success is as the plague; a chastisement from Providence! brought upon us by a dereliction of wise and moral principles; a return to which, can alone reduce the virulence of the pest.

† On board our Men-of-War nothing appears but what is essential, and this is put in the neatest possible form; thus, the ropes are so managed as to have to strangers a very novel and pleasing effect.

A pleasing novelty, and much surprise
 Th' intently searching, ever-restless eyes :
 Revolving, these at length are steadfast cast,
 On the stupendous, firm-set, tow'ring mast ;
 It seems as tho' a whirlwind's mighty force,
 During the Tornado's destructive course,
 Should with e'en all its dreadful pow'r assail ;
 Yet would its utmost fury nought avail :—
 Fatal delusion ! — thund'ring it falls,
 And the dire ruin each stout heart appals.

Of this hereafter — now enjoy the calm —
 Survey the fabric — taste the Zephyr's balm. —

Observe yon active Tar, with ease ascending
 To the top's verge, near o'er the sea impending,
 And dauntless now, with practis'd balance hie
 Out to the yard-arm, hung as 'twere, mid-sky :
 The stranger shudders at the nervous feat,
 And fearfully regards him on his dizzy seat —
 A voice the daring sailor now commands
 “ To tie some cord, and nimbly move his hands.”
 Turning, we view a ruddy, manly boy,
 With wonder, thus the hardy Tar employ,
 Enforce obedience when he gives the word,
 The instant! that, the brief command is heard.—

Yet 'tis a boy — scarce thirteen years are past
 Since breath he drew, but one, from parents cast.

With flowing trowsers, and round jacket blue,
 With a complexion of health's strongest hue,
 Stands the young Hero! soon to be the boast
 Of all the gallant bands in BRITAIN's Naval host!
 — 'Tis youthful HENRY, Nephew to the Chief,
 Who, in a manly form, issues an order brief. —*
 No painted fop should spring from Neptune's school,
 All *there*, are taught a stern, yet golden rule,
 First to obey! — When this is got by heart,
 Then are you given a Commander's part:
 Still goes the lesson on, and says, your aim
 Must ever be t' uphold your Country's fame:—
 " Fight for your Country, heed not faction's roar,
 " But at the price of life defend your Native Shore." —
 Now bark! — the Admiral turns up all hands, †
 The same, our first Lieutenant quick commands;
 Each person flies to his allotted place,
 Keen emulation sparkling thro' the face.

* When not going out of the Ship on duty, or full uniform required on-board, the young Midshipmen are allowed to wear a plain, round, blue jacket, with yellow anchor-buttons, and open trowsers of the same cloth. At a very early age they are made to attend to the Ship's duty, and are given the command of boats, order to make them manly and intelligent; which certainly often becomes the case: and they are paid great attention to by the Ship's company:—many, however, conceive they are sent to sea too young, for reasons which will be detailed further on.

† Whatever is done by the Admiral's Ship, is expressed concisely by "the Admiral does so and so."

Those for aloft, thick clust'ring, gain the shroud,
 Scarce can severe command restrain the crowd
 From rushing up, and furling ev'ry sail*
 Before the rival ship;—then how they'd rail,
 Call them all lubbers,† lavish ev'ry name
 That can in active feat degrade their fame.—
 'Tis ever thus a British Seaman burns
 To beat his rival;—if he fails, he mourns:
 But truly brave, still will he persevere,
 And from his rival's brows the laurel tear!
 At length the long'd-for words “way up” give vent
 To ardent spirit, thus so hardly pent;
 Aloft they fly, and at the words “lay out,”
 Swarm on the pendent yards, and reef, and shout,
 When at the last they toss the cumb'rous sail,
 And close confine it from the searching gale. ‡

* In furling sails, the men first muster in the lower part of the shrouds, (one term for the means of ascent to the tops, &c. &c.) and must not go aloft until ordered, which is never the case before the Admiral or Senior Officer sends his men—except there is necessity.

† “Lubber,” is a very common sea-term, implying awkwardness.

‡ The men are never allowed to make the least noise until they come to what is called “tossing the bunt;” when, as it requires all their strength, and exerted at the same moment, they are allowed to give one hearty cheer.—To “reef” a sail, is to reduce it by means of a kind of plat from the yarns of ropes called points, long enough to embrace the yard: these points, stretch the breadth of a sail, in lines at certain distances from each other:—tying up one of these spaces, is called “taking a reef,” and so on:—to take in all the reefs, is called “close reefing.”

(For we by Zephyrs are no longer fann'd,
 A fresh increasing breeze blows off the land ;)
 The yards are duely squar'd, the ropes haul'd taut,
 And flemish'd neatly down as quick as thought ;*
 The decks throughout are swept, the Admiral rings,
 The watchful officer that moment sings—
 “ Quarter-Master, ring the bell ;”
 The first Lieutenant hies to tell,
 And, when from him he gets the order,
 Puts all things into sad disorder ;—
 That is, to strangers, who must deem
 This odd at first, as it does seem :—
 For see ! what thronging tumult now appears,
 And why do pipes pierce shrilly through the ears ? †
 Suspense is painful—the dire cause to tell,
 'Tis soup and beef,—most fascinating smell !—
 To hungry men, a more than magic spell.—

* “ Taut,” means tight.—“ Flemishing,” is one method of coiling the ropes, so as to give them the neat appearance, already taken notice of as being peculiar to our Men-of-War.—“ Squaring yards,” is having them all exactly parallel to one another and the ship's beams ; the masts must also be precisely perpendicular ; a practice constantly observed.

† All movements on board a Man-of-War, are regulated by the Boatswain's “ Pipe ” or “ Call,”—an instrument of silver, very shrill, and admitting several variations in measure.—The above officer has up to a dozen assistants (called Mates) according to the size of a Ship.—A wag at Portsmouth, termed them “ Spithead Nightingales.”

No sooner is the hour Meridian rung,
 Than the huge top is from the coppers* flung,
 And when the pipe permits, the sharp-set Tar,
 My word ! he makes a most destructive war!—
 Heart-cheering sight ! thus on the Sea to find
 Plenty, and Comfort, ev'ry where combin'd.
 Look at each clean-scrap'd, neatly fitted Birth,
 The Messes at their dinner, full of mirth.
 Round the capacious bowl of hot boil'd meat,
 (Or oft 'times plates) the strong sea-chest a seat ;
 The drink grog, wine, or wholesome well-brew'd beer,—
 Say ! is not *this* a good, an ample cheer ? †

* The immense boiler, in which meals are cooked for a crew, is denominated "Coppers;" it is so large, even in a Frigate, as to make it necessary for a man to get in, in order to clean it.

† The allowance of provisions in the Navy, is very ample; and consists of fresh beef, and soup, with greens in it (when possible to be obtained), salt beef, and pork, plum and suet puddings, pea-soup, oat-meal-porridge, butter, cheese, biscuit, grog, wine, and beer, sometimes rice, cocoa, and soft bread, according to the climate, all served out in rotation.—Abroad, fruits and vegetables are procured, when to be had; and the Surgeon has for the sick, besides abundant medicines (bark and old port at times included), tea, sugar, sagoe, sour-crout, &c. &c. &c. Fish is caught and served out generally, when possible: and the men are allowed to procure samphire from the cliffs, for pickling, &c. &c. when the service will in any way admit of it.—In harbour, many of the men support families upon this allowance!—A Ship is divided on the lower decks, into spaces, denominated "Births," where the messes (upon an average, eight men) have their chests and bags, and live; they are all kept in nice order, but some are most tastefully decorated, and others truly whimsical, as will be touched on

'Tis a perspective, the most canker'd soul
 Might well enjoy, without splenetic growl.—
 During the meal, no duty keeps the crew
 From the repast ; a necessary few
 Alone on deck look out, till the relief
 Gives them a share too, of the dainty beef.—
 A Ship well regulated never swerves,
 As the attended hour-glass timely serves,
 To pipe to meals, and let the sailors rest,
 Nor e'er disturb, unless by danger prest.—
 An hour elaps'd — they strike two bells, *
 The first Lieutenant briefly tells

by-and-by.—N. B. Officers in the Navy, even Admirals, have no greater or better allowance of provisions from Government, than the Crew in general ;—if they live better, it is at their own cost ; not from the Ship.—Admirals and established Commodores have however Table-money.

* In every Ship there is a great bell, which is struck whenever a half-hour glass is run out :—at the end of a Watch of “four hours,” it is either rung or struck eight times, being once for each half hour passed : and in this manner is time marked :—every “four and twenty hours,” is divided into five watches of four hours each, and two of two hours, viz. the “First Watch,” from eight at night till twelve ;—the “Middle,” from twelve to four ;—the “Morning,” from four to eight ;—the “Forenoon,” from eight to twelve ;—the “Afternoon,” from twelve to four ;—the first “Dog Watch,” (as it is termed), from four to six ;—and the “Second,” from six to eight ;—which brings us to the first watch again.—The Ship's Company are at what is called Watch and Watch, named “Larboard and Starboard ;” half the crew being thus always on deck :—sometimes however they are at three watches,—the officers usually are so.—A Lieutenant, one acting assuch, or Master, must ever command the watch, assisted by

A Mate, or Midshipman to get
 The hands turn'd up, and have them set
 To their known duties :—Now the air
 Rends with “hands hoy !” and we prepare
 Our Ship for sea ; as just before
 The Captain's Coxswain* from the shore
 Brought th' order also t' unmoor.—

}

Our boats are hoisted in, and firmly lash'd,
 Lest overboard they might by waves be dash'd ;
 The winding Messenger† is forthwith past ;
 And what in port's unbent, is now made fast.
 Ponderous bars are in the Capstan plac'd,
 And round the ends a tight-drawn cord is lac'd ;
 This to unmoor the Ship is meant, as soon
 As change of tide will favour, which the Moon
 Now making distant,‡ and an absent Chief,
 Affords each Officer a kind relief ;

a Master's Mate (or one acting as such), being a degree above a Midshipman, and a proportionate number of these last, grown up, with Younkers.

* The “ Captain's Coxswain,” is the man who steers, and takes care of the Captain's boat ;—all other boats have Coxswains also.

† A “ Messenger,” is a great rope, passed round a machine called the “ Capstan,” in which large bars are placed to heave it round by : both are used to take up an anchor. — When a Ship has two anchors down in opposite directions, she is said to be “moored ;” when one is got up, she is left at what is denominated “single anchor.”

‡ As the Moon governs the Tide, the Author means that its age at that moment did not give us the Tide we wished.

All hasten down to the respective board,
 Which though not epicurean, is well stor'd ;
 And laugh and quaff, drinking " successful cruize !"

A toast, that no one can, of course, refuse.
 While in high glee, the door is open'd wide,
 A Midshipman informs, " Captain 's 'long side."
 (By Quarter-masters these young men are told,
 Who also now themselves quite ready hold ;
 All hurry up at the shrill pipe's clear sound,
 And then salute, (this they're by duty bound).*

How happy 'tis ! as in the present case,
 When duty's done by all with smiling face ;
 How easy 'tis ! affection to command,
 And make esteem, and discipline go hand in hand.

Firm is the Captain of this gallant crew,
 And to the strictest rules of service true,
 Prudence with manly spirit e'er appears ;
 If danger presses ! he no danger fears !
 Determin'd too that he will not distress
 A man's best feelings, no ! let whate'er press.
 Always, in short, in him you truly find
 The seaman ! officer ! and gentleman ! combin'd.

* The Boatswain of a Man-of-War, always pipes when a Captain is coming to the Ship ; the side is then mann'd, all the Officers assemble on the Quarter-deck, and a reciprocal salute takes place, according to the rules of the service.

Such rules enable NELSON power to hold,
 Commanding love! not fear! from those controll'd,
 Join'd to profound respect! a mighty sway,
 Even in force the while life ebbs away!!!
 Greatness like this! would Officers attain,
 Let them a firm, just discipline maintain,
 And perfect knowledge of their duty gain.
 Be but a Seaman, and a Seaman's friend,
 Bold, prudent, strict, yet kindly condescend,
 And on the Tar's devoted love depend.

'Tis service now so briefly he commands,
 That "to unmoor the ship be pip'd all hands:"
 'Tis instant done! and now with constant round
 The capstan heaves, each pacing to the sound
 Of fife and drum; till the expected call
 Pipes shrilly for the welcome word "to pawl."*
 Now at the huge cat-fall each nerve is stretch'd,
 Until the anchor to the cat-head's fetch'd;
 Here they secure it, while the great fish-hook
 Drags to its place the heavy crooked fluke.†

* When work is done at the capstan, music is generally played to make the men step together, and do it cheerfully.—To "pawl," is to secure the capstan—to stop.

† The "cat," is a great hook-block, by which the anchor is brought up to the cat-head, which is a very strong piece of timber projecting from each side of the fore-castle (the foremost and uppermost deck of a Frigate). The "fall" is a rope which, by passing through any two blocks or sheaves as in a pulley or jack weight, becomes a pur-

Thus is the Ship unmoor'd.
 And while by some this anchor is secur'd,
 The rest to weigh the other quickly hie,
 And at the capstan move as tho' they fly!
 Exhilarating thoughts elate the Tar,
 Whose sanguine mind expects successful war.
 Now is the rival Frigate quickly ta'en,
 Now does an humbler prize give richer gain:
 Th' anticipation does the purpose serve
 Of aiding strength by bracing ev'ry nerve,
 They heave her thro' the tide's opposing force,
 Until the Boatswain, with loud voice and hoarse,
 Calls out "to pawl," first, howe'er, piping shrill,
 His mates re-echo, till the whole stand still.
 For ever, 'fore you quit your port,
 Thus on the cable you heave short,
 To set, and trim each lofty sail,
 So that your ship may never fail
 To move as wish'd, and catch the gale.*

chase,—an increase of power. The "fish hook" is an immense iron one, which is fastened to the crooked part of the anchor called its "arm," or "fluke," and brings it up, by also a mechanical power, horizontal to the Ship's side, where it is firmly secured.

* Before the last anchor is taken up, it is absolutely necessary to set such sail, and have it so trimmed, as that your ship may be under command, not at the mercy of wind and tide, when she is let loose—therefore you heave in to so much cable, as to prevent the anchors starting, and set proper sail.

A signal from the flag-ship made,
Instant departure too, forbade.

Some fresh instructions, or to ask
(A telegraph performs this task)
The Admiralty Board a question ;
It seems requiring short digestion,
No matter what ; for nothing's said :—
And now “to weigh” by signal's made:

Quickly aloft, the active restless crew
To clear away the close furl'd canvass flew
At the clear order, topsails are let fall !
Sheeted home!* set !† “up anchor!” then's the call.
Scarce said than done ! and now the Ship is cast,
The yards are trimm'd, the anchor is made fast.
Accomplish'd once—each drawing sail is spread,
And foam flies from the bold repelling head.
Our anxious Captain would the 'vantage seize
Of the fast fresh'ning favourable breeze
To double yonder jutting, distant cape,
And before night his course with safety shape.

All sail once made, the first Lieutenant gets
The decks clear'd up, and then a watch he sets.

* Those large ropes which haul the two lowest corners of square sails (called “clues”) out to the lower yard-arms, are denominated “sheets ;” hence, when these ropes are dragged on, it is called “sheeting home,” when the corners, or clues, come close to the yard-arm, the sails are then “sheeted home ;” they are afterwards hoisted, and trimmed.

An offing* got, we haul our colours down ;
 No longer is the warlike pen'ant blown,
 In waving curls upon the breeze ; instead,
 A cornet vane graces the high mast-head.†
 That colours we mayn't hoist again, we pray,
 Until our foe, close alongside, we lay !
 As yet no anxious fear has dar'd intrude,
 The active bustle gave no time to brood.
 But now the watch is set, and o'er the beam
 The glowing sun darts a diminish'd gleam ;
 And now astern, the distant, less'ning shore
 Raises the anxious thought :—Perhaps no more
 Sweet native land !, kind friends !, and mistress dear !
 May the lov'd sight of you our spirits cheer :
 Perhaps we're destined to a distant land !
 Perhaps arrested by death's icy hand !
 Perchance tho' fate ordains us to return,
 Yet may we have the maid belov'd to mourn ;
 Distracting thought ! unmanning e'en the brave,
 Our hearts' best treasure sunk into the grave !
 —Fearful departure !—deep art thou imprest,
 Sad is my mind, and painful heaves my breast !

* An " offing " implies an indefinite distance from the land.

† The " cornet vane," is a short and rather broad kind of pendant, hoisted in lieu of it, and chiefly to shew how the wind blows ; it is haul'd down, and the pendant again hoisted, when a Man-of-War is seen,—that is, if you wish to be known : the ensign is always at the same time shewn.

Ah! can I e'er forget thee, for you bring
 Foreboding thoughts, which most acutely sting.
 I feel the pang, in bitterness arise,
 And drop a glist'ning tear, while checking forcing sighs.
 —But hark! the drum with awful pause resounds,
 My pulse throbs quick at the portentous sounds,
 And instantaneous heal'd are my mind's late deep wounds! }
 This is to quarters,* the inspiring call!
 The glowing image that pervades us all
 Is this, ye British Hearts of Oak, O say
 If 'mongst your manly crews one Tar cries nay!
 If one is found? then brand me for a knave,
 Who meanly thinks to flatter!, or to rave!
 Judge then! the image this: A haughty foe
 With arrogance, and threats of what he'll do,
 Seems tow'ring near, with bulky, gilded crest,
 Raising in each brave BRITON's swelling breast,
 The daring, eager wish to low'r his pride,
 And, spite of force superior, lay him alongside!!!
 —Such is the image, which pervades us all,
 When the drum's cheering beats to quarters call!

* The "beat to quarters," *id est*, "to arms," consists of some loud taps of the drum, and then a pause; and so again. A short time before sunset every evening, the men are thus called to their guns and stations for action, mustered, seen if they are sober, and the Ship ascertained to be in perfect readiness for battle,—every thing in its place.

Each Officer reports "his station clear ;
 " That he has muster'd, and his men appear,
 " Perfectly sober, fit at any hour,
 " A thund'ring broadside on the foe to pour,
 " Should he come on."—As soon as e'er the Chief
 Is satisfied of this, with order brief,
 He issues a command, that the retreat
 Directly may (and not unwish'd) be beat.
 This done! we hear a still more welcome sound
 Re-echo from the winding calls around;
 " Down hammocks hoy !" Soft music to the ear
 These words (tho' harsh) to Tars must e'er appear ;
 Tho' rough the bed, and tho' uncouth it seem
 To swing, and hang close to the pond'rous beam,
 Yet will no thought of this e'er envious mar
 The sleep profound, of the unthinking Tar.
 A coarse spun hammock, is a bed of down,
 For sweet repose its inmates ever crown.
 'Tis soon hung up ; and now, the watch below
 Into its kindly folds their wearied bodies stow.
 Tir'd by their duty, yet not past their strength,
 They sleep almost while stretching out their length.*

* "The hammock" is of a very coarse texture, the full length of a man, and broad enough to contain a small bed, blankets, &c. &c., and to come well round him:—it is attached to two of the Ship's beams by a great many small cords, which draw it close at the ends, but it opens sufficiently when you get in. You are obliged to sleep close

On deck, the twilight glimmers o'er the sky,
 And thro' the cords the whisp'ring breezes sigh ;
 Now here and there some rippling of the tide
 Strikes on the ear, and sparkles on the side
 In silver foam ; the vessel onward smoothly glides,
 And into circles luminous, the wave divides.
 Ocean ! O would'st thou but this image keep,
 Thus on thy tranquil bosom let us sleep,
 What joys would tend the ploughing of the deep!

The evening fine, our sev'ral Officers meet,
 And tread the deck, with quickly passing feet.
 Our Captain laughs and jokes, or tells the news.
 The invitation he will not refuse
 To eat his bread and cheese, or cold roast beef,
 Down in the gun-room, when a single reef
 Is in the topsails ta'en* ; soon as we get,
 With proper care, yon blazing light-house set.

to the beams, or it would be too low in the middle, it has however swing enough to ease the motion of the vessel.—After a hard day's work the watch below are glad to turn in, be it only for half an hour. The hammocks are scrubbed once a month, generally speaking, to keep them clean and sweet—are got up every morning at half past seven o'clock, and piped down after the muster at quarters. Their use in action, and the method of stowing them, will be observed on, in another place.

* "The Gun-room" is where the Lieutenants, Masters, Marine Officers, Surgeon, Purser, and Chaplain mess, in Frigates ; and have cabins partitioned off on each side : it is immediately under the Captain's cabin in vessels (generally speaking) of one tier of guns ; in

For as the breeze still favours, we no more
Expect to see our dear lov'd native shore,
'Till cruise is o'er.

This weighty charge our Master undertakes,
The Chief attending, fearful of mistakes ;
For, if a just departure* be not ta'en,
Th' intricate course aright we ne'er could gain ;
Ne'er reach our station, or our destin'd port,
But unknown, fatal dangers, blindly court ;
Ne'er make some cape, our foe to intercept,
Or wily cruise, while the mid sea is kept.

In short—if, when the land you have in sight,
You do not set it carefully 'fore night,
Marking the bearing and the distance true,
You may have dismal cause, such a neglect to rue !
At sea, indeed, your real situation
May be discover'd by an observation

two and three deckers, it is on the lower gun-deck ; and in all, from the stern, a certain distance forward. It is usual to reduce the sail moderately before the first watch, as more sail can of course be carried with safety in the day, than night.

* The "Departure" mentioned before, merely implied, going from the land—for as it was not *set*, it could not be the regular Ship's departure, which means, noting by compass, the bearings and distance of the last known spot of land, before you launch into the ocean :—from this, you commence your reckoning, that is, calculation of route—in doing which there are two methods, one by the log and compass, which is "dead reckoning ;" the other by observing sun, moon, and stars, with quadrants or sextants, and a chronometer,—which is by "observation."

Of a clear sun, a shining star and moon,
 And correct time-piece, noted opportune.
 But should (as oft') the weather gloom with haze,
 No cheering sun dart forth unclouded rays,
 No full-orb'd moon be seen, or twinkling star,
 But condens'd vapours, for a period mar
 Ev'ry attempt we make at lunar rules,
 (For weather will not mind, you know, our schools)
 'Tis then dead reck'ning's real worth is known,
 When for a time, all hope of sunshine 's flown.
 And if you have no just departure gain'd,
 If you have not a course correct maintain'd,
 If you've not watch'd throughout, with Seamen's eyes,
 The loss of ship, and life, should not at all surprise !!!
 —From past experience, and from other's woes,
 The fatal truth of this the Captain knows;
 With caution therefore he himself inspects,
 And also (if the case requires) directs
 The Master's setting of th' eventful light;
 Sees if the bearing 's just, and distance right.

This last, however, (and no instance rare,)
 May still be wrong, in spite of all your care:
 Distance by water is so oft deceiving,
 That in your judgement there is scarce believing*.

* The author has seen some very ingenious tables, composed by a Mr. Pyeman, who for many years commanded merchant-vessels in the Baltic trade, calculated to ascertain a Ship's precise distance at night (when sailing) by taking two bearings of a stationary light, and marking the distance run between taking them. To the best of

Unless it is by long experience tried—
 This was our useful, steady Master's pride.
 Not learn'd indeed, but of experience vain;
 With reason;—he had plough'd the stormy main
 Full thirty years, and for a Seaman's part
 To smartly play, none could before him start;
 But, as I said, unlearned of the schools,
 And hardly vers'd in those resplendent rules
 Which form the Off'cer, make th' exalted mind
 Worship and practise principles refin'd *;
 Such as have in our Navy often shone,
 And the world's ardent admiration won;
 Tho' *most* since NELSON 'gan his great career,
 Does the full force of this remark appear:—
 Let *him* then be the model to revere.

Meanwhile the Watch, and helping Idlers †, make
 Seamanly haste, and in the topsails take
 A single reef,—which soon as ere they get,
 The course is given, proper sail is set,
 The sparkling spray again begins to wet.

the Author's recollection, the calculations were made on the Anhalt light in the Cattegat;—applicable however to all.

* A Master of a Man-of-War has the especial charge of navigating the Ship; that is, keeping her reckoning: they have, almost invariably, been brought up in the merchant's service, and are men of very great experience; rough, practical Seamen, not in general Lunarians, or much of the Officer. It is not to be presumed, however, but that many of them are both.

† By "Idler," is meant one who does not keep watch; as, an Officer's servant, Cook, &c. &c. but who are often called to assist the Watch on deck, and always, when all hands are required.

'Tis now "Eight Bells :"—as soon as ever rung,
Hark, the shrill pipe, and Boatswain's Mate's hoarse tongue;
That piping round, this gruff discordant shout,
Is that the Watch below may quick turn out.

Our Ship once snug, the active bustle o'er,
Soon is the welcome provender, in store,
Laid on the Gun-room table, cover'd neat
With the white cloth, and rosy cold roast meat;
Good hot potatoes, pickles, and sound cheese;—
Add now keen hunger's sav'ry sauce to these,
They cannot fail (us Tars at least) to please.

Soon as the Captain, from the Steward, hears
That "Supper's ready," he at once appears.
The bow and smile his grateful entrance grace,
Bows are return'd, and smiles o'erspread his face;
A pleasing sympathy throughout we trace.
Good-humour'd joke and pun at times preside,
And with fresh appetite the palm divide.
Our puns, indeed, may, from a true Sea Building,
To dainty wits, require a somewhat gilding;
But 'tis a thing, alas! won't stand at sea,
Gilding soon washes from the part a-lee*.

* The "Lee-side of a vessel," is that farthest from the wind, under which a smaller object (such as a boat) would find shelter; it is often, from the force of wind, sunk considerably in the water, while the other side (in contra-distinction term'd the "Weather" one) is proportionally raised.

“ A solid, rough-hewn plank, a rough-spun Tar,
 “ Are the most fit to stand the waves and war*.”

Well, but the supper :—Does then nought appear,
 No kind libation to wash down the cheer ?—
 Querist, your pardon !—Beer and spirits, wine
 In clean decanters, and in rummers, shine.

The cloth remov'd, most mix the cheering grog ;—
 Hail, grateful relish !, after salt-junk prog †.
 Tho' we must strain thee thro' our well-clos'd teeth,
 To get thee limpid from the grounds beneath ;
 Yet art thou nectar's godlike, tasty juice,
 After a long two-month's Atlantic cruise ‡.
 Of this anon ; it is a mixture now
 May even please the palate of a beau !
 If not, there's good rough port, and punch, you know. }

While this abaft §,—before, the Middys treat
 Their hungry maws with biscuit, cheese, and meat ;
 With grog, which out, and nothing left but bones,
 O'er the sad prospect each poor Middy groans ;

* That is, hardy and manly, not the least effeminate, indulging in that peculiar sort of humour which, it is to be hoped, will ever be found at sea, yet not forgetting the Gentleman and Officer.

† Salt beef is term'd “ junk” by the Sailors, probably on account of cables, when old, hard, and dry, being cut in junks, that is, certain lengths, for oakum, which it becomes when picked out.

‡ The water carried to sea, after a time, gets very offensive.

§ “ Aft,” or “ abaft,” signifies nearer the stern ; behind.—As “ Before,” or “ Forward,” means the reverse ; nearer the stem.

Curses the Purser *, wishes a good prize,
 Tears off his clothes, and to his hammock hies,
 Tho' first some youngster merry mischief tries.
 The Sailors too, crack biscuit, swig their beer,
 And eat what 's left of their good mid-day cheer;
 All swear for Prizes, while each thinks 'tis he
 Will have the luck the first good Prize to see.—
 But one old Sailor, deeper than the rest,
 Gives to old Davy Jones a grand bequest;
 A shoe, or hat! (well season'd) is the lure
 To coax th' old fellow, and the Prize secure:
 Also that he may be the happy dog,
 To first discover, and obtain the grog,
 Our Captain's promise to that lucky wight,
 Who first cries out, “ A sail (if ta'en) in sight†!”

* This Officer has the charge of finding a Ship in provisions, issuing them, and keeping an account of ditto, &c. &c.—He now and then comes in for a hearty growl, when he will not give more than the allowance. As the situation is, however, highly respectable in itself, and the line of promotion still more so, viz. to be Secretaries to Admirals, sometimes to the Admiralty, and become Officers in Dock-yards, &c. &c.; it seldom happens but that men of respectability fill it. Nothing consequently is meant by these ebullitions.—Pursers are brought up first as Writers and Clerks to Captains of Men-of-War.

† “ Davy Jones ” is a very common name given to Ocean by Sailors.—It is an absolute fact, that some superstitious old seamen have been known to cast some old thing into the sea, at the beginning of a cruise, for “ luck.” A bottle of spirits, or glass of grog, is frequently promised by a Captain to that man who first discovers a good prize: this stimulates sharpness of look-out.

Nine now approaches, and the Watch below
 Must, 'fore it strikes, into their Hammocks go,
 As then the Corporal will go his round
 To, without fail, (as he's by duty bound)
 Extinguish lights, send Loiterers to sleep;
 See that no Skulkers * in the 'tween-decks keep,
 Stop too, in Hammocks, any noisy sports;
 All which when done, he instantly reports
 To the Lieutenant, who on deck looks out;
 And, should there be of this no sort of doubt,
 This Officer his Captain tells,
 Whom sense of duty soon impels,
 To quit the Gun-room, and repair
 On deck;—for 'tis his constant care,
 Before he sleeps, himself to see
 That ev'ry thing in order be,—
 Sufficient sail,—the course aright,
 In short, all fit for storm and fight.
 Perhaps he walks the deck till ten,
 (If ev'ry thing goes well,) and then
 He gives his orders for the night,
 And sleeps (should nought occur) till near daylight†.

* "Skulker," one who skulks,—shrinks from duty.

† There is a "Master at Arms," or a "Ship's Corporal," or both (according to the size) in every Man-of-War, whose duty it is to have the custody of prisoners, take care of fire and lights, and, generally, prevent irregularities. At nine o'clock all must be quiet,

As at that time, it is the constant care
 To look for sails *, and for the chace prepare :
 But 'fore this period, should th' inconstant gale
 Freshen, or shift, so as we shorten sail,
 Or should a vessel thro' th' obscure appear,
 Which when it happens must of needs be near ;
 On such events, then is the Captain told
 Without delay, who says what course to hold ;
 And in an instant starting from his rest,
 He is as quickly out of bed and drest.
 No matter what the weather, he'll not shun
 The deck, but see that things be rightly done :
 (Tho' first of all, the care on deck
 Is, that the Ship 's not made a wreck †.)

The first Lieutenant (to the Mate)
 Gives the like orders, not so late
 Perhaps he 's call'd, as, from watch free,
 The rule of service is that he

and lights out ; this is reported to the Lieutenant of the Watch, who again reports to the Captain, who retires early to bed, and invariably, prior to it, inspects on deck, and gives orders for the night.

* Vessels are frequently termed thus, " Strange sails,"—or, " A Sail," &c. &c.

† The primary duty of the Officer of the Watch, is to keep his Ship from being run on board of, or running on board of another. If no danger of this, still he must keep aloof, until it is made out what the stranger is, and the Captain is acquainted. If the Lieutenant cannot leave the deck, a Midshipman or Mate must be sent for this purpose.

Should stand all calls, and ever rise,
Before the morning streaks the skies.—

This term is too indef'nite, say,

At four or five o'clock, he may.

He must especially attend,

(While all a due assistance lend)

To regulate a Ship and Crew ;

But as to what the *Watch* can do,

That the Officer of 't directs,

A Captain *here* alone corrects*.

Now all around is hush'd, save where the Sca's
Increasing tops break with the fresh'ning breeze.

Now up the Frigate turns her weather-side,

The billows now no longer smoothly glide,

But rise abrupt, and with a sprinkling, wet

The lower parts of sails, the lowest set ;

Our Frigate seems to murmur, as she tries

To keep between the threat'ning wave and skies ;

While oft' a crack and surge alarm the ear,

Starting, the landman now proclaims his fear !

No sooner up than, ah ! he slips and falls,

A Tar, delighted, for the " Butcher " calls,—

* This Officer's duty is multifarious and momentous ; he superintends every possible duty on board Ship. In port, all things go on through him :—at sea also, except what concerns the working of the Ship in the Watch, which the Lieutenant of the Watch always directs,

(That is, among themselves, not where there's duty,
Silence is then, you know, the greatest beauty.)

This calling "Butcher" is a standing joke
To frighten novices, poor simple folk!
And as a sarcasm on *some* Surgeons meant,
Who (as in all professions) have a bent
Power to pervert, and make a real blessing,
(At least what might be) to all hands distressing.
The careful Officer observes each cloud,
And ever and anon, in accents loud,
Accosts those men appointed to look out,
Who quickly answer, by a wakeful shout.—
Watchful he notes the Vessel's quicken'd pace,
And makes the Mate his observations trace,
With due precision, on the log-board's leaf,
Containing much, altho' in order brief;
And mark'd at every revolving hour,
Or oft'ner, should the windy dark squalls lour*.

For e'er before much sail is furl'd,
The Log-ship † in the Sea is hurl'd,

* The "Log-board" is a folding one, painted black and varnished. On it the occurrences of the Watch are carefully marked with chalk, and at twelve every day copied into the Ship's Log-book; the great voucher for all her transactions.

† A small, flat, triangular piece of wood, loaded at one of its edges with lead, in order to make it sink just beneath the surface of the water, and thus become stationary. It is thrown into the sea with a small line attached, divided into lengths, marked by knots,

By, if he's disengag'd, the Mate ;
 If not, a Midshipman must state
 What he may find out is the rate,
 And mark the course the Ship has run,
 Directed by the frequent con *,
 Attended well, for fear without
 The Ship might often yaw † about.—
 A rough Log-book, instead of board,
 Is often with this knowledge stor'd ;
 And mark'd with ink ; indeed so best,
 Chalk will not stand so great a test.—

Still, tho' increas'd the breeze, 'tis not a gale,
 Nor is there reason to take in much sail ;
 Therefore the Watch, not station'd to look out,
 Rest their tir'd limbs, and stretch the deck throughout,
 All in their places tho', that at a call
 Those destin'd may begin to pull and haul ‡.

each of which bears the same proportion to a " mile," as the total of seconds in your sand-glass does to an " hour." The glass is often compared with watches, for fear of damp ; and the log-line measured, lest there should have been extension or contraction.

† To " con " a ship, is to direct the Helmsman how to steer continually.

* To " yaw," is to steer unsteadily.—It applies properly to sailing " free," that is, from the wind.

‡ When no duty is required, the Watch is allowed to lay down on deck in their watch-coats, and sleep ; but all in their stations ; which gives rise to the saying, " Up to sleep, and down to rest." This however does not extend to Officers.

Yet—'tis the true-bred Seaman's manly pride
 Such relaxation ever to deride ;
 He, circled by his fellows, tells some tale
 Of fearful import ;—sometimes he may rail,
 At other times, chaunt forth a doleful ditty !
 Not *quite* to move the feeling soul to pity.
 Jack has for this, alas ! a sorry knack,
 No tender soul, I fear, would cry good lack !
 'Tis such a jargon of odd whims and scenes,
 Of flashing lightnings, and of wooing Queans,
 Who all, of course, without e'en asking, gave
 Their hearts to Jack, the beauteous, and the brave !
 Of sighing love-sick Damsels, all forlorn,
 Telling " how Sailors left them for to mourn,
 And how they hopes they will to them return : "—
 Of dreadful storms, where ruin stalks around,
 When whirlwinds rise, and mountain-billows bound ;
 Yet Jack will carelessly both drink and sing,
 And be as happy, aye ! as any King,
 Tho' faith, good people, it is no such thing !

Well then the Ship is drove a wreck on shore,
 Jack loses all his hard-earn'd golden store,
 Yet still expects, good simple soul ! to find
 His mistress constant, and his old friends kind,
 The sad reverse, they passing soon explain,
 Neglect is all poor honest Jack can gain :
 The very truth of *this*, I will maintain.

There are exceptions to each gen'ral rule ;
 To say 'tis not so—proves you knave or fool ;
 So *here*, the shipwreck'd, or the worn-out Tar
 Oppress'd with sickness, caught in constant war,
 No longer fit his Country's cause to fight,
 But claiming honour! as his well earn'd right.

Tho' such a man, is oft' unheeded past,
 Yet is he not from *all*, thus sternly cast ;
 The lib'ral, wise, and just, respect his lot,
 And service past, by these is ne'er forgot.—
 Cherish'd by worth, heed not the passing throng,
 Unfeeling idiots never can do wrong!!!—

But there are songs of a far different cast,
 Of former Heroes and of battles past,
 Inspiring love of country, and of fame,
 With whatsoe'er can grace a Seaman's name ;
 Aye, and well sung, in accents manly clear,
 In voice downright Stentorian, void of fear,
 This should be ; as a puling, feeble sound
 Must by the dashing of the waves be drown'd.

Oft' have I listen'd to the pleasing lay,
 And quickly pass'd a four-hours watch away.

The queer-told tale was too no stupid break!
 If not for matter yet for telling's sake.
 Sea wit also yielded much merriment,
 Sailors for this have an especial bent.

Each while a youngster would my senses charm,
And would e'en now my calmer bosom warm.

Thus pass'd the Watch till midnight struck or rung :
"Starboardlines, hoy, turn out *!" is hoarsely sung
By Boatswain's Mates : the thrilling echoing call
Whistling around before the Stentor bawl—
The Mate now gives a light, and rowsing tells †
The third Lieutenant, it is past Eight Bells ;
While a gruff Quarter-master's growling voice
Wakens, with heedless and tormenting noise,
The Midshipman and Mate,—not to rejoice;
That is, the youngsters who don't choose,
In troth, to shake off their sweet snooze.
Regardless is the Quarter-master ;
The more they snore, he shakes the faster,
Till forc'd, at length, to wake and speak,
Some youths a piteous refuge seek,

* When you stand at the Stern of a Vessel, and face the Stem (Prow), the side on your right is denominated "Starboard," that on your left "Larboard;" (this last, however, when you con, you term "Port," in order to prevent being misunderstood by the Helmsman). A Ship's company, when divided into two Watches, are called after the sides on which they keep when all hands are employed, viz. "Larboardlines," and "Starboardlines."

* "Rowsing" is the Sea pronunciation of rousing. The Mate of a Watch always calls the Lieutenant who is to relieve the deck.

In, "Oh I'm sick! I've lost my shoe!"
 Sigh out a doleful, whining few,
 But this slack gammon* will not do.
 Some stern old mate, who hears the cry,
 Roars loudly, "Turn out, you young fry,
 "Or I'll be with you by-and-by."

No sooner heard, than up they start,
 And upon deck but half-dress'd dart.
 Indeed it is but meet I tell,
 All must be there before One Bell†;
 As then the Mate a muster makes
 Of the relief, and notice takes
 And makes report,
 Of such as do their hammocks court,
 Being, unlike smart Seamen, caught
 Below, in lieu of where they ought:—
 A true-bred Seaman's never found
 Skulking or lazy; see him bound
 Eager on deck, where e'er the call,
 No danger can his spirit pall.
 He who can't quick turn out and dress,
 To whom to rise at night's distress,

* "Slack gammon" implies talking loosely, wildly; a cant term of course.

† "One Bell," that is, the first half hour after the Watch is called.

Must be a novice yet at Sea,
 Nor from his mammy's apron free!—
 When thus, for a few minutes' lag,
 Th' offender stands a tiresome fag,—
 But just tho', while the active men
 May rest their bodies how and when
 They please, he must still move about ;
 And rightly serv'd, the lazy lout !
 Again transgressing, for the crime
 He walks the deck a longer time.

The moon's great orb is now in vapours clad,
 A gauzy veil, but not of import bad.
 Fresh is the breeze, swift is the vessel's pace,
 While far astern, her sparkling wake* we trace.
 The clear night-air our fibres tightly string,
 And o'er the deck, at first, we nimbly spring,
 Till the blood circulating ardour cools,
 And now the splendid moon attention rules.
 At the Lee Gangway †, in my Grego † wrapt,
 I gaze,—while rambling fancy will adapt

* The "Wake" of a vessel, is the path she leaves in the water for a considerable distance, which in the day-time is white from foam, but on a dark night quite sparkling and luminous.

† The "Gangway" is a kind of narrow causeway, which connects the Quarter-deck and Forecastle. The opening by which you enter a Ship is at one end of this, close to the Quarter-deck. A "Grego" is a large Watch-coat, sometimes called a Flushing, from the great number brought from that town, at least formerly.

Ideal forms to clouds and vap'ry mist,
 Till misled judgement almost would insist
 That they were real, monstrous tho' they seem,
 Tho' they with threat'ning shapes terrific teem.
 While thus I gaz'd, by fancy's pow'r entranc'd,
 A whisp'ring wak'd me, and my eye I glanc'd
 To whence it came—Oh, oh, two busy Mids,
 One youngster acting as the other bids,
 Intent on something, with mischievous glee:—
 Come ; let us try and find what this can be—
 Without disturbance, following their points,
 I soon see some one with his stretch'd-out joints
 In the Main Chains*; scarce could I cast a look,
 When ev'ry nerve with tickling laughter shook:
 The wicked imps had a poor Watch Mate found,
 Stretch'd at his utmost length, and sleeping sound;
 Heavy and sick, for these are e'er combin'd,
 As those who first tempt Davy Jones will find.
 No better fun desir'd—the water's brought,
 And hove smack over him as quick as thought!
 The dreaming wretch thinks in the Sea he's sous'd,
 And puffs and blows for life, till fairly rows'd
 By the loud laugh, he whimp'ring slinks below,
 And thinks he *now* may to his hammock go.

* The "Main Chains," or Channels, are a kind of narrow and short platform, projecting over the Ship's sides, and secured by strong iron plates and links. Lower Masts have their respective Chains, to which the Shrouds are affixed.

Alas, poor youth!—a novice yet at Sea,
 Nor from initiation's trammels free,
 Tho' you have suffer'd from a Grampus blown *,
 More's to be done, before you're let alone.—
 If to sleep sound or safe is your desire,
 Alas! from frying-pan you're in the fire!—
 No sooner snoring in the Hammock's fold,
 Than the same youngsters, silent, sly, and bold,
 With caution steal and eagerly combine
 To tie to toe, expos'd, the cramping twine;
 No sooner felt the unexpected smart,
 Than the poor helpless gives a fearful start,—
 Strikes his bewilder'd head against the beam;
 They instant slack,—he thinks it but a dream,
 And sleeps again,—again the urchins pull;
 Now he roars out, and bellows like a bull.
 Then down they low'r him—but pray mark! no more
 He cries—his fright is far too great to roar:
 The place is yet but new,—all's dark around,
 He thinks himself, poor soul! now under ground,
 Or God knows where,—until arous'd by laughing,
 The Mids cannot contain, he takes to chaffing,

* The "Grampus" is a species of the Whale; it raises its head
 very now and then out of the water to blow;—hence the Sailors
 aptly call this trick "Blowing the Grampus;" the poor wretch
 blowing like one at first.

And fairly blubbers, while on deck he limps,
 Forc'd by the teasing of these wicked imps.
 Slowly he drags with an unsteady gait,
 His just discover'd, weary, heavy weight.—
 Till the Lieutenant gives him a new life,
 By calling to him, asking for his knife,
 Giving a biscuit and a slice of cheese,
 With a good glass of grog, to wash down these.—
 Exhilarated by the cheer,
 All his sufferings disappear.

A middle watcher * at the hour of two,
 Shews what refreshment taken then can do :
 In truth it has a magical effect,
 It makes our thoughts in glowing tints be deck't.
 And the remaining time when us'd to cruise,
 Is quickly pass'd in converse to amuse.—
 We talk of Sweet-hearts, of those lovely girls
 Whose various charms, each youth in turn unfurls;
 Dwelling with rapture on th' enchanting graces,
 Fondly remember'd in their shapes and faces.—

And, O! 'tis happy, when the *many* join
 To charm the Tar; *one* cannot then purloin
 His gen'rous, manly, but too open heart,
 Alas! too ready to receive Love's dart;

* A Luncheon, during the Middle Watch, is thus termed.

If thro' his veins the potent poison flows,
 And for *one* maid his heated bosom glows,
 Madly unthinking, he would instant wed
 Tho' fatal cares surround his bridal bed ;
 For where can anguish more intense be found ?
 Than in that state where a poor youth is bound
 In wedlock's band, who with keen ardour loves ;
 While from his lip, fate tantalizing shoves
 The scarce yet tasted cup of bliss supreme,
 But evanescent as the midnight dream !!!
 Six fleeting days of heav'nly rapture past,—
 Of rapture doom'd, O Fate, to be the last,
 When “ orders seal'd ” his late bright prospects mar
 And force him out to traverse seas afar * ;
 When to return?—when, wretched youth, indeed!
 That fearful when!, makes both their fond hearts bleed
 At ev'ry pore.—Where now their wond'rous joy?
 Their bliss, so late, without the least alloy?
 Vanish'd!—'tis gone!—perhaps for ever fled!
 Not only *this* most agonizing dread,
 But *other* racking cares and fears intrude,
 And give them bitter, bitter cause to brood—

* The change of station, in the Navy, is sudden and extensive to the last degree:—a vessel may be cruising in the North Sea, come in to victual, have “ sealed orders ” put on board her, (to open in a certain latitude,) with an extra quantity of stores, and be off, in a day or two, nay a few hours, for the East Indies.

'Twas a love match !—What 's in his pow'r to give,
 Will never let his darling Fanny live ;
 Excepting under a dependent roof,
 Where she must daily,—hourly,—meet reproof
 From those, whose good advice, alas! she scorn'd,
 To marry him whom kindred worth adorn'd ;
 But one on whom, poor fellow ! fortune frown'd,
 And who,—still worse !—to war's wild trade was bound.
 Her scanty portion is indeed most slender ;
 And when it is expended, who will lend her ?

Who will herself, and hapless babe protect ?
 For this we know, may be ! O !—to reflect
 Is agony extreme, and to look forward,
 The prospect even is still more untoward !—

'Tis terrible, but still it is most true,
 Many a pair have thus sad cause to rue :—
 But tho' you be a kinder fortune's care,
 In point of greater affluence, to despair
 You still have reason :—absence is, alas !
 A fate which will most surely come to pass.
 Say, then, won't *this* idea at times intrude ?
 Will it not be for sad disquiet food ?
 May not the Wife, so lovely and so young,
 Moving in pleasures, guiling paths among,
 When unprotected by a Husband's care,
 Fall in the libertine's destructive snare ?

Say, is there falsehood in the bitter thought?

Can sterling truth alone by proof be brought

In *our own* wretched case? If we espy

The fact in *others*, why then madly try?

In youth, we know, the boiling blood is up,

Nor can our passions stand the Syren cup;

Each sex cold caution's warning rules despise,

And who will most deride her heedless tries !!!

At all events, his love must e'er torment,

Must be a fruitful source of discontent;

While from the charming Wife's embrace away,

Longing for home, cursing each tedious day,

Duty disgusts; and his once-daring soul

Yields to the demon Discontent's control.

No longer full of spirit, free from care,

He mopes about, the image of despair!—

Perhaps at length neglects his Country's cause.—

Ha! what a fearful, what a solemn pause!—

Forgetful of the consequence at stake,

Forgetful of himself he'll madly break

Thro' all, for cursed love-sick fancy's sake.—

Love, when it's pure, has reason for its guide;

This begets Honour!—both should check the Tide,

Nor let it e'er o'erwhelm the lovely yielding fair,

And blight the blossom with heart-rending care—

" When rank and competence attend your name,
 " When peace allows you to enjoy your fame,—
 " Then you may safely seek a kindred breast,
 " And from your toils, supremely happy, rest!!!"

But this is grave:—I would that to my song
 Pleasing description of the Cruise belong.—

Yet when such serious thoughts as these arise,
 There may be *some* their proper sense may prize,
None the intention can, I trust, despise.

Well!—tho' the Oldsters * pass their watch away
 In pleasant chat, nor think of coming day,
 Yet the same hapless youth, unus'd to walk
 A four-hours watch at night, and cheerful talk,
 Soon 'gins to doze, and, 'gainst the jutting guns,
 With painful knock, his shins he often runs;—
 Till dosing on,—they place a rope's rais'd bight †;
 His foot is caught,—down falls the luckless wight
 Flat on the deck!—the roguish youngsters 'scape,
 And, soon as charg'd, much serious sorrow ape.
 Th' unhappy novice sadly moans his lot,
 And cries, " Such things shall never be forgot."—

* " Oldsters" means the older ones; in contra-distinction to youngsters.

† The "bight" of a rope is its bend; a loop. It is scarcely possible for a young lad, on first going to sea, to keep his eyes open the whole of a Middle Watch; he however soon gets broke in;—this is one way.

But come; the Watch is out,—for “strike eight bells.” }
 The Off’cer now the Quarter-master tells,
 And now “Larbowlines, hoy,” relief impells.
 The Log is hove, the Log-book mark’d and sign’d,
 To get reliev’d on deck is all we mind;
 Soon is it done; and now, with eager speed,
 All court that sleep, they so much stand in need.

Nor fickle, truly, is the sleepy god;
 How often has he weigh’d, with heavy nod,
 My slumb’ring senses, until quite opprest,
 I fairly sink o’er-come, but half undrest,
 Half in, half out of bed,—and so remain,
 Until I’m forc’d to rise, and watch again.
 Fatigue soon drowns the billows’ loudest roar,
 Nor have I ever slept so sound on shore.

END OF CANTO I.

THE HISTORY OF

CANTO II.

Argument.

Morning Watch—Washing Decks—Preparations for Chace—Sunrise—Hammocks piped up and covered—Breakfast—Captains entertain their Officers—Thoughts on ditto—Necessity of Employment on board Men-of-War explained—A General Exercise of Great Guns and Small Arms—Precautions necessary in ditto—An Experiment made—Firing at a Cask—Ben Brace introduced—Also Tom Sykes—The First Lieutenant; his Character—Decks cleared up—Magazine secured—Retreat beat—Dinner—Watch called—Description of its various Duties—Clear the Decks after Work—Description of the Evening Sports; viz. Dancing, Building the Galley, Sailors dressed up, Bathing, and Single Sticks—Anecdote of Ben Brace; his Character—Pat Mahony, a young Irish Landsman, introduced; his Character—The Education of the Captain—A Disquisition on Learning in the Navy—Service injured by the Neglect of it—With various Reflections.

THE
C R U I S E.

CANTO II.

NOW haste, my willing Muse, and clearly state
The constant routine; the events relate
Of Morning, anxious look'd-for, joyous Morning!
Full fraught thou art with ev'ry thing adorning.
First, after night's damp, sombre, noisome shade,
Com'st thou, with welcome light and heat array'd;
Perhaps, too, lovely Morn! thou hast the grace
To point us out, by thy sweet shining face,
Some pretty Bark, or, better, rich Galloon*,
Or roguish Frigate, we may catch 'fore noon.
In such a case, my most delightful Morning!
We would not ask for a bit more adorning.

* "Galloon," so pronounced by Seamen.

But not in such a hurry, if you please,
 We may not quite so soon arrive at these ;
 Besides, you know, it is not yet day-light ;
 Pray, would not preparation be but right ?

Most true ; the constant routine therefore is,
 Before that e'er bright Sol can shew his phiz,
 To have the Upper Decks completely wash'd,
 Also well scrubb'd and holy-ston'd *, when dash'd
 O'er with clean sand ; the Booms too are unlash'd
 For Steering Sails, which, soon as ever plac'd
 On lower Yards let them be, howe'er brac'd,
 Still are they ready for the active chace † ;
 Sufficient Reefs are loos'd too for the race.
 In short, on board a British Man-of-War,
 The Ship should be as ready as the Tar

* The " Holy Stone," (so called on board ship,) is large and square ; by a rope fastened to two opposite sides, it is dragged over the wet sanded planks, which hence become beautifully white. This operation is gone through at sea before day-light, in order to have all clear at that time for making sail. Desirable however as neatness of appearance is, yet it should never be lost sight of, that the *Health* of a Crew is the very primary of all considerations: for what are a Ship and Crew, though in the highest order and discipline, if Health is not on board ?

† These " Booms" (resembling poles) project beyond the Yards, to spread a long, narrow Sail, called " Steering Sail," (pronounced " Stun-sail). By such sails being got on the Yards, they are sooner set than from the Deck.

To catch the foe, who ever flight first tries :

It is our duty to secure the prize.

Well ; all's prepar'd, and ev'ry longing eye
Strains thro' the yielding gloom, a sail to spy :

“ For certain there is one ! ” — “ No. ” — “ Yes, I'm sure ! ”

Such-like expressions take their bandied tour ;

But still the treach'rous shade evades the view,

Nor can we find as yet who 'tis says true.

This the Lieutenant anxiously awaits,

And, when determin'd, to the Captain states ;

Being, what Nightly Orders always say,

“ Report whatever's seen at break of day. ”

That nothing might be left for view untried,

Those station'd to the lofty mast-head hied,

That from the greater height, at broad day light,

They may command the very farthest sight*.

Night's sable shade now thins away apace,

And soon shall we behold the radiant face

Of Sol himself—for now a darting ray

Of silver light makes the horizon gray,

Tow'rds the illumin'd East ;

Then comes the feast.—

* Men are not only sent to the mast-heads just before day-light, but also constantly stationed there during the day, being regularly relieved.

For such a beauteous scene as this, at sea,
 Will to our senses e'er a banquet be :
 As he approaches nearer to emerge,
 A livelier tint adorns the Ocean's verge ;
 The arch increases, rays of crimson dart,
 And to the sallow cheek rich glows impart.
 The eastern waves seem tipp'd with liquid fire,
 Our bosoms kindle, and we scarce respire.
 At length bright gleams, beyond expression grand !
 Burst forth, and thro' the firmament expand ;
 Not long is keen expectancy delay'd,
 Sol rises slow, in majesty array'd ;
 In grandeur chasing, with a gradual sweep,
 The night's dull vapours from th' expansive deep :
 Nothing is seen, save dashing waves and sky ;
 This may not be, however, by-and-by :
 The thought is cherish'd by the sanguine Tar,
 Who (as I said) *will have* successful war.

Now for employment, and for neatness' sake,
 The running ropes are coil'd in flemish Fake* ;
 Tho' should there squalls, or chasing intervene,
 The ropes (of course) in common coils are seen,

* The "Fake" of a rope, or cable, is one of the circles it forms when coiled. Flemishing has been described as implying the neatest method of coiling a rope:—in bad weather not attended to.

Our yellow sides and decks again are swept,
 For cleanly must, within and 'out, be kept;
 While hammock-cloths, with greatest care are spread,
 Ready to hold the hammock and its bed,
 Forming a famous bulwark to protect
 The men from shot. Whenever Ships are deck't
 In milk-white cloths, bright red, or ebon black,
 And neatly done; discipline is not slack:
 Whene'er an enemy of force appears,
 The moment that the Captain for him steers,
 (Or often sooner) hammocks then are stow'd.
 In general, each man must bring his load
 At half past seven; then, the pipe and sound,
 Of "Up all hammocks," echoes loud around*.
 This time is come; they're stow'd and cover'd neat,
 And breakfast soon those are allow'd to eat
 Who are not station'd either to look out,
 To ropes, or plac'd to steer the Ship her route.

* All round a Man-of-War are Nettings, in which are placed cloths (to cover the Hammocks containing the bedding); they are made of strong canvass, painted white, red, or black; and when carefully and neatly managed, add to the beauty of appearance, keep the bedding dry, and form a complete shelter from musquetry, or even grape-shot; that is, in proportion to the space they occupy. Besides Hammock-nettings, there are others spread across the Quarter-deck, and (at times) other decks (those exposed), to prevent things falling from the tops reaching the deck. There are also Boarding-nettings, to keep off boarders;—seldom used by us.

The moment, charming Eight o'Clock! is rung,
 And calls have pip'd,—(no order here by tongue,) .
 Then Oatmeal Porridge, aliàs hot Bergou,
 Is quickly serv'd out to the hungry Crew *.

But stop!—the Chief, I should have sooner said,
 Had a full hour before a visit paid
 To the clean Deck.—Had any thing been seen,
 He as an active Cruiser, truly keen,
 Would have been up to urge a dashing chace,
 In the short period of a minute's space,
 From first being told;—he now takes the air,
 While in his Cabin they a meal prepare
 Of tea and butter'd rolls,—these bak'd on board,
 Than biscuit better—if one can afford.—
 When it is ready, 'tis as well to state,
 The first Lieutenant, Officer, and Mate,
 Who come off watch, in general appear
 At the Chief's table, to partake his cheer,
 In short to breakfast:—and most Captains do
 Invite the Forenoon Watch to dinner too.

May I hope pardon, if I here digress,
 Tho' still I won't unapt reflections press,

* To this Breakfast are given many different names by the Sailors: Porridge—Bergou—Skillagalee—Skyblue, &c. &c. When the meal is to be served out, the Boatswain is ordered “to pipe to Breakfast;” when a particular whistle is given, but nothing said.

And say—that Naval Captains often feel
 Th' expensive custom of a dinner meal.—
 At least to three—and this too, every day * ;
 Few can indeed so sad a tax well pay :
 And yet it is allow'd a serious good
 That Officers, at times, their Captains shou'd
 Thus meet at table—freely intermix ;—
 Nothing can blessed Union ! so much fix.—
 On duty Off'cers must *Off'cers* appear,
 But then they should with utmost caution steer,
 Far ! far ! from this reserve, when they should ken
 Each other only as true Gentlemen.
 When *thus*, the Tar finds Officers agree,
 When *thus*, the Chief is strict, yet also free,
 Respecting each as he deserves to be,
 Then ceases half the cause for mutiny !!! †

* It is the custom of the Service for a Captain to ask three Officers to dine with him every day ; viz. a Commissioned Officer, one of the Gunroom who does not keep watch, and a Mate, Midshipman, Clerk, or Surgeon's Mate. When the price at which stock is laid in from sea-ports is considered, with the frequent necessity of replenishing it, through the inclemency of weather, it must be allowed a very heavy tax on the Captain's pocket.

† The variance of Officers, as may readily be imagined, produces a most seriously bad effect in every branch of the Service. It is unnecessary here to trace this evil throughout ; it is enough to observe, that if dissatisfaction is observed amongst the heads of a Profession, it never rests there, but pervades the whole ; and if it be military, where so many restless, daring spirits are found, such a

If e'er an Officer forgets what's due
 Both to his Captain, and a willing Crew,
 The Laws of Naval Service are severe,
 And will with justice make him pay most dear.

If I may now presume, I've prov'd the use
 Of social meetings: who is 't will refuse
 To lower the tax at least?—May I then say,
 If the Exchequer can't afford to pay
 The Captain's cost, for such expensive treating,—
 In shape, suppose, of "Table money," greeting;
 That some deduction, something, 'bove a trifle,
 Ta'en from all Prizes, ease, howe'er, the rifle
 Thus on his narrow pocket: let the man,
 Who feeds a wife and child as he *best* can,
 Now make that pinching best *sufficient*!
 Let them not be of comforts e'er deficient!!!—
 But then to take from Prizes; how that sounds!
 Our hope! our rich reward for toil and wounds!

sensation soon begets a worse. The rigour of martial law among the French (at least formerly) was so softened by mutual attachment, through urbanity, that the military of both professions were absolutely devoted to their services, in spite of the many drawbacks.—May the progress which we have made in this politic as well as noble qualification, since the transit of a NELSON!, increase so rapidly, as, without relaxing a nerve of discipline, to produce that unanimous attachment to the Service, so beyond calculation desirable. But be it remembered, that nothing can compensate the want of enterprise and knowledge of the Profession!!!

Thus to reduce!—O! we will hear no more!—

It cuts us to the very inmost core!!!

Now, that equality of state's a jest,
 What we know cannot stand the proving test
 Of actual practice, and, of course, of reason ;
 Now we may say,—aye, too! and not speak treason
 Against “ Sovereign Rights of Man :” *That state,*
 Given to many by a kinder fate,
 (Who even stand in such a money'd dow'r
 As takes them to the chin ;—who rank and pow'r
 Have, but then constitutionally more,
 Than many others ever had before ;)
 Yet should remain so!—yes, most truly should!
 For *it* developes chaste ambition's bud,
 Raises the wish—cold word!—the strong desire !!!
 In the young ardent heart, e'er to aspire
 To such a splendid, such a just reward ;
 Nor stops the keenly touch'd, vibrating chord,
 Until the long'd-for consummation's won,
 And run the noble race, so well begun.

All *this* is surely true :—But descending
 From soaring flight poetic,—propending
 To the unseemly altitudes of which,
 I hope you do not think I've too much itch ;
 I will just say, A Naval Captain's post,
 Should ever of all good things have to boast ;

As rank and power, accompanied by riches,
 Including sundry chances, then the hitch is,
 Such a good post must, I think, be desir'd ;
 All hearts must be with anxious hopes inspir'd,
 A place *thus* full of worth to try to *gain*,
 And *keep it* snugly, when they once attain.

I do in no sense mean, the Captain's share
 Of Prize-money should have a common fare ;
 For their *own* good alone, it should be us'd :
 Surely this principle can't be abus'd ?

Tho' *all* expect the keenly sought-for Prize,
 Yet they're a *few* alone monopolize ;
 They're fickle fortune's favourites, I ween ;
 But 'tis a sadly tantalizing scene
 To far the *most*, who have for all their pains,
 " Wish joy, and expectations," empty gains !

Now from the lucky Captain's heavy sack,
 Mind altho' ! we move forward, not try back *,
 As at a game wherein they make some rules
 Before the issue, they'd be silly fools
 To quarrel 'bout them *after* ; for the game
 Must to all parties be of course the same.

Well, this premis'd, we from the dollars take
 What would assist the Fund, which kind Lords make,

* To " try back," is often applied at Sea, as, " search, or go back."

And gen'rous Commoners :—Prize-money dole

Would thus be far more equal to the whole.

And inasmuch as worth is added one way,

How could it take much from the other part, pray ?

Howe'er, to heads far wiser than my own

Indeed I am to bow at all times prone,—

A change oft is cause for disapprobation,

'Tis not improvement, but dire innovation * !!!

* The Author trusts there need no apology for expatiating on this interesting subject through the medium of a note.—Blending those distinctions, so necessary to be observed when duty calls, by social meetings at other times, forms the link which attaches men to their professions and their kind : but the means by which this is effected in the Navy, must be allowed to press hard upon Officers who command Ships : to prevent this, without either taking away the advantages they possess (so great an incentive to their acquirement), or burthening the country, at a time like the present, by a demand of any extent on its purse, becomes therefore a consideration of much moment. By an appropriation of Prize-money, (the exact amount to be determined on deliberation,) a Fund could be established, affording a certain, general, and sufficient increase of income, without so materially decreasing the share of Prize-money, (which, be it kept in mind, to the *whole* is a most precarious chance,) as to render it not worth caring about :—for instance, if an individual's share of a capture be worth 10,000*l.* ; after such a regulation, suppose 2,000*l.* of it be given up to the Fund, he would then have, besides his certain increase of income, 8,000*l.* Prize-money ; and when he set out too, he had a positive increase of Pay, and only a *chance of this Prize-money!*—The question thus is, Whether it be better to have Additional Pay secured, and the same chance as before of a handsome share of Prize-money ?—or, the present pressure, and but an equal chance of rather a larger share of Prize-money ?—The Fund is, of course, only applicable to Captains in

There's always something aboard Ship to do,—
 'Tis well it is so for the restless Crew ;
 As, were all hands not constantly employ'd,
 Of the same service would they soon be cloy'd,
 Brood in dull idleness on other scenes,
 And, to divert them, practise fatal means :
 Such as the vice, above all others curst !
 On shore,—at Sea,—wherever,—still the worst,—

actual command of Ships. It, at the outset, might require assistance from Parliament, but not afterwards probably.—While on the subject, the Author begs to add, that it would be a happy circumstance for Sailors, if a small apportionment of their Pay, or Prize-money, or both, should be made, (bearing some resemblance to Clubs on shore,) to establish a Fund, in addition to Greenwich, Chest of Chatham, &c. &c., for the purpose of saving themselves, when wounded or otherwise disabled in the Service, (including by old age and broken constitutions,) from the shameful state of beggary many are now reduced to:—How much more desirable would be the Service! what a stimulant to exertion! what little cause to dread the loss of a limb! when thus a competency is secured. It is not limited service a man cares about, it is poverty!, when disabled!—What a trifling deduction too will effect this, which otherwise might be thrown away; for none but men, who shall be deemed fit objects by a Board to quit the Service, should be admitted to the benefit; and, as such must be old, invalid, or wounded, longevity is not to be presumed. Greenwich full, the rest should have their pensions paid them wherever they please. Might not many Sailors unfit for sea, be made useful in Dock-yards and other departments under Government? Much of this is applicable to the Marine Corps: but when and how such regulations should take place, the Author will not pretend to state, satisfying himself with committing the above general outline to the sense of the Navy, and those interested in its welfare.

Dread Gambling ! fertile source of ev'ry crime !
 O ! could I but empow'r my feeble rhyme
 To give conviction to the hapless youth,
 As my verse tells him all the fatal truth ;
 With what keen ardour would my anxious pen
 Expose to view the wretched fate of men,
 (And women too,) alas ! who madly try
 Such deadly means the fleeting smiles to buy
 Of fickle fortune ; but much abler hands
 Alone can hope to break delusion's bands.
 I will but sketch, with merely " pride of fact,"
 A picture of the agonizing pact
 They sign, whom lech of gambling wildly sways,
 Until the fiend their very soul betrays !!!

Gaming gives birth to all the passions dire,
 Steels the young heart, and sets the brain on fire ;
 " Ruin'd past hope !" — a climax soon ensues,
 And in his own heart's blood the wretch his hand imbrues !!!
 Or turns a Robber ! forges ! murders too !
 No crime so vile but desperate he'll do !
 Till the slow arm of justice—slow, but sure,
 Applies the dreadfully tremendous cure :
 Death ! is the fearful remedy applied,—
 Death ! stops the evil, in terrific pride,—
 In all the pomp of studied preparation,
 And the worse horrors of the mind's creation !!!

What's in reserve? What punishment attends
The harden'd wretch who greatly Heav'n offends!

I could write on, but, fearful I may tire,
And languor, 'stead of glorious thoughts, inspire,
Will briefly say, and to the heart appeal;
How will th' ennobled youth of fortune feel?
Or any youth—tho' rank and wealth should be
A double motive ever to agree
With honour's never-fading, godlike rules,
Leaving the vile reverse to vicious tools?—
How will that youth, who haply yet has led
A life of heav'nly peace? whose downy bed
No piercing thorns of conscience yet invade,
No startling dreams in damning truth array'd;
Brought up in affluence, content, and ease,
Inheriting still more than even these;
Fond Parents' love, and their respected name,
Sacred be ever such proud grateful fame!
Oft' is misguided youth at last reclaim'd,
When with a tear the rever'd Parent's nam'd
By an old friend; whose fond impressive trace
Of worth remember'd, glows throughout his face.

Well, say! when all things join a youth to raise
To happiness when ev'ry one must praise,
How will he feel? if, in a fatal hour,
He loses peace of mind and his late splendid dow'r!

If he don't tempt that soul-appalling fate,
 Which the wise say, a certain future state
 Entails on such as their own ills create!
 If short of *this*, still will he tortur'd feel
 The mind's dread anguish o'er him sick'ning steal.
 Fall'n from the world's esteem, no more upheld
 By honour's voice, by his own conscience fell'd!
 In curs'd dependence must he crawl along,
 And meanly abject, court the unpitying throng !!!

Tho' careful discipline preserv'd on board,
 A pow'rful check must ever here afford;
 Yet if the restless mind be not employ'd,
 If you unhappily admit a void,
 Dissatisfaction certainly you'll find,
 Begetting acts of far more serious kind,
 As mutiny! most mur'drous damned ill !!!—
 Which with its rankest poison once did fill
 The gen'rous minds of BRITAIN'S Naval Sons,
 And made them madly point their deadly guns
 Against the vitals of their parent Isle!

What fatal cause! would thus such men beguile?
 O, 'twas a fatal! fatal cause indeed!
 A cause which has made scaffolds reeking bleed
 With heaps of headless victims.—Look to France!
 Look to their infuriate hellish dance,

Round hearts and heads by gory pikes transfix'd,
 With trunks expos'd on lamp-ir'ns, intermix'd!
 Hark to the widow's piercing! phrenzied shrieks!
 While vainly she her murder'd husband seeks ;—
 Hark to the aged parent's anguish'd groan !
 When they perceive, in fragments widely strown,
 The mangled corse of the late darling child !—
 Or in distracting accents, faint and wild !
 Listen unto the frantic, tortur'd maid ;
 She calls her love, in death's long sleep too laid.

Seek it in Britain! where a fiend-like few,
 Would o'er her bosom such dread horrors strew.

Ha !—but the cause !—we need but to reflect
 When mem'ry brings the horrible effect!
 But whence deriv'd ?—how came the bloody stain ?
 Whence sprung these crimes, of all mankind the bane ?
 From that dire cause !—from all things good a schism !
 Denoted vile, thrice vile ! Jacobinism !!!
 Subtle and deep it work'd its ireful way,
 And led not 'Tars alone,—but the whole world astray !

No wonder then, our Naval glory died,
 That humbled was our Country's loyal pride,
 When the “ foul fiend ” did at our helm preside!

But tho' the ill had struck, alas ! the root,
 Yet did the tree soon more luxuriant shoot ;—

From darkness soon arose th' indignant Tar,
And the foul blot eras'd by matchless deeds of war!!!

Ne'er may again our brilliant Naval page
Be sullied with such worse than murd'rous rage!

—Yet tho' this crime may not again be found,
Still many bad propensities abound.

Whene'er much idle time on board is giv'n,
Sailors are then, often to mischief driv'n;

Then have they baneful leisure to attend,
Th' insidious wretch, in semblance of a friend,

France's vile agent—Faction's cursed tool,

Then makes the unsuspecting Tar his fool;

Then is the open Seaman led astray,

And made, alas! a "needy villain's prey."

While all on board, both Officers and Crew,

Have some employment, have enough to do,

Without exhausting :—well! in such a case

You will, depend on't! bless'd contentment trace!

The Captain, of this circumstance aware,

Makes it his ne'er neglected, anxious care,

To see that all his Frigate's happy crew

Have of Ship's duty—just enough to do;

And be it but correctly, smartly done,

That then, blithe glee shall have its gladsome run.

The Duties now engross the willing Tar,

And first are practis'd such as fit for war:

A general exercise is forthwith order'd,
Such as on actual contention border'd*.

Scarce said—when hark! the thun'dring drum repeats
This battle's 'larum by its pause-fraught beats :
Quickly all hands are at their station'd posts,
Wishing, with vehemence, 'twere but the hosts
Of France and Spain
That would now tempt their certain fate again.
The careful Gunners, with a proper dread
Of coming danger to their powder, spread
And hang forthwith the well-clos'd hammock's screen,
Fix'd tightly up the diff'rent Decks between ;
And around ev'ry hatch, with but a hole
T' admit the cartridge to its destin'd goal †:
The guarded Salt-box ‡, near each Cannon plac'd
Until the gaping Cannon's self is grac'd;

* The very first possible opportunity, after leaving port, a Crew is exercised at great guns and small arms, manœuvring as in action, &c. &c.; as, even in an hour after you quit harbour, you may meet the enemy. The hurry of refitting, seldom (at least in a small Ship) allows time for exercising in harbour.

† These "Screens" are formed of hammocks sewn together, and nailed close round the Hatchways (openings in the decks by which you get from one to the other), to prevent any sparks from the guns or matches getting down them, and so communicating with the Magazine.

‡ The "Salt-box" is a wooden case to hold a few cartridges; one for every two guns: these little portable magazines being always replenished by the Powder-monkeys, prevents the delay that would

Our Powder-monkeys, otherwise Ship-boys,
 Smartly attend to fill these naval Toys,
 Which are, I further may as well remark,
 Cover'd securely from the dang'rous spark.
 Then there are others station'd at the gun,
 Who quickly to the Powder-monkeys run,
 Keep in their bosoms safe the fateful charge,
 Until ignition spreads dire fate at large !
 When with fresh pow'r is death's dark engine plied,
 Again the Cartridge they in bosoms hide.
 But before this, the ready active Crew,
 Must all the motions steadily go thro'.
 Accomplish'd once ! then are they gladly tried
 To fire as quick as thought the dread broadside :—
 But still, 'tis done with most unerring aim,
 The British Seaman's never failing fame !
 For by no means must they omit to point
 " True to the object," 'fore a single joint
 Is stirr'd towards the ready-lighted match,
 Or 'fore the surer trigger's line they snatch *.

arise, if men had to go from the Guns to the main depôt of Powder, which is quite in the bottom of the Ship, and difficult of access; these cases being therefore kept filled by the boys, a man from each gun has only to run to one of them, take out a cartridge, keep it safe from sparks in his shirt-bosom, and fly back to the gun.

* All Cannon on board our Men-of-War are fitted with locks, which are fired by a long line attached to the trigger: these are

All point, as order'd, now before the beam *,
 Aft, abreast, as it most fit may seem ;
 Sometimes (as now) an empty good-siz'd cask
 They try to hit ; a willing pleasant task !
 And to increase their present emulation,
 Our Captain promises, at mid-day ration,
 To give some grog to him who fires the shot,
 Which hits or is the nearest to the spot.

Well ! having fir'd with cartridge a few rounds,
 Hark ! the emphatic, long'd-for cheering sounds
 Forth from the brazen speaking-trumpet break,
 Soon as the Chief doth the loud order make † ;
 " Sailors ! with single shot you now may load ! "
 The rush of blood ! the flash of eyes ! forebode,
 How quick and glorious must a contest end,
 Would but our lucky stars a Frenchman send,
 Let us on him, not casks, our wrath expend.

first used ; but as they must become injured by long firing, a match is lit, ready to replace them ; consequently the men are exercised in the use of both. Firing the cannon with ball at a cask, and musketry at a target, is eminently useful on first going out ; and now and then afterwards.

* The " Beam " of a Ship is the center, the main beam being there placed ; therefore men are often ordered to point for that part of an opponent ; or before or aft (already explained) their own beam.

† In action, blowing weather, or, generally, when orders are wished to be delivered very distinctly, a Commanding Officer makes use of a Trumpet of brass, or tin jappaned.

However, now the present *tamer* fun,
 Is by our lads about to be begun ;
 The watchful Captain must himself be there,
 To see that not a shot be spent in air.
 Upon the gun-deck 'tis, conceive, I mean,
 Moving with fix'd regard the guns between,
 Inspecting ev'ry one in proper turn ;
 Seeing that all the crew his maxims learn,
 And practise well,—that, should the haughty foe
 A rival hostile vessel chance to show,
 Her gaudy colours soon might be laid low.

BEN BRACE, (of whom further account anon)
 Was quarter'd “ Captain of the foremost gun,”
 To whom befel the prior lot to fire ;—
 All watch with eagerness and scarce respire !
 He marks th' unsteady butt, with seaman's eyes,
 And judges from the fall when it must rise ;
 His Ship too, he well knows, when in the trough,
 Must again mount the wave, come to, fall off.

This art, the true-bred Seamen only know,
 In this respect e'en Engineers must bow ;
 The French Artillerist, with science fraught,
 Levels his gun, as when on forts he ought,
 Greatly surpris'd ! he finds the bullet light
 Out of the range had been intended quite ;

The reason simply this, in truth 'tis plain !—
 “ No Bastions float upon the stormy main.”
 Now, either this vast wonder must take place,
 Or they must emulate a Naval Race ;
 Inur'd from youth, for years, to Ships and Guns
 Like our proud race, our Neptune's real Sons *!!!
 Till such a time, my honest country folk,
 Fear not the sanguinary foe can poke
 With pike your hide ;—I'm not, believe 't, in joke !

Well!—having watch'd intent,—tho' scarcely long,
 Hark to the flying bullet's whizzing song—
 Hiss, hiss ! smack, smack ! it speeds—but erring strikes,
 Yet brushing close ! Well, now for smart TOM SYKES :
 This fellow was quite ready for th' occasion,
 Having regarded well BEN's elevation,
 And thus, of course, corrected to some tune :
 (The first shot ever is but a bad boon :)
 Quickly his gun he fires—and O, poor Cask !
 Didst thou in length even a yard more bask

* Long experience alone will enable a man to judge correctly, when objects in the trough of a sea will rise to the summit, and to, what is called “ humour the motion of a Ship.”—The Author has more than once seen the efforts of the most scientific French officers (engineers) rendered abortive, owing to their being unable to calculate the “ coming to,” and “ falling off ;” in short, the motion ; when an unlettered English Seaman has made every one of his shots take effect.—Years at sea can alone give this knowledge !

On swelling, sunny waves thy vain career
 Would have been stopp'd *in toto*, troth I fear;
 But thy rotund circumference, so small,
 Will, I would wager, puzzle, aye, them all.

Eagerly they essay (the whole I mean),
 But angry, baffled BEN is still most keen;
 He *will* be first at all things, at least tries:—
 And often 'tis when lady Fortune spies
 Such bold, determin'd suitors in her train,
 Who thus intently strive her smiles to gain,
 From just rewardings she will not abstain.

BEN was, in fact, so resolute a Tar,
 That nothing could his manful strivings mar,
 But Death!—all-pow'rful Death's! resistless dart!—
 Death who will master, e'en the boldest heart!!!

Again 'tis come about his turn to fire;
 Again we watch, and scarcely dare respire:
 Dame Fortune had however pass'd her word,—
 So that when BRACE's singing gun was heard,
 A wreck of splinters! and a gen'ral shout!
 Gives him the sought-for prize, without all doubt.

Thus to an end I've brought part of my story,
 To honest BEN's supremest pride and glory!—
 Yet pray forbear the Critic's tort'ring laugh;
 Of this same part I have but told you half:

For some time, before firing the broadside,
A great improvement was explain'd and tried.

However clever be a Naval Chief,
Yet may he often from another's leaf
Take many things,—as in the Sea Profession,
Elixir Vitæ in a man's possession,
And he who has the nostrum passing clever,
Still may he something learn ! for aye and ever * !
So far from shame, then, 'tis a noble trait,
Whenever those in *pow'r* are heard to say,
“ There is indeed, sir, reason in your notion ;
“ Come, let us try to give th' idea motion.”
Thus our smart Captain, wisely, quickly caught
His First Lieutenant's well-digested thought.

* Naval Life embraces such immensity !, that something is ever to be discovered.—The utmost confines of the globe are explored,—and we are absolutely dependent on the elements and science for existence.—What a scope !—Surely then ! until a man knows every speck upon our planet,—is master of every science,—and can account for and restrain the elements ;—until, in short, an inhabitant of this world is super-human, let him not (his rank what it may) be impenetrable to the remarks of others, or think it derogatory, not to be supposed to know “ every thing ! ”——And here let it be asked, whether, in a Profession comprising such a variety of service, it is not indispensably required of those in power, (especially when the present crisis is considered,) “ to assimilate *talents to duties* ? ” It is scarcely possible for *one man* to possess *equal knowledge in every branch of his profession* ; common sense, then, points out, that he can act to *most advantage* where he is *most conversant* ; and by *so doing*, does he not *best* benefit his Country ?

For this First Officer of ours combin'd,
 With cleverness, a busy, thinking mind ;
 Ever intent upon his own profession,
 A certain source of merited progression,—
 Advancement always : as our Navy's pride
 Is that not merely those to rank allied,
 But all, who *truly merit*, swell the list
 (Nor speak I falsely, while I so insist)
 Of bright Promotion, that is, mind me ! *more*,
 Than Naval Service, of aught *other shore* *.

* The Author believes this will be acquiesced in by every one who reflects a little:—Promotion is by no means monopolized in the Navy by men of high connexions;—there are very few such, comparatively speaking, and every one deserves the situation he holds, through merit. As the actions of these Noblemen are publicly known, it cannot be thought indelicate bringing them forward in this manner. The fact is, there is scarcely an Officer who has not risen through his own exertions. The mass of the Navy is composed of men, whose parents had little or no interest with those in power; they must consequently have advanced themselves, and generally in this way:—they recommend themselves to Captains by serving zealously under them, and thus acquire patronage, ever carrying weight with it. The road to promotion is indeed open to all, even the pre-st Cabin-boy of a Merchant-man; witness Cook, and others of present eminence:—and such men reaching the goal would oftener happen, had but Foremast-men (all but Officers and Marines on board Ships of War so termed) sufficient learning to fill higher stations. In what other Service is this carried to such an extent?—Not in France surely.—Rank can only be desirable when obtained honourably, and secured on a firm basis, as in this Country; but certainly not in France; witness the oceans of blood waded through to obtain posts, which have been scarcely filled, when a new

Our First Lieutenant being such a man,
Thus to reflection prone, hit on this plan,

set came; and so on to the end of the chapter, that is, the present end. But why more secure than the others! The time will come! and probably not many years distant, when this Alexander! will die, and when his men of blood will either act as Alexander did, or be destroyed by men using the same means to supplant them, as they did to supplant others:—for consummate, unprincipled Generals, and a restless, ferocious Soldierly, by whom alone France is now governed, will hardly allow themselves to be swayed by a Woman!, a Child!, a Monk!, or any one, but the superior Warrior!—And if (as reasonable to suppose) on the demise of Bonaparte, talents should be on a par, may not the variance of Chiefs in France, be as that of St. Domingo!—Unless it should so happen, (nothing certainly is impossible,) that rank in France should have some better guarantee than the breath of a Despot, a splendid Ravager! but not immortal!!! —In spite of those ebullitions of Party, and assaults of Faction, consequent to a *free* form of Government like ours;—yet, how infinitely preferable it is, in the long-run, to the phrenzied and fleeting reign of military splendour! What are these mighty establishments, so vaunted in France, as at the *cost* of Government?, but the *Consolidation of Usurpation, from the Plunder of Nations!*—What are the victories?; *but scenes of horrid carnage, at the instigation of ambition;—not to secure Peace, but to sow the seeds of Wars on Wars!*—What practicable check is there upon the absolute dominion of *one man?*, who may be a *Titus!*, but also may be a *Nero!!!*—And what is to hinder every *necessary reform* being effected in our own Constitution?, if we will but first join *heart and hand to weather the storm* (which is too violent to last long), and then with energy and industry *repair damages.*—If, instead, we squabble, to ascertain whether the helm of State be or be not conducted with critical nicety, and so disregard our *look-out!*; it is a miserable chance, but that we shall be dashed against those deadly rocks, that even the *worst* Helmsman of them all, had he been allowed to attend to them, could have guarded us against!!!—One word more: If an atom of truth is contained in the assertion, that “Merit meets

Judging that minds well stor'd, enrich'd by science,

With Wisdom e'er must have a close alliance ;—

Superior Wisdom !—such the fact is !

To those who only merely practise ;

Seeing things *are so*,

But *why*, don't know.—

On such a solid principle he thought,

That e'en a thorough Seaman might be taught

A surer way of levelling his gun,

And less regard the ever wayward con.

When distance meets the eye's just observation

(A scientific Seaman's), elevation

Is then with ease determin'd ;—to convey

This useful knowledge the exactest way

To ev'ry one, by words, is slow, not sure :—

The method therefore taken to procure

A right effect ; each Quoin is mark'd with care

(While the long gun is levell'd nicely fair)

Into some portions of exact degrees,—

As many of them as indeed you please,

Tho' four are found to be enough of these.

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with as great encouragement in the Navy, as perhaps any human Establishment will admit of ;"—if any glory is allowed our arms, by Land as well as Sea ;—and if the high rank to which Britain is raised among Nations, be not entirely overlooked ; surely a fair inference may be deduced, that this Country employs Men of Talents,—and *legitimate talents* too, to the full as much as any other known.

It must be done on a most even keel,—
In tranquil harbour best, when Ships don't reel.

The use is this:—before we vent our rage,
(We cannot always at yard-arms engage,)
The Captain's clear discriminating eye
Enables him the distance to descry;
Therefore he can with due precision state,
To what degree 'tis fit we elevate:—
Suppose now, his correctly scanning sight
Gives “two degrees,” as (at least) *nearest* right;—
Then he cries, “Men! before your shot you deal,
“Quoins number two! fire on an even keel;
“Mind not the roll, regard alone the wheel*.”

Th' experiment is with attention made;
“Let all the Quoins be mark'd,” the Captain said.—
The gallant band of Boarders swiftly fly,
When the Chief would their dashing spirit try,
With naked cutlass, tomahawk, and pike
Completely arm'd, fully prepar'd to strike

* A “Quoin” is a wedge, used to elevate or depress a piece of ordnance. This method of marking them is to reduce the uncertainty of elevation, by giving the men a certain rule, instead of leaving it to their discretion; as, when the Quoin is put in as ordered, they have only to fire, when the Ship is upright, that is, in regard to elevation; the pointing must be according to the Ship's “coming to,” and “falling off,” as usual.—The Author understands this was first practised by Sir Robert Barlow.

The fatal stroke, to overwhelming rush
On hostile decks, the enemy to crush ! *

Sometimes in fight, to alter a Ship's route,
Our Sail-trimmers are sent from Guns about ;
Alert! yet steady! they their parts sustain,
Nor fail, tho' Decks are strown with helpmates slain †.

Now the cool Firemen speedily prepare
Their leathern buckets, fill'd with eager care,
And the Ship's Hull and Sails, with water drench,
The dreadfully devouring flames to quench ‡.

Let me not here forget that useful class,
Whom even Tars, in valour don't surpass:—
No dirty compliment to pay, I mean,
When speaking thus of the good CORPS MARINE!
Incorporated so they truly are,
In thought and action, with the daring Tar,
That, I declare it, when I ever drew
A glowing picture of the gallant Crew,
To also speak of *them* was my intention :
Nor should I now indeed the subject mention,

* A certain number of active men are selected from a Crew, to either board, or repel Boarders.

† "Sail-trimmers" are those appointed in action to quit the Guns, to work the Ship.

‡ In case of fire, during battle, certain of the Crew immediately fly to their buckets (of leather, with ropes affixed, and always at hand), fill them, and endeavour to extinguish it.

Was I not fearful, some might falsely think,
At their establish'd worth I fain would wink.

Most are upon the Quarter-deck employ'd,
Either at great or small Guns—nobly buoy'd
With the same thoughts, which ever sway the Tar,
Namely ! “ to make a fierce determin'd war *.”

Well ! having practis'd sometime as above,
We all begin to feel, for Cupboard, love.

The whole forenoon being thus near expended,
To clear the Decks up, our exertions tended ;
Secure again the Guns, take down the Screen,
Swab round †, and shut the Powder-magazine.

All things at length ship-shape, in proper trim,
The Drummer moves a not unwilling limb,
Around the Deck, beating the kind retreat,
A prelude to a very diff'rent feat ;

* It would be superfluous to expatiate on the usefulness and bravery of this Corps, who have distinguished themselves as well on land as water :—when the Navy is mentioned, the *Marines* must always be included. They assist the Seamen, to the best of their abilities, in every thing but going aloft, or in boats. The arms, dress, and accoutrements, are those of a Soldier, which they are to all intents and purposes on shore.—All men on board must of course accommodate themselves to the nature of the Element and Service.

† A “ Swab ” is a number of rope-yarns, about a fathom in length, tied in the middle, in such a manner as to allow the ends to meet, and affording a handle where middled ; by this it is mopped from side to side by a man, and absorbs the wet.

Videlicet, to make refreshing cheer,
And wash it down with our last day's small-beer.

To finish with one thing before another,
At least, in hopes, that I may save you bother,
I but in this place tell you, that as soon
As Watches gave the time, approaching noon,
The careful Master, and perhaps a Mate,
With quadrants * did observe, that they might state,
Whenever at Meridian is the Sun,
(A duty which the Master ne'er can shun,)
As then, our day's works must be duely done,
To shew the course correct the Ship has run ;
And also distance from the nearest land.

Invariably it is the Chief's command,
That to this all the Officers attend :
Tho' urgent circumstances must defend
The non-performance of this proper rule
At times ; t' exemplify, " when war's fierce school
" Our minds should sway ! other things will keep cool ! " }
Another use of mid-day observation,
Is to denote the time for Dinner-ration.

Now then, suppose this famous time is come,
And that you hear the clatter and the hum

* A " Quadrant " is an instrument by which the altitude of the Sun, &c. is taken.

Of hungry mortals, before dinner prog
Is serv'd,—but, as already said, not grog.

Whether we write, or talk,—a prohibition
Ever to shun that thrice-dull! repetition,
Is, I should think, well worth its weight in gold :
How stupid is a thing, when often told !
Therefore to please, or so I hope, your ear,
Kind, patient Reader! nothing shall appear,
I've told you once before :—so suppose dinners
Are, thro' the Cruise, for us poor hungry sinners—
(Save when I say—" not so ;") just as the sun
Has pass'd his Zenith, and makes downward run.

At this hour 'tis, the Midshipmen and Crew
Try what at eating duty they can do.
Lieutenants, when at Sea too, dine at One ;
While Dinner always is at Two begun
In the great Cabin ; in which place the Chief
Must entertain a few, but oft' with grief ;
The wherefore has been told, you know, before,
Therefore upon this head, of course, no more.
You may remember when it is we breakfast ;
When Four arrives, there is another repast ;
And the Supper, I must request you'll mind,
Is made when leisure time below they find.

An hour is now elaps'd !—the dinner's done !
Suppose now that again on deck's begun

The Watch's duty :—some to knot or plat

The useful Sinnet *, and as useful Mat :

Others must splice †, make Wads ‡, and Oakum pick § ;

This last should be by convalescent sick,

Whenever such on board the Ship there are :

At present, each Marine and hearty Tar

Has nothing of this “doleful sort” to mar.—

Sailmakers either mend, or make the Sail,

To better spread the Yard, and catch the gale.

It should be e'er a First Lieutenant's aim,

Should be his pride,—as adding to the fame

Of his own Barky ||, that the Sails be cut

In neatest, fittest fashion ;—that when put,

Once for a full due on the Yards, they look

So, as that, copying from such a book,

* “Sinnet” is a long narrow plat of the yarns of rope ; and “Mat,” (for the yards to prevent chaffing,) a broad plat of twisted yarns, called “Foxes.”

† “Splicing,” is joining two ropes together, by a peculiar manner of intertwining their ends.

‡ “Wads” are ends of cordage and yarns, twisted up hard, and made to fit the calibre of guns ; they are put between the cartridge and shot, sometimes after the latter also.

§ “Oakum” is produced by picking out rope-yarns ; it is used in filling the Ship's seams, called “caulking.” As every person on board ship must contribute something to the general Service (what is possible), convalescents are set to this, it being very light work.

|| “Barky” is a familiar way of calling one's Ship.

Others be anxious :—'tis a heart-felt pleasure !

When people borrow from your plans a measure.

A pattern Ship !!!—O ! 'tis a glorious theme ;—

So much so doth it to our own Crew seem,

That they will strive,

As I'm alive,

As tho' their own existence was at stake,

Sooner than let another from them take

This cherish'd appellation e'er away :—

Such is a true " Esprit du Corps !" I lay.—

Our Captain, as you may with ease suppose,

T' encourage such a noble spirit chose.

His well-instructed, comprehensive mind

Could perfectly the remote causes find,

Which influence human passions ; knew the art,

Like our great NELSON !, spirit to impart

Even unto a heavy, languid Crew.—

'Tis, I believe, receiv'd a maxim true,

That e'en the veriest coward would be brave,

Did he revolt at shame !—more than the grave !!!

Our Seamen hardly ever need be driven

(From education—reasons before given)

To join in acts of hardihood ! and daring !

But there are sundry feats, beyond comparing !,

Which, we have found, our heroic Sailors do,

When a " Great Name !" is stamp'd upon a Crew.

This! to acquire, all British Seamen sigh ;
This! to keep free from stain, they'll nobly die !!!—
 To name the cause, from whence this feeling came,
 —“ 'Twas Annihilation, dreaded less than Shame ! ”

But it is not enough to well attend
 To bravely fighting Ships, and to defend ;
 To make them and their manly Crews be seen
 Smartest at all things, ever neat and clean ;—
 “ Strictest Economy ! ” should be enjoin'd,
 Never to be by foolish whim ! purloin'd :
 For cutting, carving (aliàs destroying),
 Without sufficient reason, is but boying.
 Suit e'er the action to the needful time ;
 Duely appropriate to the present clime
 Be all things dress'd ; with, kept in a reserve,
 Whatever may th' occasion rightly serve.
 Should you, as might, be suddenly detach'd ;
 (For British Captains ought not e'er be catch'd
 Unfit to act ;) should orders be unfurl'd,
 To go—aye ! even almost round the world * !

* Officers can of course have but such materials as are allowed by Government; the only thing is, “ to make the most of them,” and be as ready, as foresight and economy will admit, for every service;—like Lord NELSON ! (when a Captain), who, some Admiral said, “ never made difficulties, or required long instructions, “ but was always ready and equal for every thing.”

How long th' attentive Merchant's canvass lasts !
 The simple reasons these :—before he casts
 Th' expensive Sail, the middle stitch * is trac'd
 Between the starting seams ;—and it is grac'd
 With a fresh roping, wheresoe'er there's need ;—
 Fresh canvass bands, not new, are plac'd with speed,
 To strengthen Sails, when the old worn ones rag † ;
 Fresh marling is applied whene'er it jag ‡ ;
 And soon as that the heavy flapping Sail
 Begins, by constant wear and tear, to fail,
 Where it may rub against the working Yard,
 To mend it strongly, they will ne'er retard :
 Nor in preventing mildew by good air,
 Shifting them too, they sometimes make their care,
 And by these means they last so long, we stare !

'Twould be a gross injustice, did I say
 That Officers in Men-of-War ne'er pay

* The different cloths of canvass in a Sail, are joined by “ two rows of stitches,” forming a pretty broad seam ; the threads wear before the Sail: when therefore this begins, to trace a new third stitch between the two old ones, strengthens very much.

† Where the Reefs are, “ Bands” are placed to strengthen; also lower down. To mend old canvass with *new*, is the sure way to make it tear the more.

‡ A Rope is stitched all round the edge of Sails, to prevent their so soon wearing out,—to strengthen. In parts most exposed to friction, this is again covered with a smaller stuff; the manner by which it is effected, is called “ Marling.”

To strict Œconomy a right attention,
'Tis, I assure you, far from my intention.

What, by th' above, I would infer, and say,
Is—that they *do*,—but that still *more* they may.—

When we consider all the great expence,
That is entail'd on Maritime defence ;
How seriously precarious is the cost ;—
How very subject Ships are to be lost ;
Surely ! there is no fault, if a man dare,
Nay ! 'tis in fact not any more than fair,
When things are of a most immense concern,
With anxious, great solicitude to burn.—
Let them be executed, howe'er well,
Yet you may harp upon't, and tell !, and tell !
Now I conjure ! take pains, intently try ;
For if you do not, they will cry, O ! fie ;
Ne'er let the spiteful crowd your faults espy.

Besides attending Sails, it should be sought
To make of cordage too, so dearly bought !,
As much as possibly our efforts can :
It is (with proper caution) a good plan,
Oft practis'd, and approv'd, that ropes unlaid
(Old ones, I mean) may almost new be made,
From oakum pick'd—the yarn again you twist,
Which made in ropes, will well enough resist

A proper force,—as *new*, they're not so strong ;
Of course such properties can ne'er be long.

One thing, I must observe, cannot be meant,—
No one, I trust, will credit such intent :
I would not have a Man-of-War kept bare,
Nor have such rotten sails, a puff! may tear ;
Of course all must the stupid thought despise,
It were to be, “ pounds foolish, penny wise.”

Of one remark, it strikes me that I must
Remind you here, from sanguine hope and trust,
It may explain the real motive why
So oft is us'd, the egotising *I* :

'Tis not, that wisdom in myself I see ;
I but relate those things, in which agree
Many great Masters of our Naval School,
Who *teach!* according as I *cite* their rule.

As thus describ'd, the fore and after-noon
Must to Ship's duty be a constant boon ;
But it is usual, when the hour is Four,
To clear and sweep the Decks, and work no more.

Grog is then serv'd,—that is, if Grog there be ;
There is some beer, however ;—some drink tea ;
Some eat their cheese, and with it, crack a biscuit,
And afterwards may play at games, or frisk it.

No thing essential order'd to be done,
It is the turn to have some blithsome fun ;

All sense of their late labour quickly killing—
 You know! I said, our Chief for this, was willing—
 Therefore the rolling drum to mischief beats,—
 So it is term'd! but ne'ertheless the feats,
 Are not such as can Discipline alarm,
 The Ship endanger, or the Service harm.

Hail, after duty, pleasing Leisure!
 Thou yieldest us in truth great pleasure;
 When once our day's work is well done,
 In faith, sweet joy! thou'rt fairly won.

All had perform'd their parts full well,
 This they had heard their Captain tell;
 Such words produc'd, without alloy,
 That heart-felt, open, manly joy,
 Which only minds at ease can buoy.

Now to description of the ways,
 In which the Tar his glee betrays:—
 By some the mazy reel is trac'd,
 And is with strength, and neatness grac'd;
 The active shuffle they go thro',
 While to the music, th' action's true.—

Perhaps one, suppler than the rest,
 Will dance a Hornpipe with the best;
 Yes, and excel too!—In this feat,
 None can the British Seaman beat.

Tho' graceful Minuet ! fam'd Pas Seul !
 May crown the skipping Gallic School,
 In Hornpipes ! they but play the fool !

Now a more gen'ral pastime reigns,
 By which the Landman knowledge gains ;
 They purchase it, in truth, full dearly,
 Yet take it as it's given, cheerly.

Thus then, a Galley * must be built,
 Destin'd to be well wash'd and gilt :
 But this is only known to few,
 The *old ones*—of our jovial Crew.

First now, to make the Vessel's side,
 All Greenhorns † are securely tied ;
 Sitting on deck, and face to face,—
 Their legs to bars the builders lace,
 And arms together : this once done,
 When it is sure they cannot run,
 Quick are the limbo'd wretches painted
 With all that's sooty, greasy, tainted !—
 This is the gilding !!! To make clean
 The dirt which after paint is seen,
 All *knowing ones* in haste prepare,
 Alas ! poor Novice, how you stare !

* A "Galley" is a kind of vessel, where oars are used as well as sails ; chiefly met with in the Mediterranean.

† A "Greenhorn" is a Sea-term of reproach, implying ignorance. Thus a novice in Sea-matters is so called.

Some pails fill'd from the briny tide
To wash the Galley's dirty side!

Even the Captain now enjoys

The laughing Crew's incessant noise;

Smiles at the Landman's sore dismay,

When first he feels the sprinkling spray,—

Not long a-sprinkling, 'twas to frighten,

And by near danger, fear to heighten.

A signal made!—the waters pour;

Convuls'd, the Crew with laughter roar,

Till the Chief cries, “no more, no more;”

The smear'd, drench'd wretches are set free,

And tho' they suffer, yet agree,

It is as glorious sport as one can see.

Perhaps, dress'd up in garb fantastic,

Perfum'd with *tar* in lieu of *mastick*,

Again they dance with spring elastic.

The Swab, makes out a head of hair,

For shape indeed, a little rare;

But when well dusted 'tis with flour,

Not e'en a prude, in pouts would lour,

The oddness, quaintness of the style,

Must force, I think, a pretty smile.

Nor do I think the thing can vex,

Tho' it is meant her heav'nly sex

Thus to personify, with all the grace
 Of Jack's *sweet form*, and *sweeter face*,
 Especially when told the plan
 Is to select the ugliest man.

—Ugliest!—'tis a word too tame;
 And even frightful! is the same;
 If this dire semblance of the fair,
 With their sweet selves, we should compare.

Bring to your mind's eye figure most uncouth!
 With face as hideous! and you have the truth;
 Striding like giant! and like porpoise rolling *!
 Grinning a smile! and now a soft lisp growling!
 Array'd in all the "majesty of Thrums†,"
 This apparition, non-descriptive! comes—
 An altogether, neither Brute nor Human!
 Such is the lovely copy of a Woman!!!
 Attended by a courteous mate,
 As charming too, decreed by fate
 In shape! in feature! and in gait!

* The "Porpoise" is a large fish, remarkable for rolling and tumbling about, in fine weather; but during bad, or on its approach, swimming with amazing velocity, and (as generally remarked) towards the point from whence the gale is to come.—It has a good deal the appearance of a hog.

† "Thrums" are fag-ends, remnants of threads, coloured or not, indeed of any description; they are sewed on hammocks, or canvass, for mats for cabins, &c. &c. The motleyneſs may be conceived.

While gallantly her hand he presses,
 And ever and anon caresses ;
 'Tis really most entertaining
 To see them thus their parts sustaining.
 A number often this sport relish,
 And so, their dainty forms embellish.—

The Sea but calm and weather warm,
 They often bathe too, safe from harm ;
 As from the under-yards are low'rd,
 Steering sails which to those afford,
 Who cannot swim, a resting place ;
 Thus accidents are ne'er the case.
 A Boat also must those attend,
 Who on their swimming may depend.
 This is a charming relaxation,
 Cleanly—and does health occasion.

With Single-sticks * they oft amuse,
 And he who best these sticks can use,
 Gains honour ; what more grateful than ?
 The title of the Better Man !—

It is a blest reward—O ! let us cherish
 This noblest of names !—rather let's perish !
 Than not be first at something.—Bounteous Heav'n !
 Has to all earthly beings surely giv'n

* “ Single-sticks” are cudgels, whose handles are guarded by basket-work or hide.

Abilities, in some way to excel,
If they would but employ their talents well.

He who possesses strength of body, size,
May in all active feats the world surprize ;
Yet, altho' he is given mighty pow'r,
Still may another mortal o'er him tow'r,
In wisdom ! courage ! or in perseverance !
Perhaps in prepossessing face ! appearance,
Where all the happy qualities combine,
Which ever must this human state refine !—
No one can arrive at true perfection,
In every pursuit ;—the direction
Then, that our poor feeble state
Must, as circumscrib'd by fate,
Try at all events to follow,
Is—that, in things where we are beaten hollow,
And *must* be beaten ! not to weakly cry,
“ O ! this is terrible ! ” but nobly try
A steadfast, right-down, persevering spell,
Until some *other* thing is done full well.—
Only let reason's voice assure the gain,
Before you seek it, you can well attain.

Now, tho' young BRACE is a most fav'rite Tar,
Still was he made to feel wise nature's bar :—
Most wise indeed ; for, I will tell the truth,
Had he been first at all things—modest worth,

That unassuming worth, might ne'er have shone
 In honest BRACE; and so have truly won
 Our friendship,—nay! our very warm esteem;
 None might him then our “greatest fav’rite” deem.
 Had he but once been paramount in all,
 I fear none of us would him honest call;
 But vain, tyrannic, nay! detested BRACE!
 To real worthiness a sad disgrace.—

Once, or more oft, a not too-gentle rule,
 From that convincing, never-failing school
 Yclep’d Experience!—has a certain sway,
 That enters deeply—for we dearly pay!
 And does us really by far more good
 Than any other lesson understood.

NOW BEN BRACE had in harbour once forgot,
 In mortal limits still was cast his lot:—
 “The Frigate’s pride!—the gallant! dashing BRACE!
 “Surely could never meet a foul disgrace!”—

But listen:—Once at ev’ning’s play,
 (As on this evening they may,)
 BEN vaunted his superior skill,
 And swore “he’d give a bitter pill
 “To any fellow would stand up;
 “He’d never let him down to sup
 “Without a bellyfull of wackets!
 “O! he’d dust all their dirty jackets.”

A smart, young Irish lad advances,
 And with an active caper dances
 Up to our BEN, now turn'd a bully,
 As I shall prove, I hope, most fully:
 "My shoul! you blate it well, my boy!
 "But here's a little Irish joy,
 "Och, Batthershin! I don't care dat—
 "You trash us all!—Och so!—och phat!—
 "My fait, here's long live Tipperary!
 "And d—n! the dog dat says contrary."

BEN, like a lion fir'd as soon,
 As he had heard this daring tune:
 —For PAT MAHONY was a landman,
 And to a Tar of course no grand man!
 And altho' BEN had often seen
 That Irishmen had Seamen been;
 Yet, from a *raw* one! none could brook
 Such liberties as Paddy took,
 BEN, now no longer brave and cool,
 Begins at once to play the fool.
 "You scum! you mere grass-combing * Pat!
 "Wid all your phys!—and ochs!—and phat!

* The Sailors, queerly enough, call Haymakers "Grass-combers;" a term they lavish indiscriminately upon all landmen.—"Scum" is the most contemptuous of all their appellations—"You Scum of the earth."

"D'ye tink, you lubberly Paddeen!

"Dat Paddy Whack shall best be seen!"—

"Hourroo! no jaw," cries PAT MAHONY,

"Or be de Man I'll surely bone 'y*."

No further words!—but in the ring

The champions rage! the baskets sing!

In shivers fly the first weak pair;

But BEN's the first, while in the air

PADDY throws up his tougher stick,

Too honourable e'er to lick

The man disarm'd : this vexes BEN,

A thousand times more than the ken

PAT shews at cudgelling : a pair

Of fresh sticks they at once prepare :—

They strike!—and 'tis MAHONY's turn,

A splinter'd cudgel now to mourn.

BEN does of course the luck despise,

And gruffly, "Take another," cries.

My honest fellow! hadst thou paid

To reason thought, thou would'st have stay'd,

* This dialogue, the Author trusts, needs no apology: his aim is, to shew the different men who compose the British Navy in their "true colours:" the words are written of course as pronounced; for it will be seen hereafter, that MAHONY had received something of an education.

Nor fought until another day ;
 But pride and arrogance will sway,
 At times, the best.—Now I must tell,
 That BEN at this time was not well ;
 Tho' indeed never quite so strong,
 As now the Hero of my song,
 Stout PAT MAHONY !—BRACE's strength
 Had fainting sunk, when, O ! the length
 Of PADDY's oaken cudgel came
 Across his pate, and, O ! the fame
 Of vain BEN BRACE wax'd rather lame.—
 And now proud PAT, to end the contest,
 And fairly prove which man was the best,
 On BRACE's elbow gives a rap,—
 O dreadful fate !—O dire mishap !—
 Down tumbles stick !—and, with alarm,
 BEN finds he cannot move his arm !—
 Nor will you, my most well-serv'd friend,
 Till time and doctors can it mend.—

Well, how d'ye think my Bully takes it ?
 He grasps PAT's hand, and friendly shakes it
 With the one left,—aye and invites
 The brave young lad (who nothing spites)
 To swig a can of flowing grog,
 And join for e'er at daily prog.

In short—he takes him to his mess :

Thus kindred minds ! will e'er caress.

Now some traits prove that honest **BEN**
 Had faults as well as other men ;
 But he such thorough spirit had,
 That a defeat sat passing bad
 Upon his mind, in such things as
 Well competent he knew he was
 E'er to excel !

If he but manag'd matters well.
 His active strength and ardour gave,
 And ready skill (when coolly brave)
 Bright hopes of conquest o'er a foe,
 Who might more strength of muscle show,
 But in agility, must bow.

Thus back'd by reason—strong desire,
BEN BRACE again begins to fire ;
 And tho' he loves **PAT** as his brother,
 He cannot bear that any other
 Should vanquish him, where he might beat
 In active skill, and daring feat !

So, when recover'd, perseverance
 Staggers his rival past endurance.
 For young **PAT**, tho' a noble youth,
 (You know I'm bound to tell the truth,)

From e'en a speck of cow'rdice free,
 Yet had not been enough at Sea,
 To feel that persevering courage,
 Which, spite of fate's unkind demurrage,
 Still in every bosom burns,
 Until the tide of fortune turns:
 His strength, tho' pow'rful, was not agile;
 BRACE's bones were indeed more fragile;
 But then BEN had such symmetry,
 Such ardour, and activity,
 That not the hardest endeavour
 Could, when in health, him conquer ever!—
 The upshot of the bus'ness then
 Was, that our persevering BEN
 Regain'd the term, so anxious sought,
 "The better man! by shipmates thought*."

* The Author hopes it will not be supposed, that he means to extol Seamen beyond all bounds;—their persevering courage is proverbial:—and as to Landmen "knocking under," (to use a vulgar phrase,) upon their first coming to Sea, it is but natural to imagine it:—they find themselves (comparatively speaking) so insignificant, so helpless, so astonished at, and indeed grateful for, the feats performed at critical periods by Seamen, that it is not matter of wonder, they should look upon them as a superior order of beings, until they themselves become inured to the element.—As to making BEN a North-country man, and the Hero, while a young Irish landman bravely opposes him, a real instance happened to coincide:—but the Author, at any rate, would have so made it; as, in portraying cha-

But young MAHONY had it in him :
 (As he had prov'd)—his actions win him
 The admiration of the Crew ;
 While to that noble maxim true,
 “ Merit reward,” our Captain tries
 To give (what no one can despise)
 “ Deserv'd promotion.”—Years elapse
 Howe'er, before this justice haps.

It would be too much Poets' laws abusing,
 Did I, while only for two short months cruising,
 Give you a six years' history of War ;
 It would my present story sadly mar :
 I will just say, that this fine, brave young man,
 Had from a desp'rate father lately ran ;—
 Desp'rate indeed !—for O ! the savage rant,
 Th' insidious, fatal, sophistical cant,

racters in a profession composed of people from many parts, surely it is but just to choose a hero from that which affords the majority.—The North of England is the chief nursery for Seamen ; consequently will afford a proportionably greater choice of both good and bad. There, however, are fully as fine fellows to be met with elsewhere !—That sudden impulse to oppose, when (as in this instance) devoid of what may be termed “ wrongheadedness,” is a characteristic of manly spirit. Whatever bravery other landmen may evince, yet the Author has oftener observed abrupt proofs of it in the Irish than in others ; he therefore would have conceived himself correct in making a portraiture, as above, had not there been the coincidence already mentioned.

Of murd'rous Jacobins, had deeply plung'd,
 In crimes immense! by death alone expung'd,
 Th' unhappy Parent!—Caught in wily snare
 A frantic, factious, fiend-like few prepare
 T' entrap the unthinking; who once caught,
 Soon are these brain-distracting lessons taught.
 Such as, that ruffians, with mad thirst for pow'r,
 Who eager grasp at fortune's richest dow'r;
 Who at the peaceful bliss of others lour,
 Will raise themselves, alas! at your expence,
 And let you reconcile at leisure, sense,
 Of *actions*, the reverse downright of *precept* *;
 Till, in the school of specious wiles an adept,
 You find, amaz'd!, the method to be *free*!,
 Is to be rul'd with *veriest tyranny*!!! †
 That, O God! true *republics*! have *one head*!!!
 And to be truly *happy*!, is to live in *dread*!!! ‡

* Witness Robespierre!, and other demagogues like him, who, in the name of Freedom, committed such atrocities; who, pretending to humility, became the most sanguinary despots!!!

† Witness the proscriptions, &c. &c. by the different "*free!* forms of government" in France.

‡ Witness the present "Imperial Republic" of France;—the happiness of the people under the "Enslavement of the Press;"—"the System of Epionnage;"—the Military Commissions and Conspirations;"—and the "Anticipation of Anarchy again," on the death of their present iron-handed Ruler, (for this the history of the world proves invariably to follow such insatiable ambition); &c. &c.

In short, the present philosophic creed
Is to emblazon the most vicious deed
In all the garb of Righteousness :—take heed !!!—

MAHONY had that sort of education
Which those who live, not quite, in lowest station,
Oft give their offspring ;—he could write, and read,
And cypher too, with tolerable speed.
Full lucky this ;—as, had he not attain'd
These useful rules, he never could have gain'd
Desir'd Promotion :—had he Service seen,
Severe as possible ; to duty been
Keen as he keenly could ;
Still had he stood
In the same rank of life, for aye and ever :—

“ He who can't read and write, can't rise,”—no, never !

Oft have I seen a meritorious Tar,
Whom even his best-wishers must debar
From ruining himself by taking rank ;
Which would not prove, in truth, a simple blank !
For, as you rise unto a higher station,
You have for learning e'er much more occasion :
Responsible you now are more become
For articles, which cost a fearful sum *.

* This, the Author has often painfully witnessed :—He has seen some of the finest fellows possible refuse, of their own accord, to be promoted, as they did not know how to keep either a journal or account of stores ; consequently might be ruined, as they knew they must make up deficiencies to the proper Boards.

How are you to know, (as it will be sought)—
 No writing! reading! arithmetic! taught,
 To give account of these things, clearly, truly;—
 And if you confide in others, coolly
 Perhaps they cheat! and you, immur'd in prison,
 At leisure feel, too late, alas! contrition.—
 The Warrant Officer*, and Master, Mate,
 Have, on expences, much to write and state;—
 And should it ever be their wayward fate,
 One single jot of caution to abate,
 Their pockets, or their rank, will quickly feel
 What it is, with their Boards to double-deal;
 'Tis *they* must answer, tho' *another* steal!!!—

Now BEN would oft have been promoted,
 Could he but have Grammar, Cocker† quoted:
 His genius truly, that way did not lie,
 He could not learn to spell, were he to die!
 Here now, if I (as bound) correctly steer,
 I must make one more little trait appear
 Of honest BEN's, to wit! that his best friend,
 Could, in no shape, persuade him to his end,
 If he had taken once into his noddle,
 That the desir'd pursuit his brains would coddle!

* The Master is responsible for the Ship's Log:—a Mate writes it; his station consequently requires some education.—The Warrant Officers who have charge of stores, are, the "Gunner," "Boatswain," and "Carpenter."

† Cocker's Book of Arithmetic is meant.

He roundly swears, " he's not cut out for larning !

" And never can be master Cocker's darling ! "

So gives his quid a twist, and d—ns his eye,

Swears, " honest *Jack* he's liv'd, and *Jack* he'll die."

'Tis hard indeed for men, who nations rule,

To have to go, like children, to the school :

It can't be call'd the fault of honest JACK,

It heavier lays upon the parents' back :—

Indeed the Country is extremely tame

Throughout, in Marine Education's fame :—

There scarcely is a Naval School to prize,

And few amongst us do such patronize.

If there were Free Schools at each larger port*,

To which the poor man never need pay court,

But go, and simply to the Master say,

" Receive this active youngster, sir, I pray,

" And educate him, for a life at Sea,

" As he, a gallant Sailor fain would be ;"—

Many a truly noble fellow cou'd

(Sufficient lore by this means understood)

At last arrive at rank by well deserving,

Not e'en, the very highest rank ! reserving :

More would our glorious Service be desir'd,

If more could be with sanguine hopes inspir'd,

* Naval ones, where the children of Seamen should have the preference.

Of sharing in those *agrémens*, which do
 Promotion's happy summit, ever strew:—
 The Navy must in fact be greatly mended,
 As qualities would be more equal blended.

The noble youth, from pride of high descent,
 Gives, to chivalrous spirit, daring vent!—
 His parents, vers'd in Wisdom's soundest lore,
 Instructed, ere he bade adieu to shore,
 Their gallant child,—

“Never to be by vice's snares beguil'd!
 “That love of one's own Country!, noble deeds!,
 “An idle, useless, vicious life exceeds,
 “In so much as the mighty Hero! 's priz'd
 “Beyond the paltry Fop!—O name despis'd!—
 “That to be fondly lov'd, as well as fear'd,
 “Or more expressive term, to be rever'd!
 “With ample knowledge must be stor'd the mind,
 “And manly virtues of each noble kind.”—

The well-dispos'd, enthusiastic youth,
 His glowing mind impress'd with all the truth
 Inculcated by those he fondly lov'd,
 Declar'd (much mov'd), “it firmly him behov'd
 “To cherish ever in his inmost breast,
 “Maxims so wise!, so glorious!, so address!
 Till Thirteen, Tutors form'd the noble boy,
 While Parents did both heart and soul employ,

To sow those chosen seeds, which then take root,
And must in manhood most luxuriant shoot.

It would be too much, were I to digress,
T' explain in full the rules they would impress.

An anxious, worthy Parent best can feel;
It is then to their *hearts* I would appeal!!!
About Thirteen went the exalted youth,
Neither a savage nor indeed uncouth,
As some (at least) think Sailors should be, sooth! *
But a high-minded BRITISH Nobleman,
Thoroughly Navigation's rules to scan,
At Portsmouth's famous, but *small* seminary,
O! sad to say, and *thus* too! solitary.—

* There are some who think, a Sailor should be without the smallest sense of Religion and refinement, lest he should be enervated:—but they surely do not reflect, that restless, daring spirits, without the control of noble sentiments, are ever dangerous to a state, and each other:—for a proof of this; look (as most applicable) to the military conduct of the French, during a period when those principles which fit mankind for a happier state, and civilize them in this, were subverted by the blasting influence of their Revolution,—that impressive instrument of Divine wrath!, also of Wisdom!:—for are we to be so lost, as not to benefit from the tremendous lesson?, by avoiding its horrors!—and for a contrast, to ourselves generally, but more particularly under an ABERCROMBY! and NELSON!—Say not a word of the success of the French, as in praise of its means;—the decrees of Providence are inscrutable,—wait for the event.—Conquer they have, but by infamous intrigue!, as well as force of arms!—while our triumphs, have been of equal consequence to us, as a Commercial Country, and obtained in the noblest way,—by open, manly, and, if I may be allowed the expression, Christian-like warfare!!!

Plac'd in a Naval Dock-yard, where we learn
 The various indispensables in turn * ;
 Which form the complete, scientific part
 Of BRITAIN's fam'd, her most essential art,
 Namely, her Nautical !—for three good years,
 The young man thro' its various branches steers ;
 Nor does he loss of time, or service fear,
 For, at this School, his name must still appear
 At Navy Office, as if real cruising
 Had been his mind, instead of School amusing.

At Sixteen years of age, he joins a Sloop †,
 (For after this, no bounds should ever coop
 An ardent spirit); thus well stor'd with science,
 Having with Seaman's practice too, alliance ;
 Endow'd with strength of body, strength of mind ;
 Possess'd, in short, of all things fit combin'd,

* The Naval Academy, at Portsmouth, is the only regular one in the kingdom. A certain number of Boys are admitted, (whose time here goes for Service at Sea, to a certain extent); but too few to be taken into account.—From being situated in a Dock-yard, both Science and Practice are acquired, even extending to Seamanship, as a kind of Yacht is manned by these youths, which performs different nautical evolutions, outside the harbour.

† By “joining a Sloop,” is meant “a Sloop-of-War.”—The first Service at Sea should ever, when possible, be in a small vessel, where there are fewer Officers and more active Service, consequently the Rudiments best acquired.—Some months should, after this, be passed in a larger Ship, and the finish (for some months) in a Flag.

He, from a three years' longer, active practice,
Learns even twice as much, (for so the fact is,)
Than many, who, aye! their entire career
Have serv'd at Sea, yet dunces still appear,
As scarcely knowing how to reef! and steer!

}

How often hapless victims Boys are made,
Who, 'fore sufficient strength and knowledge bade,
Are sent to Sea,—to learn, in fact, but mischief!
A youngster may not always find that his Chief;
With fost'ring care parental, watches o'er him;
Laying some steady regulations 'fore him,
Which are to be enforc'd,—that, when there's wealth,
He may not ruin both his mind! and health!

At all events, the many avocations
On board, in learning, backwardness occasions,—
Even on board us!, where a proper Master
Prevents, as best he can, the sad disaster,
(I mean an ignorance of useful schooling,)
Both he and Captain, by attentive ruling;—
For e'er at Sea, should nothing consequential
Happen, that is than learning more essential,
The younger Midshipmen in Cabin come,
At Ten o'clock, and study passing mum,
That is, without the irksome, sleepy hum,
So common to all schools;—but with attention
Listen to whatsoe'er the Chief may mention.

}

For as he really means them to advance
 As much as possible,—a frowning glance
 Is ever ready, or a word, to frighten
 Such as their study wish to idly lighten.

By this account, you do, I hope, perceive
 He would the dunce, and truant too, retrieve.

Most anxiously he does himself attend,
 Whene'er due leisure can towards it tend.
 Duty howe'er, at Sea, will interfere,
 Nor at the School in Port can Chiefs appear.
 Service on shore, and also well-earn'd pleasure,
 Can hardly e'er afford sufficient leisure :
 Indeed in Harbour, youngsters must be sent
 On duties, which their schooling will prevent :
 So that you see, a willing Chief, in spite,
 A Master clever, as a master might,
 Youngsters on board cannot well learn aright.

Besides, as I must now repeat once more,
 Youngsters, as soon as they are sent from shore,
 Are not by any means so sure of finding
 Such Captains as would, like our own, be minding
 Them and their int'rests, like a very brother ;—
 The flame of truth I will not ever smother,
 Therefore will firmly say, “ that so much care,
 Our youths for manhood's trials to prepare,
 Is, in the British Navy, far too rare!!! ”—

Surely, then ! Health and Science should be studied,
 Nor should a wretched boy, too young be hurried
 To the hard trials found upon the Ocean,
 Without both stamina ! and proper notion !
 Nor can he lose, you know, his precious time,
 For when 'tis serv'd, he's only in his prime ;
 Much better fit to *honour* a Commission,
 Nor be from *Non-age* ! to a Crew derision !!!
 As, if at licens'd Seminary taught,
 Observe ! at *Twenty* ! a Commission's sought ;—
 Surely this is quite time enough,—if Schools
 Of common sort instructed him in rules,
 And he, at *sixteen* years old, joins the Navy,
 Ploughing, for *six* years * after, salt Old Davy ;
 When *two-and-twenty* years expire, then can he
 Be a Lieutenant made, and afore many
 (Most likely) get a well-deserv'd Command :
 Superior science ever will demand
 The first regard, at kind Promotion's hand !!!

Reader ! perhaps you could not well espy,
 I had our Frigate's Captain in my eye,

* It is necessary to serve "six years" on board a King's Ship (part of the time as, what is called "rated on the books,") before you can pass the examination which renders you competent to a Commission.

When I talk'd of the "fine ennobled youth,
 "Neither a savage or (indeed) uncouth;"
 I'm strictly to veracity exact,
 When I declare it is the real fact,—
 Such! was his (from birth) exalted station,
 Such! was (from parents) his fine education.—

But come—I think 'tis almost time to stop,
 And in my tale a little backward hop;
 Running thus, from one subject to another,
 Will, I fear, all your much-tried patience smother.
 "Bear with me but a little," and believe me,
 The subject shall not e'er again aggrieve ye.—
 It is thus, then, I would be understood,
 That it might surely better be, but cou'd
Some youths (at least) intended, learn cost-free,
 Before they're sent to navigate on Sea,
 (Those only who before the Mast must be).

Then how more oft, by Tars, would be acquir'd
 Advancement! how much more also desir'd
 Would be the Service!—hence how vastly mended!;
 As talents thus would be much better blended.

The meritorious Tar, who from the Mast,
 Arrives at well-acquir'd reward at last,
 Is a true diamond! but a little rough!
 This dims the lustre, but 'tis sterling stuff!

He scarcely can, with such a radiance shine,
 As those who worth, and rank, and grace combine :
When such appear !—behold a dazzling polish
 That the whole universe may well astonish !!!
 A polish'd, gallant Nobleman, I say,
May far the greatest contribution lay
 Upon our admiration, be 't from blood
 Of ancestors renown'd, who foremost stood
 In noble deeds of fame,—or howsoe'er,
 Still to indulge in the idea, I dare !

The Laws of God have, from the first, ordain'd,
 That state unequal be 'mongst men maintain'd ;
 That a due reverence be ever paid
 To pow'r, *when 'tis in virtue's garb array'd* ;
 And mortals have, from past experience, found,
 What Wisdom has the Will Omniscient crown'd :
 Reflection proves, that modern philosophists
 Are but in fact most vain, most vicious sophists ;
 O ! wild attempt ! their specious tenets dire,
 So vilely loos'd, have set the world on fire ;
 And canting Levellers have now surpast,
 In acts of tyranny, the furious cast
 Of savage Negro, or the wildest beast,
 That wretches, like themselves, alone may feast !
 O ! may we find, that soon this storm will end,
 And that BRITANNIA's worth may yet the world amend !

But I fear, I am digressing,
And my thoughts but too much pressing.

This then I would, for good and all, express,
Yet fain would not my words in meanness dress.

Whene'er we find a Nobleman excels,
With him a truly splendid lustre dwells;
Others are di'monds, rich in worth, but rough,
Not quite compos'd of such a radiant stuff:
—But as uncommon 'tis, in truth, to be
So great, so much from worldly error free;
We must in general to men descend
Who have a few faults, they may tho' amend!
To those ennobled Youths who, often rash,
Their fame, by too much daring hazard, dash;
To some old Off'cers, who' thro' caution, cool,
Rather attend too! closely to its rule,
Nor dash so much as such hot war requires:
Thus then you find you have unequal fires.
Form a Third Class!, and you will surely find
Materials, must be suited to your mind;
Our fiery Youths would then less seldom mourn
A loss of Ship and lives,—but better learn,
'Thro' emulation not too hot! to rule,
And the old Seamen not to be too cool!

However, certainly this cannot be
Till useful Learning's more diffus'd at Sea*.

* If Boys destined for the Sea Service, whether Mercantile or Naval (to which last, in fact, they ultimately come for a time), could be given an appropriate education, it would create almost a third class of Naval Officers, such as the (before-mentioned) great Cook!, and some now living of the highest eminence (whom it would be indelicate to name), but unfortunately too few in number to be reckoned a Third part of the Navy;—there would then be, the “fire of youth,” from those who have risen rapidly in the Service through merit, assisted by interest;—“steadiness and naval tactics,” from those who have risen gradually in the Navy only; and “thorough-bred seamanship and caution,” from such as have served before the mast in both Services.—Each would be an example to the other,—and so, correct and blend.—It may be said, “This is the case at present, and the Navy is very well as it is!”—Will reading and writing give a lad the courage, and teach him the method, to “hand a top-gallant sail in a squall of drift! the mast expected to “go over the side every instant!”—“to furl a close-reefed top-sail “in a dreadful winter’s night of wind and snow!, yard-arms dipping “a-lee!”—Not exactly.—But while I find Scotch Crews (who almost all can read, write, and cypher,) make the tremendous passages they do, to and from the Baltic, &c. &c., in their little bits of craft, and act in the brave, active, and loyal way in which they do in the Navy, I can never be brought to think that the elements of learning in a Seaman is a bar to their most estimable qualities; on the contrary, if it does not improve Seamanship (an art only to be acquired by practice), I am satisfied it cannot *prevent* its acquirement; and improves character! and conduct!—And be it remembered too, that often and often the noblest fellows, whom Officers would give the world to promote, must hopelessly remain in the situations of (at the utmost) Petty Officers, debarred of that great spring of action! the hope to rise!!!,—not only in the Navy, but every where else indeed.—When these men therefore, with all the qualities of Heroes, can never be brought to adorn the Navy, as

All I have said is still within the scope
 I gave myself,—that, you agree, I hope,—
 It all relates, either to our lov'd Chief,
 Or glorious Navy!—But, for some relief,
 I'll to the Sailors' Pastimes now return,
 As you (if't please) in Canto next may learn.

some formerly in their situation now do, and all because, forsooth! they cannot read and write!, I cannot but think the want a very considerable injury to the Service, and consequently Nation!—One remark, selfish enough, God knows!, strikes me as might be made, viz. you acknowledge these are “noble fellows;”—the term of course is derived from their noble conduct in certain situations:—why, sir, if they do so much good here, would you wish to take them away?—I do not wish to take them away from any situation that would not be instantly and constantly re-filled by their equals, (for Promotion cannot go beyond certain limits):—nor are such Seamen likely to become bankrupt in such qualifications, until the Race is extirpated!:—and let it be remembered too, that their removal is to stations where they may be of *more* value.

END OF CANTO II.

CANTO III.

Argument.

Officers practise Single-sticks—Edward, a young Midshipman, introduced, who rivals Henry—Tom Sykes, his Character—Beats Dick, an English landman—The manner in which the Watch below pass their time—Naval Uniform treated on—Cards and Chequers, making and mending Clothes, Straw Hats, Canvass Shoes, Models of Ships, Clock-cases, Music, and reading Stories, enumerated—Ship-visiting, and going on Shore, adverted to—The Captain's manner of passing his time—His Library—Little Concerts—Slabin, a Dutch musician, introduced; his Character, with that of the Marine Officer, Sandy Mayne—The Surgeon, Shenkin Lloyd; and the Chaplain—The Captain and Chaplain not such good friends in harbour: Reason—Anecdote of the Captain—with various *et-ceteras*, which grow out of these things.

THE
C R U I S E.

CANTO III.

OFFICERS often freely intermix,
To try their skilfulness at Single-sticks,
Amongst themselves, and sometimes with the Tar :
Tho' quarrelsome contention ne'er must mar
In each, a proper sense of Situation ;
Remembrance must be ever had to Station.
E'en Captains will their Officers invite
To try a bout of gentlemanly fight.
Ours thinks, a gen'ral knowledge of the art
Does much towards self-confidence impart ;
When to the furious boarding Sailors rush,
To know the parry, and the deadly push,—
Must be an aid essential, life to save,
Till, firm on deck, you fear no wat'ry grave :

Then, like the lightning's swiftest gleam, to sheathe
The sword in foes, and snatch the Victor's wreath!

Our Captain, youthful, vigorous, and brave,
To all who saw, a full conviction gave,
Of what he could do; now he merely shows
The various parries, and the diff'rent blows.
It is not meet he ever should descend
To play with warmth, tho' Officers contend:
Yet, in the lightning of his flashing eye,
And nervous spring, a Hero you descry!
The First Lieutenant, too, is nothing loth
His skill to prove; judging indeed of both
By their appearance, by th' expression
Shewing that alone they fear aggression;
As then, from reason's wisely cherish'd sway,
They may unthinkingly be led astray,
To judge, from such fair proofs, both Heroes rise,
Nor know we which, in fact, the most to prize.—
Amongst the other Officers we find,
Many with happy qualities combin'd;
Of handsome person, and of comely face,
Both set off with a manly grace.—
Not all, indeed, are favour'd so by nature,—
Some may want figure, or a handsome feature;
But all are skilful, and of courage tried;
Enough in conscience for a man's best pride:

That is, on Service;—but if you can join
 To these a name, whose stamp proves genuine coin!,
 Acquir'd by practice of bright honour's rules,
 And the best precepts of our Naval Schools;
 A temper even, and for e'er dispos'd
 T' alleviate woes, so oft, alas! impos'd
 On such as struggle with a hapless state,
 For some wise purposes ordain'd by fate.
 If Heav'n now, comeliness of form bestows,
 While thus exalted reason, talent, glows
 Thro' ev'ry speaking feature—perfect man
 Verges on bounds immortal, near as can;
 If not!—to fret, is a most stupid plan.—
 Think of a NELSON!!! scarce a vestige left
 Of form,—of one arm!, eye!, and health! bereft;
 Yet the transcendent lustre of his mind
 Bore him triumphantly above his kind!!!
 In short, then!—shew you have a feeling heart,
 Good humour, knowledge, play a Hero's part,
 And on your *figure*, ne'er dread Satire's smart!
 I have, if you remember, lately said
 That if more due attention could be paid
 To further Schooling, before sent to Sea,
 And let Lads wait for strength, 't might better be:—
 But as it is, our Naval fame is great,
 And most have gone to Sea, at early date.

Thus all the Youngsters, in our Frigate came,
And prov'd, but then with care, most truly game !

Behold now two of them—mere boys !—engage,
(Neither yet scarcely fourteen years of age)
Fighting, as tho' oppos'd, in mortal strife,
Nor once attempting to preserve a life :—
They strike with utmost fury, and maintain
The equal fight, with Spartan-like disdain
Of yielding either, the victorious palm ;
Until th' admiring Chief invites a calm,
By making the courageous youths give o'er,
And heal by friendly shaking hands the sore.—

When the young breast, not yet enough matur'd,
To be of sober reason's worth assur'd,
Thus suffers spirit to usurp her sway
It is the dawn of a refulgent day !—

Well now !, the evening's sport to finish,
And my Poem too, so far, diminish ;
I'll tell you how him of the Larboard watch,
In Main-top-chief, but few indeed could match :—
TOM SYKES !—from far-fam'd London's city,
And mention'd once in former ditty,
When, as a Main-deck Captain station'd,
He such a famous shot occasion'd :

Had it not for this talent been,
He in the rigging had been seen *.

TOM was no stupid, heavy log,
But a hard, active, queer, dry dog;
Full of his jaw, and Cockney jokes
And a Tar's chief delight, the hoax !;—
In truth he was a lively fellow,
Except, alack !, when over-mellow ;—
Then the most silly, crabbed chap,
Spleen ever dandled in her lap :—
But, as this scarce could hap at Sea,
He was good-humour'd, frank, and free;
Indeed the life, the very soul !
Of us who on the billows roll :
Keep him but sober, to provoke him
Would be in vain, howe'er you spoke him.

With dauntless front, he takes a stick,
To try a bout with talking DICK ;
A John-Bull clod !, of lumb'ring size,
Who, bullying, had gain'd a prize

* The Captains of the Tops are generally stationed, during action, about the rigging of their respective Masts, to repair damages ; but SYKES, being an excellent hand at a gun, was Captain of one, and his place aloft supplied by a Top-man.—It is as well to note here, that each Mast has its Top, and that Midshipmen are stationed in them (according to seniority) to learn the duty of Seamen, being made to lay out on the Yards and furl Sails, &c. &c. &c. at times.

Once at a fair ; but of no mettle,
 True spirit would his bragging settle.—
 Thinking it may keep off the fight,
 DICK struts, and of his foe makes light.—

TOM careless coincides with this ;
 But with an archness of his phiz,
 Cries, “ M’ap ’tis so, but, man, let’s try ;
 “ JACK shan’t be first to sing out, Die!”—
 Forc’d to engage, DICK looks full queer,
 (For Tars *may be*, what they appear!)
 But, then, if he declines the strife,
 They’ll surely tease him out of life!—
 He thinks too of his greater strength,
 His practice, and his arm’s great length.

All things consider’d, then, the fight
 He now begins, with all his might.—
 But active, nervous TOM, more supple,
 Gives on his elbow blows a couple ;—
 Instant ! the Bully drops his stick,
 Quite sure, TOM SYKES he cannot lick!—
 The hearty laugh proves, all agree
 In feeling, when a Bully’s humbled,—*glee!*

Thus are the Evenings past, when unemploy’d,
 Whene’er on board there is a leisure void,
 If the harassing squall, or coming storm,
 Or heavy rain, should Heaven’s face deform,

Then they must watch, (as you may think) alert !
Nor station'd duties, heedlessly desert.

The Watch below, or mend their wearing clothes,
Or make them :—handicraft the Seaman knows,
As also forming useful canvas shoes,
(Altho' sometimes the neatest jean they use);
Often too plat straw sinnets,—not for mats,
But for extremely nice, and useful hats ;—
Some comb and grease each other's ample hair,
And plat the sides, and tie the queue with care.

A thorough Sailor, well indeed deserves
To be call'd trim !, and neat !,—he seldom swerves ;—
Especially on board of Men-of-War,
For there, the well equipp'd, right British Tar,
Is ever habited, as duly clean,
As all (but fops) could wish, or can be seen !—
Amidst the Summer's heat, in Trowsers white,
And Guernsey Frock, or Waistcoat, are they dight ;
In milk-white canvas Shoes, of their own make,
And Hat of platted straw, for coolness' sake :
In winter season, warmer things they wear,
To better keep out cold external air ;
Close Jackets, with the flowing Trowsers blue,
And good strong Boots, black Hats, pervade a Crew.

But mind!—all must in Uniform agree;
 'Tis meet, in all, you but *one* Costume see*.—
 And here I also may as well remark,
 That ev'ry Officer on board our Bark,
 Was (with strict justice) by the Chief requir'd
 To be at all times in right dress attir'd :
 Not like to Jockeys, or effem'nate Beaus,
 So whimsically rigg'd, that no one knows
 They are of Naval growth :—such mighty passion
 Have we now got, for motley, changeless fashion!

The Captain wears himself (and wills it so)
 Such Clothes as grace the Man! not useless Beau!
 But th' order is, in th' order-book exprest,
 As tho' it only was a *kind request*:—
 And now I state the way all must be drest.

First then, that Officers' usual habits be,
 (With this distinction, mark! of each degree,—

* Sailors are remarkably nice about their hair;—combing, making it shine with clean grease, queuing it down to a considerable length, but leaving a long brush, and platting the sides:—this, with the uniform above described, gives the British Seaman the most pleasing appearance;—while the French and Spaniards are disgusting from their filth and motley of garb.—The Guernsey frock is wove worsted, that used in the Navy being white; it fits the shape close: The waistcoat is of white cotton, or linen: both have sleeves.—In winter the red waistcoat is worn.

That single-breasted on Midshipmen appear,—
 And Youngsters, Coats, to skirted Jackets sheer,)
 Plain double-breasted Blue Coats, button'd low,
 So much so that they'll not the Waistcoat show;
 Blue Pantaloons, three-quarter Hessian Boots,
 Made to fit men!, not slovenly Galloots! *
 A Kerchief for the neck, of blackest silk,
 And still that animal the Beau! to bilk,
 E'en without a glimpse of muslin Kerchief, †
 Of errant Puppyism, troth, a sign chief.

Avaunt, detested Foppery!—far, far,
 Remove thy follies from the manly Tar.

That round black Hats be worn, (or often glaz'd
 To better keep out pouring torrents prais'd,)
 On all occasions, save on duty going;
 When thus, a plain cock'd Hat is ever owing.

For Full-dress service,—(save and except Balls,
 Or too, unless some Regal honour calls;

* “Galloot,” means a clumsy, slovenly fellow.

† Fearful, probably, of the head being blown off the shoulders, (as there are at times hurricanes on board,) it is sometimes securely bedded in a swathing of pad, and white muslin, firmly bound over all by a black-silk handkerchief, shewing just a ridge of white at top.—As, however, the Officers of this Frigate had good thick necks of their own, the Captain humbly requested they would dispense with such wrapping, except in action, to turn a musket-ball—if feared!

For then with Breeches white, and white Hose, you
 Have yellow Buckles both for knee and shoe,
 With, for the neck, a Stock of velvet too :)
 The Hessian Boot and a white Pantaloon,
 Is, he says, ever the most proper boon :—
 Coats for Lieutenants full dress'd,—white lapell'd,
 But then they're closely button'd, and withheld,
 From present sight ; so that alone the Cuffs
 Prove (with peculiar Buttons) “ saucy Luffs”.—
 Cock'd Hats with loop and rosettes, but no lace,
 The Captain rather thinks, will better grace
 Such plain attire ;—but, if you've wond'rous will,
 You may, nay should, in dress, have lac'd Hats still.
 A plain gilt Sabre, and Suwarrow Belt,—
 Not howe'er so tremendous as to melt
 The luckless wight, who swelters, while he carries
 What's in fact neither good, for blows or parries ;
 But of appropriate magnitude, and neat,
 Such as (in short) for Sea-service be meet.
 The shorter Dirk for boating is allow'd
 Better than this, or in a dock-yard crowd *.

* It is to be understood, that, in the whole of the recapitulation of Uniform, as above detailed, attention has been paid to the Costume, the Author believes, most approved in the Navy at present ;—for it can hardly be said that there is any officially established cut of the Clothes, or shape of Sword :—the consequence may be imagined.—A plain sabre is mentioned, because much worn by very

But to resume :—those, who had nought to do,
Sat down to games the Seamen mostly knew ;

excellent Officers :—it certainly is ornamental, but quite useless on board Ship, where of course most wanted.—Officers going on boarding expeditions invariably prefer common Cutlasses (those allowed Men-of-War); why not then have “ Regulation Cutlasses” for Officers? precisely the make, &c. &c. of the common ones, only mounted in yellow, with the Crown and Anchor on the Guard, and a black Scabbard and Suwarrow Belt, made strong enough to bear a brace of Pistols,—indeed fitted for them?—The old Hanger and Cross-belt are bad, inasmuch as the former is too long, too weak, and without a guard; and the latter not allowing you to place Pistols in it:—the Suwarrow Belt, by permitting the Sword to hang from the side, so as to enable you to sit down in a boat, yet having a hook to bring it close up when required, and doing away the necessity of a second belt, for Pistols, is surely preferable. — In regard to Dress, one addition to the Lieutenant’s Uniform, as tending to do away frequent misunderstandings, which might lead to serious consequences, the Author begs to mention;—viz. that of an “ Epaulette,” suppose Silver, as cheapest, best suited to white Lapels, and distinguished from the Captain’s, which is Gold.—At present, in other countries, Lieutenants are very generally mistaken for subordinate Officers:—the Author believes, in every country but our own, the rank of Captain of Infantry, which Naval Lieutenants have, is marked by the Epaulette and Sword-knot;—(this last is worn in the Navy, indiscriminately however):—from the want, at all events, of the former, the Author has himself seen a junior Lieutenant of Marines paid more attention to abroad, than an old First Lieutenant of a Flag-ship:—and once, having been sent on Service to the Governor of a Neutral Port, there was such a want of due honours, that, had not the mistake of rank been explained, he certainly would have supposed a slight had been intended the Profession, or, in other words, the Nation! ; which consequently must have led to serious discussion.—An expensive appendage to Uniform must of course be guarded against as much as possible: this may be modified upon consideration; it may be plain, and only worn out of the Ship, or on Dress-occasions within,

Chequers, on boards they make—or Able Wackets
 A game at Cards, which oft makes noisy rackets,
 As he, poor soul! who, luckless, or wants skill,
 Soon feels a hardly-twisted kerchief thrill
 On his hand's palm;—the only forfeit this:—
 Nor can one think such stake at all amiss*.

But, painfully, I owe my maxim, truth,
 To tell that sometimes, sottishly forsooth!,
 There are, who won't be satisfied with cheer
 Allow'd to one, but, cost however dear!,
 They at All-fours, or Chequers, play for grog,
 And, when obtain'd, keep guzzling like the hog!
 Sill these mad, selfish brutes, are fill'd with drink,
 That will not let them either stand or think.—

Conceive now, should but sudden danger press,
 When men are cloth'd thus in a drunkard's dress,
 How is the fearful crisis to be parried?—
 O! things have ever fatally miscarried,
 When worse-than-cursed! Drunkenness appear'd,
 That vice!, that crime!, at Sea so truly fear'd!—
 Most dismal ship-wrecks, aye! and not a few,
 Would ne'er have happen'd to a sober Crew;—

* This is a round game, the Author believes peculiar to Ships:—
 according to circumstances, a loser receives stripes on his hand with
 a hard-twisted handkerchief.—“Chequers” are Draughts.

Nor often could have scorching flames devour'd,
 Had not the senseless drunkard fate empower'd.—
 I shudder, whene'er I reflect at Sea,
 How truly dire the consequence may be.—
 On shore it is a vice we loudly curse ;
 But when at Sea, O! it is ten times worse !!!—

As far as strictest discipline can go,
 We from our Frigate's Comp'ny keep this foe ;
 Yet, 'midst three hundred restless, mortal men,
 Some few, we find, will dare the lion's den * ;
 Tho' certain severe punishment attend
 The mad attempt :—Now, Heav'n above forefend
 That such a swiping †, wretched, dang'rous man,
 Amongst our gallant, honest fellows can
 At all be found :—if, alas! not the case,
 Then sternest justice needs must run its race.
 Let me howe'er anticipation doff,
 “ Enough for the day is the ill thereof ;”—
 And tell you, that the Seamen often seize,
 In their own tops, an interval of ease,

* Meaning certain unpleasant, if not fatal consequences, for their temerity.

† “ Swipes,” is a cant term for small-beer ; one who gets drunk on this, must certainly be a sot :—but it is applied to any man who is in the habit of constantly making himself fuddled (inebriated) by whatever liquor.

To play at Draughts, the constant, fav'rite game,
 For which they have a very special fame.
 Each here may find amusement for himself,
 Without his staking either grog or pelf;
 As nothing loose must ever be in Tops:
 (For what is not secur'd most surely drops,
 And knocks one on the head, or makes one lame):
 No Top-men are allow'd to play the game,
 But on a board, cut on the Top's firm floor,
 Which, as you may imagine, is secure.

Oftentimes, also, those who understand,
 Ingeniously employ a ready hand
 In cutting from a solid block of wood
 The minor Frigate, for a tranquil flood;—
 Sometimes construct her in the self-same manner,
 As e'en establish'd dock-yard builders can her;
 And rig, and ornament, and cast the gun,
 Just as you do, in fact, the real one.—
 Now some young Midshipman, who can afford,
 Buys it, to form a portion of his hoard
 Of Marine Curiosities for home:—
 A famous good intent of those who roam.
 At times (while to the carving care is paid,
 The watch as dial serving too!) is made
 A most minute resemblance of a clock-case,
 In pleasing miniature,—and no disgrace

To the neat Births, still further ornamented
By curious subjects, whimsically painted.

Thus their time men shut up at Sea employ,
In forming things of use, and the ingenious toy.—

But I forget!—some have for music bent,
And give their “heav’n-born genius” constant vent
In scraping catgut, or on fife or flute,
Just as it may the present moment suit.—

Seraphic sounds! from spheres Neptunian,
Who can describe the dulcet union!
Of creaking guns, and groaning masts,
Whose sails flap deaf’ning, while it lasts,
Of dashing waves and bellowing blasts?—

Here is a Forté!—for Soprano!
For a soft, swelling, sweet Piano!
List to the mellifluous sounds
Of geese, and goats, and pigs, in pounds*;
That youngster’s shrill, complaining pipe,
Just as he gets a smarting stripe;—
That bagpipe’s truly Irish twang;
That cask, which hooping coopers bang;

* These animals are obliged to be penned up, for fear of their being maimed thro’ the violent motion of the Ship.—Besides the above enumerated stock, there are Ducks and Fowls, indeed Poultry of every description: these are kept in coops, variously situated, and confided to the care of a Poulterer, named, according to Sea-humour, “Jemmy Ducks.”

That Scottish reel, on catgut slurring;
 That dismal ditty flutes are burring;
 The Boatswain's Mate's ear-piercing call;
 That worrying hum which pervades all!

Yet, tho' distraction be so very near,
 (Howe'er incredible it may appear,)
 I have combin'd each anxious, active thought;
 And gain'd, with utmost ease, the object sought.
 Custom, that ever sov'reign pow'r, prevails,
 And we find no impediment assails.—
 Amidst this chaos, oft a story-book
 Is, by some scribe *, now become Sailor, took;
 Who reads with gravity,—say rather, sings,
 A tissue of most wond'rous curious things
 To those around; all dire, most dire relations,
 Of wild romance, which soon throughout occasions
 Silence profound!—while all (who hear) imbibe
 (Most seriously, I don't intend to jibe,)
 Fear of, *not Satan*, but a certain devil,
 Of oddest shape, indeed, and most uncivil:
 Fear of a wandering and moaning ghost,
 Much greater than all Gallia's hostile host;
 These *last* may kill, but *t'others* kill and roast!!!

* Young men who have been apprentices, or under-clerks, on shore, frequently find their way into the Navy, and are thus denominated.

Wild superstition's fears affect the Tar,
More than the horrors of a battle far*.

Well, now!—I think I have related all
That we may idle avocations call :
But there are sports of greater moment found :
These I will tell of as they may come round :
Fishing, for instance ! I must needs explain ;—
Then, ev'ry way time 's spent upon the Main,
I shall have told you :—and as to what passes
When the Ship is in harbour ; JACK courts lasses,
Tipples and jigs, until, of cash no more,
He jumps into his boat, and quits the shore :
Or, if momentous service won't permit
One of the busy Crew a Ship to quit ;
Nor even my friend JACK his fav'rite lass,
Her *precious* time on board with him to pass !
Then ever, on the unemploy'd Sunday †,
To visit other Men-of-War he may ;

* Lest however a too general supposition should be raised of the superstition of Sailors, it is but right to say, that it is chiefly confined to old men.

† Nothing but the utmost urgency occasions working on Sunday :—it is a day set apart for rest, peculiar neatness, and church service ; after which the men are allowed to visit each other through the Fleet, but not go on shore from the Ships they visit—I mean, if the Service will not permit it.

And take a spell at chat with an old friend,
Until his Officers may for him send.

I trust I need not say, that thus I would
Be by my kind Peruser understood ;
Namely, that what I've mention'd is gone thro',
Not all at once, but as it *takes* the Crew !!!

Our Captain does his leisure moments spend
In what should be "our being's aim and end,"
In all professions,—"*trying* to acquire
"Such knowledge as all cases most require."

He who continues to this maxim true,
Will find in Naval Science something new.

Attentive genius will for ever find
Things badly plann'd, of undigested kind,
To rectify; much left him to discover
Of his profession, be he but a lover.—

The best step tow'rds this, (first premising will,)
Is all the leisure hours t' unbend, and fill
With useful study, and with pleasing break,
Proper to sharpen wit, and for health's sake.—

Thus thought our Captain, who had from the shore
Brought sev'ral books, fill'd with much useful lore.

As Ships for action ever must be clear,
Things of essential use alone appear;—
Therefore, the bulk of package to decrease,
The Captain would not have, but simply these:

" Encyclopedia," latest, and complete,
 Likewise that never-failing " Naval treat,"
 By greatly-honour'd " CLARKE, of Eldon," written;
 (Such kind of Treatise should be ne'er omitted,
 When a Sea Officer forms his Collection;
 His merits well, indeed, the first selection.)—
 Perhaps some do not go at all too far,
 When they ascribe the very glorious war,
 We've made, and make at Sea (*since* it came out,
 Must be allow'd past any sort of doubt),
 To the home facts, in this book so well stated :—
 If they are right, it surely should be rated
 Really a Treasure!—and if it is so,
 No Naval Officer without should go *.
 Now, I believe, it truly doth appear
 Our Tars did run a very brave career,
 In the East Indies; yet 'tis known, the foe
 Did ever much superior Science show;
 So that our batter'd Ships, tho' ne'er retreating,
 Yet had, to every intent, a beating!—
 Could such a circumstance but happen now,
 How abjectly would Naval honour bow!!!—

* The Author is aware that there are Instructions on Naval Tactics given to every Captain of a Man-of-War;—but they are necessarily concise, while Clarke is extremely copious in explanations and deductions.

The time was, when SUFFRIEN led on the foe,
 Oppos'd by our Sir EDWARD HUGHES, you know;—
 —Since then, tho' Frenchmen fight by Sea as well
 As in them is,—yet how much we excel!!—

RODNEY judiciously first broke the line,
 Since, in that feat, how many Heroes shine!
 What Chiefs have since, with dazzling splendour shone,
 What matchless deeds of war have since been done!!!

In wars of old, with the hard-fighting Dutch,
 This great manœuvre was effected much,
 But scarcely ever, with a due foresight;
 It was thought quite enough, to fiercely fight.
 This made a perfect chaos of a Battle,
 Ships being jumbled like a herd of cattle;—
 While frequently both life and Ship were lost,
 To the dear-paying, suff'ring Nation's cost.

Now Naval Tactics grace the skilful Chief,
 Who gives to life, and purse, immense relief:
Our Enemies now pay the fearful strife,
We scarcely lose a Ship, or dearer life!—

So much for CLARKE:—fair be thy well-earn'd fame!
 Ever remember'd be thy useful name!

The “ Elements of ROBERTSON ” are good;
 They should be ever rightly understood:—
 Perhaps it may be reckon'd the best book
 Mathematicians ever undertook,

To well convey to Youth the just foundation
 Of Principles, on which, rests Navigation.
 It is a great deal more select than “MOORE;”
 Tho’ even this melange, you may secure,
 As you may glean from thence a useful hint;
 But to a gleaning,—mind you! merely stint;
 It is but a skimming over weighty things,
 And from a fundamental knowledge flings;—
 If you are deeply vers’d in the foundation,
 Let whatever a thwarting chance occasion,
 Still you with ease, at any time, may find
 A remedy in point:—if ’tis of kind,
 That human wisdom can at all surmount—
 On the desir’d success, you then may count;—
 Not like the man, who, if his book he lose,
 Has no more wisdom, than his own old shoes!
 Who as a parrot, knows a thing by rote,—
 But *why* and *wherefore*, not one single note,
 The “Art of Seamanship” may be acquir’d
 (That is to say, a Theory desir’d)
 From a few authors, who have written well;—
 The best indeed, ’tis perhaps hard to tell:
 Tho’ useful rules, by books, may be exprest
 An *actual practice* here, is far, far best!!!—
 Of good books hitherto there’s been much dearth;
 But now, ’tis said, that some, of greater worth,

Are to be met with:—these, we may expect,
 Some thorough Seaman will ere long inspect,
 And then not hesitate to fairly mention,
 Which they may think deserve the most attention.
 'Tis better e'er to buy the very *best*,
 From fear that you may have to *unlearn*, lest !

Writers of late years muster somewhat strong ;
 And there are, to our happy Isles belong,
 Entitled well to thanks and to applause,
 For much good service to BRITANNIA's cause :
 These, have their time and labour nobly spent
 For the rever'd, the truly great intent !
 Of *that*, exploding, which bore 'gainst the Tar,
 And did his comfort and his glory mar.—
 None can a bless'd improvement ever date,
 Until some first of all the evil state.—
 He, who is of a just Reform a lover,
 Must first of all, I wot !, the *ill* discover.

So much for certain Authors : to be brief—
 BRITAIN has also found many a Chief
 To profit from an able, candid pen,
 And chase from forth her noxious filthy den,
 That ever-blighting fiend, ycleped Error !
 Blasted !, expell'd ! by Truth's refulgent mirror.

Well !, of these remarks the total sum,
 Is, that a favour'd Naval æra's come,

Indeed quite brilliant!—thanks to *publication*,
 And *those* who profited by the occasion.—
 A Book, intitled “ Naval Architecture,”
 Had too come out ; but then a mere conjecture
 Of its full merits could alone be made
 By our Chief,—from report,—tho’ he had bade
 A friend to send him ev’ry kind of book
 At which a Naval man of sense might look
 Without disgust, and in its pages find
 Something he might extract of useful kind :—
 He had not yet procur’d it; so of course
 It were not right, the merits to enforce;
 Or of another, call’d “ A useful Treatise
 “ Of Seamanship, the Elements and Practice ;”
 Such a performance he had heard spoke well of,
 Yet could he not the real merits tell of,
 Not having seen it ;—but e fully meant,
 Whene’er he could, to have it on board sent.
 He had “ Mac Arthur, on the Sea Court-Martial ;”
 Allow’d an useful work, and quite impartial.—
 A “ Vade Mecum,” full of Rules essential,
 To shape all Forms and Bills, not confidential,
 I mean on public Maritime routine,
 To swerve from which, none must be ever seen ;
 The last Edition—consequently best,
 As the encomiums of wise heads attest.

And now a G'ography, "Guthrie on large scale,"
 Shall terminate, (I fear) the *tedious* detail,
 That is tho',—mind!, of such a Library
 As a man, to Sea alone, can carry,—
 But other subjects must in truth be read,
 Before hopes rationally can be fed
 Of having that well-stor'd, illumin'd mind,
 Which raises you so much above your kind;
 Such as in NELSON!, we so dazzling find.

But just for one short moment stop, I pray!
 Our Captain had too the "Manœuvrier;"
 That truly scientific French essay:
 For he that language, in perfection had
 Been made to study, when a youngster lad.

And now, to sum up,—if I may presume,
 A Chief should have (for *he* has always room)
 Such Books as are of most essential kind:—
 Not so with other Officers, pray mind!
 Lieutenants, Midshipmen, however prone,
 Cannot by any means such numbers own:
 However they may wish good Books to trace,
 Still, on board Men-of-War, there is not space.

Yet there is one thing one may recommend,
 Namely, that Parents to their Children send
 The "Naval Chronicle,"—that sort of Book,
 In whose good pages, Youth has but to look;

When his aspiring mind can never fail
 A sterling Naval Spirit to inhale,
 As there he'll find, each brave illustrious Tar
 Himself recites his noble deeds of war :
 No Fiction!—but th' official!, real letter!,
 Than flatt'ring, fab'lous volumes how much better !!! *

* Meaning, that, in addition to much pleasing, useful, and animating matter, unofficial!, Gazette accounts are faithfully detailed. The Author disclaims the idea of naming this, and other books, for the sake of their Writers;—he knows not one of them, except through their Works; which he has not the presumption to recommend from his own conception of their value, but because he has seen them in the possession of, and heard them approved by, some of the first Officers in the Navy:—his motive for recapitulating them is, to point out what the Author believes to be esteemed a fit Library for a Sea Officer, when possible!—if not, a Book of Rules for Navigation (with Tables) and Seamanship, must answer the purpose:—certainly, for such an end, “Moore’s Book” is the most general.—The fullest Encyclopedia is recommended, as containing a Library! within itself, and when out of the reach of one, as on foreign stations, of course invaluable!—But the great desideratum appears to be—a set of books on the scale of Clarke, (intended as accompaniments,) treating in a comprehensive, perspicuous manner upon the Theory and Practice of every Branch of Naval Science and Literature.—These should be bound up as compact as the nature of the work would admit, and might be named either a “Naval Cyclopaedia,” or “Naval Portable Library.”—Such a work (the execution approved of by competent judges, an indispensable requisite) would, it is thought, be very desirable to the Navy in general, and be the means of producing an insight into Theory, equal to the French officers of old, and keeping pace with our own consummate practice; which, however it may precede the other in consequence, should ever be accompanied by it, as it assures, improves, and, at times, creates:—for, perfect as we are in *precedental practice*, yet, in a Service like

To keep the mind, as well as body, sane,
 'Tis useful to, at times, amuse the brain;—
 The Captain, therefore, oftentimes displays
 His taste in Music, by harmonious lays.—
 In this sweet science he is not deficient;
 Some of the Gun-room Off'cers are proficient;
 Agreeably in this, such gladly choose,
 At times, an invitation to amuse
 Themselves and Captain in his spacious Cabin,
 With also, of the Band the Leader, SLABIN;—
 A Dutchman taken in a prize,
 And who for fated Holland sighs:
 But Holland, not as now, enslav'd:
 Sooner than be by foes thus brav'd,

the Navy, *unprecedented* events will occur; when the value of Science must appear in discovering means to meet them.—This Work might be purchased in Ships by Subscription.—While on a subject of the kind, it may be thought worth observing, that if (as under the old *Régime* in France) an “Atlas” could be allowed our Men-of-War, in charge of the Captain, but for the inspection of all Officers, it would be a most useful appendage!—At present, even the Midshipman, out of his little modicum, is obliged to purchase Charts, in case of being sent in Prizes, many of which (particularly French coasters) have none.—Indeed, as the Atlas should never be taken from the Ship, if a certain number of Charts, selected by a Board, could be furnished Officers on first going to Sea only, to be made good in all cases but capture, fire, or shipwreck, and lodged, on a Ship's being paid off, in an Office, it would save their pockets, insure proper Charts being used by the Navy, and be little more than a first expence.—Captains might issue them when Midshipmen are competent to the use.

The sad Musician quits his land,
And e'en prefers an alien strand :—
Hence arose our little Band.

The Captain, of the head possest,
Finds some who have for music zest
Amongst his Crew ; these soon are taught
The drum and fife ; and others sought,
With a more perfect knowledge fraught.—

These from a Guard-ship are obtain'd,
Or from the shore, by money, gain'd ;
So that a little, mellow Band
Plays, while we are by zephyrs fann'd ;
And when at Quarters we parade,
Thro' this, it is by all hands said,
“ Ours ! is the truly happy Bark ; ”
And Doxies echo the remark *.

But the Concert in the Cabin,
At which attends my poor friend SLABIN,
Is not of Music Military :—
You may suppose it is contrary.—

* Many Men-of-War have extremely pleasing Bands ; these, and social unanimity on board, procure them the emphatic title of Happy ! ;—“ O ! that's a happy Barky ! ”—The story of the Dutchman is a fact ; as indeed, I must remind my Reader, the whole of the Anecdotes are throughout the Work, Names alone being fictitious.

The Captain plays a violin,
 Our Surgeon one of the same kin;
 SLABIN a fine-ton'd violoncello,
 And SANDY MAYNE a flute full mellow.—

“SANDY cam fra ’onest Perth,
 “A cannie lad, o’ mickle worth!”
 ’Twas he commanded the Marine,
 And was to duty keenly keen;—
 Well read!, kind-hearted!, loyal!, brave!,
 Tho’, for the world, perhaps, too grave!
 His feelings, often too acute,
 Made him on certain subjects mute;
 While others gave to wit full scope,
 Poor SANDY would in darkness grope;
 That is, he never could enjoy
 A wit which had the least alloy;
 He could not jest sarcastic! bear,
 For he himself would ever spare;
 But when need bade, retort he dare!!!—

The Surgeon had, in his profession,
 Made a most truly good progression.
 CAMBRIA’S soil he call’d his own,
 Coming from old Carmarthen town.

His family of course was old;
 For who could be so very bold

As to call a LLOYD a Modern ?

He who'd dare, would curses odd earn.—

Yet tho' he had propinquity

To very great antiquity,

And was of Ancients the most staunch ;

He was not of the elder branch,

And consequently was not rich,

Altho' he had for pelf an itch.

But then it was in noble fashion,

By no means yclep'd "worldly passion :"—

Had he possess'd but more of this,

He need not e'er have shewn his phiz

In the low Cockpit's dark abyss* :

Had he but bow'd, and cring'd, and ap'd,

He might have much more money scrap'd ;

But nothing could his spirit bend,

Or make him from the *Man* descend :

Yet, through high blood, he was uncivil,

Testy, capricious, aye the devil,

If you but spoke of Cambria, evil.

He appear'd somewhat penurious,

Tho', as said, far from usurious :

* "The Cockpit" is a part of the Ship under water:—here the Surgeon sees the Sick every day (those capable of leaving their births) ; —attends the wounded in action ;—and, in Line-of-Battle Ships, has his Cabin, as have his Assistants.

In spite of all his true Welch bile,
 "He'd help a lame dog o'er the stile."
 His Parents liv'd to have him taught
 What the most useful was, they thought,—
 Such as, to cypher, read, write, spell,
 All which he soon did passing well.—
 They died:—a most unfeeling Brother,
 By no means of his kin a lover,
 Succeeded to the old estate,
 While 'twas our SHENKIN LLOYD's sad fate,
 For some time on this wretch to wait;
 And, had he known to bow, and cringe,
 His ev'ry smile and accent hinge
 On the unfeeling, purse-proud great,
 I should not now have to relate
 That LLOYD is honest!, LLOYD is here!,
 And to his Shipmates truly dear !!!

His proper spirit soon revolting,
 At being thus at board a-halting;
 With vile dependency his lot,
 Determines him to play the Scot;
 And with, for native soil, a sigh!,
 In strangers' land his fortune try:

A youth he is, now just sixteen,
 And five long years yet stand between

Him and a poor two-hundred pounds,
 Left by his Parents :—how that sounds !
 Compar'd with what falls to the other,
 Th' unfeeling, sordid, elder Brother !—
 Guardians, however, undertake
 Of this the charge, for friendship-sake,
 The best thing Parents did indeed !,
 And which the youth stood much in need.—
 Before the heavy-hearted lad
 Bade friends adieu ! advice he had,
 From his kind Guardians ; which pursuing,
 Much good to him, might be accruing.

Because the youth had been brought up,
 Midst sects made of fanatic stuff,
 He could not thoughts of *War* endure,
 (Tho' soon experience made a cure).
 One Guardian strengthen'd this his mind ;
 But then a bloodless state to find !,
 He rack'd his dull, but friendly brains,
 Until, at length, the point he gains.—
 A friend he had at Aberg'enny,
 Who turn'd a very pretty penny,—
 Not by deadly balls !, but pills !
 Sov'reign resource in human ills !!!—
 (*Conscience*, howe'er, he had in Bills ;)

}

This Curer, not of *soul* but *sinner*,
 Rather than *preach*, would go to *dinner*.—
 In a blunt, but a manly way,
 He would his thoughts at all times say;
 For as to canting, *no!*—he loath'd
 The wolf, in sheep's mild coating cloth'd !!!

Yet he was fond of mother Church,
 And some folks thought, left in the lurch;
 His useful soul could never be
 With these, LLOYD's Guardian did agree;
 Therefore to this Apothecary,
 He would advise his ward to carry
 From him a good recommendation;
 And when once laid was the foundation,
 'T were his own fault, did he not gain,
 Celebrity, and pelf, amain.

The youth, with gratitude opprest,
 Strains to his yearning, throbbing breast
 The good old man;—and then sets out,
 Upon the wide world's mazy route:
 He's well receiv'd!; becomes at once
 Young Galen,—and no stupid dunce.—
 His five years quickly pass away;
 And now being come th' eventful day,
 That gives him his two-hundred pounds,
 What's best to do?—He's puzzled—Zounds!

He'll go to London, dash, and so:—

But, cool, his reason whispers, No!—

If you to London go, and dash,

'T will be most ruinously rash;—

Advice, you know, has turn'd out well;

Try it again,—ask friends,—they'll tell.

He good advice again receives,—

His master gives it, while he grieves.—

SHENKIN knows (and knew), the fact is,

His master's son must have the practice.

Therefore, of course, for SHENKIN LLOYD

To set up here, would have been void

Of sense and gratitude: the *how*

He ought to do, I'm telling now:

His friend, who means his good, informs

That, if he dreads not foes or storms,

He must in London city first,

Indulge a real, useful thirst

In study;—practise oft dissection;—

Attend the Lecturer's Direction:

Tho' œconomic, he must pay,

His fund can't go a better way:

Thus, if attentive, he'll become

A clever Surgeon, 'fore his sum

Is quite expended; and then soon

He may attain the sought-for boon,—

Videlicet, a Situation,
 To serve himself!, his King!, and Nation! :—
 —A Surgeon's place,—where he may cure
 The gallant Tar :—sure this is pure!
 Aye!, pure as principle can be,
 And suited to a mind as free,
 As moral, but then mortal, man
 Can e'er possess, or wish for can.
 (This worthy man, 't is meet I say,
 Did once, in his profession's way,
 Practise at a naval sea-port,
 Whence he does their language oft court.)

LLOYD's self now thought, a future bliss
 Could be attain'd, without a phiz
 Stamp't with such wond'rous sanctity;
 Conceiv'd, at last, that nations free
 Must, to procure security,
 Be closely cas'd in warriors' steel,
 That foes mayn't "hit them in the heel."
 The carcase might as wisely say,
 Discard the steel!, altho' away
 It keepeth death;—as people cry,
 "Away with Armies!,—Fleets!;"—to die
 Being, in either case, a fate:
 I scarce have patience here to state:—

“ But then, you know, there’s discipline !

“ Now answer, if you can, I ween,

“ How can you ever reconcile

“ This to a gentlemanly style ? ” —

Oho ! young SHENKIN ; what, you smile ! —

This made the friendly Master warm :

— If, sir !, to keep you free from harm,

A portion of yourselves must arm ;

It would be worse than madness surely,

Not to perform it most securely.

You see how *slaves* excel in war :

Now, altho’ semblance you abhor,

Yet you must never *all things* condemn,

Unless you would be conquer’d by them ;

And let their furious war-train’d bands

Rush, like a torrent, o’er your lands ;

Which ev’ry Sect’ry must implore

GOD may avert from ALBION’s shore.

Remember then, I pray, the fable :

“ Thou dotard ! do but what you’re able,

“ And you will surely turn the table ;

“ Don’t whine, and take it thus to heart,

“ Because in ditch is got your cart ;

“ Become a man ! exert your strength ! ”

’Tis done ! — out comes the cart at length !!! —

Thus, we must conquer stupid pining,
 Vile sophistical cant and whining;
 And have, *like foes*, a well-form'd band
 To keep Invasion from the land:
 Or, if they do set feet on shore,
 That they may move but one step more;—
 That is, to Death!!!—Well, thus take heart,
 And clear we get BRITANNIA's cart!

Now, I should fancy all must know,
 Aye! and the Methodist also*,
 That no arm'd force, could e'er be made,
 Without such laws as reason bade.—

* By "Methodist" is meant, any Seceder from the Church of England, (*it cannot of course inculcate such principles,*) who, through religious misinterpretation, would paralyse the efforts of the Country in Defence or Offence, if such are the means of securing a lasting Peace (which, during a war like the present, there can be no doubt of).—Patriotic and worthy as very many of the Seceders are known to be; yet the Author has himself witnessed the pernicious effects produced on weak minds, by the mistaken doctrines of a fanatical few.—An endeavour to depress the spirit of Defence and Offence against the destroyers of Religion, and, if they could, of our Nation, coming from those professing an enthusiasm for both, seems such incredible folly, that we would regard them as idiots!, with a sensation partaking of doubt!, pity!, and contempt!; was it not for the mischief they occasion.—A monkey will tear a leaf from our most sacred Book, and throw it in the fire!;—but we feel no abhorrence,—it is not impiety in the ignorant animal; but we feel the loss just the same, and therefore correct him for the mischief:—So with zealots and fanatics; the harm is great!, though the actors are contemptible!—Correction to such becomes therefore necessary, being the only method of stopping the evil.

Reason!—that is, necessity!
 This, altho' *less* of liberty,
 Is to *preserve* it!, most agree.

(I will not now expatiate
 Upon the Military State;—
 You'll find it, what you will not hate.)

Now, these laws form the Martial Code,
 By no means an oppressive load,
 And when enforc'd, is Discipline:—
 The upshot of the whole is seen
 To be, in my mind, this distinction,
 “By Arms, you keep us from extinction!!!”—

But let me well be understood;
 Deep I deplore to wade thro' blood,
 Dire War will shed;—“yet, when 'tis meet,
 “Let us the dreadful subject greet,
 “As BRITONS should—stretch ev'ry nerve!
 “And purpose! may our Country serve!!!”

Say now!, with all your proud descent,
 Is this not *gentlemanly* bent?
 You would not ever brook dependance,
 But let your spirit have ascendance.

To earn your living, without favour,
 You car'd not for my shop's bad savour;
 I!, was your Master:—in the Navy,
 You have King!, Country!, and Old Davy!

In short, you serve a noble cause,
And serve yourself,—say, can you pause!

Stopping a moment, he employ'd
His eyes to probe the heart of LLOYD;
'Twas full!—he saw no restless void.

“ Friend, he exclaims, you are a lad
“ Shrinking, I see, from all things bad ;
“ But you are young, and in the world,
“ Many a doctrine will be hurl'd
“ At in experienc'd Innocence ;
“ Therefore I cannot now dispense
“ With saying what may shield your heart,
“ And make you act a British part.”—

He pauses—grasps LLOYD's willing hand,
Who can his feelings scarce command ;
A tear stands trembling in his eyes,
As the good Doctor precepts tries
T' inculcate, with a gen'rous heat,
Like worthy patriots, who intreat
Exertion in their Country's cause ;
Assistance to uphold her laws.—

Thus then he spoke :—O ! look around,
And tell me where such joys are found,
As in our Country !—say, what Nation
Is in so proud a situation ?—

Tell me!, amidst the storms of fate,
 Who has such cause to be elate?—
 Have we not, with a well-set sail,
 Weather'd as yet the furious gale,
 Which has, thro' sad' mismanagement,
 So many others sunk, or rent?
 Are we not now as fit to swim?
 Nay!,—are we not in better trim?
 Masters supreme we're of the Seas,
 With *pow'r* to keep the rule of these;
 Till, the gale's fury once but o'er,
 We may with safety seek the shore.
 A gale, we know, when at its height,
 Must in due course again grow light:
 Then let us trust the stormy Deep,
 Rather than on the lee-shore keep,
 In hopes a quiet port to gain:—
 The danger's less upon the Main!!!—
 Let us then firmly, patiently await,
 Nor, for a moment's ease, entail a wretched fate!!!—
 Have we not got a worthy King!
 And will not merit often bring
 The lowliest man up to the top
 Of rank and riches?—Where's the stop
 To each one's doing as he likes?
 If only his behaviour strikes

Not at the peace of all!—Then say,
 Is not this worth retaining, pray?—
 Whence now arises all this good?
 Whence have we such assaults withstood?

From the most perfect institution,
 Man ever form'd,—our Constitution!!!—

I am a plain, but honest man,
 With sense enough, I hope, to scan
 And trace the motives of a foe,
 Most dang'rous to our overthrow.—
 No Frenchman, Spaniard, Dutchman, Dane;
 No!—'mongst *ourselves*, we find the bane.—
 Here is the danger!, dearest LLOYD!—
 Think for yourself, and such avoid:
 These miscreants, mouthing Liberty,
 Mean but the worst of tyranny!—
 Judge for yourself!—They say, our King
 Is but a shred!, a patch'd-up thing!;
 In other words, humane!, and mild!;
 Why, 'tis enough to vex a child.—
 What would they have?—a fierce Despot!—
 For this such words imply, I wot.
 Well, then!—those men who must be seen,
 To guide the pond'rous State-machine,
 As in a Parish, where, you know,
 There must be stations high and low;

Or in a Ship,—which ne'er can steer,
 Unless her proper Chiefs appear.
 Well!—*such*, sooth!, must be done away;—
 Now what I think on this I'll say.
 That man, who partners will disown,
 Must, what?—why he must rule alone!!!—
 Like Bonaparté, have but knaves
 Most vile, dependent, impious slaves;
 Not such as our BRITANNIA boasts,
 Who guide her Helm, and fill her Posts;
 Men of patriotic spirit,
 Wealthy, and of solid merit!
 Dependent on no Tyrant's frown,
 But such as will their tenets own:
 Now, as I said, do these away,
 And you fall under *one* man's sway:
 For *sway* there must be, or we fall,
 “Ruin'd past hope,” both great and small!!!—
 Then strange ideas of Liberty!
 Why they abuse Equality!
 Equality of Right! I mean,
 Such as is in our Country seen;
 “The Right to rise!”—however high,
 If we but proper means apply.—
 Why, sir!, one dreadful fault they find
 Is, that men of every kind

May reach high rank from poverty ;
 Then they must Mushrooms forsooth be !
 The greatest beauty of our State
 These outrageous sophists rate.—

To think !, because a man is poor,
 That he must still his state endure ;
 Nor e'er gain rank, or he'll be priz'd
 A Mushroom !—epithet despis'd !—

“ O Liberty ! in thy bless'd name,
 “ What pranks are play'd, what deeds of shame !!! ”

Then Taxes are an imperfection,
 We are arriv'd at such perfection !!!
 But are they gods ! or angels !, pray,
 Who do such mighty tidings say ?—
 Speaking in the comparative,
 D—n me if we have cause to grieve.—
 Nor can we change this irksome state,
 (If 'tis) until decreed by fate,
The peopled world shall cease to hate!!!

They tell you, they'll remove the evil,
 I'd just as soon believe the devil ;
 The very one, call'd in by France,
 Him who still drives so foul a dance.

Men who can trumpet forth such stuff,
 Remind me of the Quacks who puff ;

Both dwell upon each sad decease;
 All which, alas! stern fate decrees—
 And, as they tell us, “ Now you feel
 “ Such painful pangs, or sickness steal;”
 All cry at once, We feel it surely!
 But, pray, how can you make us purely?

“ Why, put some *money* in the hat,
 “ And then, good people, take you that!”
 —We *pay*!—the balsam then we try;

Too late we find, we sooner die!!!

Had we to wise physicians ’tended,
 Our state in time would have been mended.

Due regimen, and proper diet,
 No agonies of mind, but quiet;
 With now and then, to nature aid,
 Would have our patience well repaid.

Follow but e’er advice so sage,
 And you’ll attain a good old age!—
 Not like the man, of whom they tell,
 “ ‘That he was very fairly well,
 “ Wish’d to be better, and so tried
 “ Physic; by which, alack!, he died!!!”

Thus did this warm-hearted man,
 Those loyal embers try to fan,
 He found in LLOYD, and as the snare
 Which factious Jacobins prepare,
 He thus divulg’d, for *Quacks* he did not care.

}

Well, here now SHENKIN's ancient blood,
 As some opinion'd, did him good ;
 For it produc'd this noble spirit
 " To take advice, and try the merit
 " Of what he heard :"—but his own heart
 Did of the truth no doubt impart*.

* The Author trusts the foregoing sentiments need no elucidation :—on that part, however, which advances the integrity of British Ministers, generally speaking, he begs to offer a remark or two. What is said thereupon, has no kind of reference to any particular Administration ; it attaches equally to every one England has had, ever since Magna Charta.—The best proofs of this, are the gradual steps made by the Country towards prosperity, to that high rank in the world which enables it at this moment to combat such immense odds :—but, to suppose there have not been men amongst them ambitious and venal, would be to imagine what never yet has been ;—namely, " perfection in mankind."—This, however, cannot destroy the *general* merit of British Governors.—If we compare them with others, my God ! how spotless they seem !—Is it the despotic Ruler of France, and his agents, who nobly abstain from lavishing the substance of the people ?—Did the sons of Equality, who preceded him, after their outcry against the corruption, ambition, and oppression of the government they overturned, wash their hands of deeds they pretended to reprobate ?—Did they not, on the contrary, imbue them in murder, rapine, tyranny, and ambition, to an extent mankind could hardly be thought capable of ?—Or are we to conceive, that a nest of similar needy, desperate, unprincipled wretches, to be found in this country (and in every other), would be such immaculate patriots as neither to pay themselves, or their creatures, from the purses of their fellow-citizens ?—Strange paradox ! that those who protest against despotism, should be so inveterate against a Constitution, affording more rational liberty and security than any other on the face of the earth.—If, after what has passed in France, men are to be found amongst us to credit such assertions, there is

Thro' real worth and perseverance,
 Fortune at length blinks an appearance.
 A former peace had him, good lack !,
 Thrown in Promotion sadly back :
 He's now full forty, but his Ship
 Is a right good one, and the trip
 Bids fair to get Dame Fortune on the hip.

Now, how our Surgeon learnt to fiddle,
 I will in few words just unriddle.
 A genius he had for the harp ;
 For lack of 't, was at fiddle sharp.—
 In peace he did this genius mend,
 By good instruction from a friend.

As for our cannie SANDY MAYNE,
 He had instructions often ta'en,
 (As frequently the Captain had,)
 When at his home, a youngster lad.

but one way of accounting for it ;—that Providence, for some inscrutable but wise purpose, has stricken them with the calamity of idiotism !—Let us beware of change ! Let the independent sense of the Nation support a legitimate, and (at this crisis so loudly called for) *firm* Executive Government ! Let them also support an Opposition, that safeguard to the Constitution !!!,—while it watches over and checks excesses in the former,—but not when it clogs the wheels of Government, and destroys the energies of the Country :—and, above all, let us take care lest, in seeking that insidiously-applied word, that will-o'-the-wisp, Perfection !,—we do not fall into the pit, whence we rise no more !!!

Poor SLABIN! was a great adept,
 And he of course no secrets kept,
 In knowledge musical, to self;—
 For why?—he touch'd the Captain's pelf!

Thus then this Concert was so pleasing,
 It would not be to judges, teasing;
 It pass'd at Sea some heavy hours,
 Whose gloominess the temper sours.—
 But here, I must not make omission,—
 To enter none had e'er permission,
 (Being first ask'd of course) but those,
 Who had throughout the night to doze;
 Which but the Surgeon, Purser, Chaplain,
 And Marine Officer ever attain:
 T' others must pay such strict attention
 To the Ship, as needs makes prevention.
 This is most truly necessary,
 Nor can a Captain act contrary.

At times you find a game at Cards,
 A social few in Cabin wards
 From that well known fiend *Ennui*!,
 Which will intrude sometimes at Sea.—
 Often too, after eating supper,
 They sit an hour or two on crupper:
 But I must aye and all premise,
 Each one to rest, in due time hies.

SLABIN retires, when fiddles cease,
 The rest eat, drink, and sing, if't please;
 Our Chaplain then will join in song,
 To whom both taste, and voice belong;
 In this he dreaded not derision,
 Altho' yclep'd the "Soul's Physician:"—
 He was not young, but hale and pleasant,
 From Communion no recusant.—
 He had great knowledge of Mankind,
 And said, this maxim true you'd find:
 "If you would Morals e'er correct,
 "Never do come in terrors deckt;
 "But pleasantly and friendly shine,
 "And precept with kind mirth combine."
 It seem'd to him, th' Almighty will,
 That nature should be nature still;
 That it should triumph o'er the means
 By which the fanatic oft weans
 Man from himself,—spreads wild delusion,
 Till nature is throughout illusion.—
 If true:—that simple Innocence
 Is nature's real, pure essence;
 Then she must be truly cheerful;
 Innocence cannot be fearful!
 But instantly this disappears,
 When the fanatic's haggard fears

Influence the tortur'd mind,
 So lately of the happiest kind.
 Yet will chaste Nature's own enamel
 Shine forth in spite of all this trammel!—
 To get it to its pristine state,
 You must the mortal's mind elate
 With pleasing hope! not wan despair!—
 By means insensible, with care
 Reform the mind;
 Don't it in far worse shackles bind!
 Such shackles as must enervate,
 And sink the mind to the most wretched state!!!

Now I must declare, the fact is
 Our Chaplain prov'd this true in practice.
 He was, I fancy, orthodox,
 And yet no pleasant pastime shocks
 The holy man; his constant bent,
 Was to give *honest pleasure* vent*.

* The Author hopes to be understood, that though he conceives infinitely too much blame is attached to nature, yet he is far from supposing the state in which we are born, perfect;—it would be to deny the authenticity of the Scriptures!—Doubtless, we inherit evil propensities from our first parents, but not to the extent some imagine;—at all events, the power given us of discriminating between “right and wrong,” by the enlightened religion we profess, form, it may be termed, a “Second Nature;” through the merits of our SAVIOUR, and an observance of His Ordinances, we ought to be *now* innocent! and happy!

A game at Whist was his delight;
 But Gambling ever shock'd his sight:
 I told you he prov'd oft in song,
 That tune and taste did him belong:
 Yet would he never, 'fore his face,
 Suffer a song could e'er disgrace.—
 He was a Sportsman,—went to plays,—
 But yet in neither, vice betrays:
 The first has surely much defence;
 Nor has the last a want of sense:
 Neither produc'd an evil palling,
 Towards his sacred, holy Calling!!!—
 Why, he would laugh, and joke, and smoke;
 And often give a youth a poke:
 This to produce some little fun,
 Which he with Youngsters oft begun.
 He drank, but not to ebriate,
 Tho' sometimes he might be elate.
 Perhaps the reason some mayn't know,
 And yet I say 'twas even so,
 This Parson was a favourite
 With Officers and Crew, to wit.
 Maybe you'll say, he's fit for Sea;
 But as for shore, we can't agree:
 All, I am sure, that I can say,
 Is, he was brought up in this way.

The Captain's father had a knowledge
 Of him, when a young man at College:
 He afterwards such merit had,
 That the same truly worthy Dad
 To him such a fancy had ta'en,
 As to make him his own Chaplain:
 And 'fore long had him enlisted,
 (Not being in the least resisted,)
 To educate in part his Sons,
 Who were not wish'd to turn out Huns.
 He lov'd them all, but most our Chief,
 From whom he parted with much grief.
 But when a Frigate once was gain'd,
 His heart such yearnings still maintain'd,
 He could not check the keen emotion,
 Until his pupil, on the Ocean,
 Gladly receiv'd him; and the parent
 Indulg'd with joy such love inherent.—

When worthy, polish'd men approve,
 Why mayn't the like all people move?—

In right-down, honest, open truth,
 I think this man is of much worth,—

Attempting to convert is chaste

I grant him,—of good time no waste,
If fruitless!—let each have his taste!

}

But mind ! he did not mean to say,
 That BRITISH Rulers always may
 Let visionary minds have sway ;
 He thought, in things, they should control,
 Which would at all affect the whole,
 In peace of mind !—he warmly said,
 That if a minister, afraid
 Of losing popularity,
Here but a mobish infamy !—
 Did not most vigorously rush,
 The factious wretches straight to crush,
 Before BRITANNIA's threaten'd head,
 With rancour under foot they tread :
 If they do not prevent this fate,
 They'd merit e'en th' ALMIGHTY's hate !!!
 If not !—we like to France must rue
 The dreadful "*chaqu'un à son goût* * :"
 This *goût* of madly inflam'd minds
 Produc'd infuriate human fiends !
 No fault in nature, but in passions,
 Vicious precept, e'er occasions :—
 The sequel to this is, we see,
 That, so far from their being free,

* A cant phrase much used during the height of the French Revolution,—implying "every one to his taste ;"—"that all might do as they pleased."

Men in the Chaos kill each other ;
 Until they noble dictates smother,
 Till, sated with such deadly strife,
 They sink in slavery for life !

O ! allow the Author here,
 To let his ardent pray'r appear ;—
 “ May BRITONS, by experience taught,
 “ E'er act in all things as they ought !”
 That is, may *moral Wisdom* sway,
 Which never can the mind betray,—
 If what is *moral* would be sought !
 It is in precepts CHRIST has taught :
 If *wisdom* !, it is that conviction
 Experience tells us is no fiction.—
 This is a simple, lasting rule,
 Which will not let us play the fool.—
 But how can *ignorance* find out
 The serious sense of this throughout ?
 In solemn truth,—it never can !
 Let it then be our Country's plan,
 To chase the baneful curse away ;
 That BRITONS, by comparing, may
 Perceive their Country is the best,
 And set all thoughts of change at rest !!!
 Knowledge, in fact, is Freedom's test ;
 But then, your thoughts must be exprest :

“ From branding what is wrong, ne’er shrink !

“ And into slaves, we cannot sink ! ”

For thus too soon is check’d the error,

To ever let it grow to terror.

A Ruler is afraid to sin,

Or even act the next akin ;

As minds enlighten’d instant spy

Th’ erroneous system, and deery.

Enlighten’d People, when well rul’d,

Can never be so grossly fool’d,

As to give up their paradise

Thro’ insidious, base advice :

In short, a mind enlighten’d will,

(Humanity consider’d still,)

No!, never be so truly dire,

As that, sunk in the wall’wing mire

Of stupid, brutal ignorance,

Making this life a dismal trance,—

Of an indeed most fearful import !

Oh ! may we “ moral wisdom ” then court !

But to our Chaplain to return ;

’Tis necessary you should learn

That, altho’ when at Sea a treasure,

In Harbour, he gave no such pleasure !

And, as he knew ’t would be in vain,

His point in this as yet to gain,

No sooner had the Ship arriv'd,
 For a refit, and to be hiv'd
 In a dry dock ; than off he goes,
 And to his Patron makes his bows.
 Nor ever to the Ship returns,
 Until " a fit for Sea," he learns.

This was not 'cause by Chief despis'd,—
 No!—his known worth was ever priz'd ;
 But, friends! I won't behind the curtain
 Aught e'er conceal, that's very certain ;
 Therefore 'tis meet I should confess,—
 And yet, I think, you'd better guess,—
 The reason, that our noble Captain
 Could thus dispense with worthy Chaplain.—
 Hang it, I'm puzzled!—well!, the fact
 Is, that the Skipper * made a pact,
 I fancy verbal,—but howe'er,
 He did not to this Chaplain dare
 The thing to shew, or to explain ;
 Altho' the Parson ne'er was fair
 The hidden motive to find out.
 The circumstance I am about,
 If I must say ?, is this :—full sure,
 A certain pretty female lure,

* " Skipper" is a familiar pleasant term for Captain, used by Officers and Seamen frequently among themselves.

Had been with pains, thrown out, and well ;

Why in the snare the Captain fell !

As who at Sea, has not, pray tell !!!

But to his credit be it said,

His principles were not betray'd,

To injure her, or any other ;

Nor did it for a moment smother

Ideas, embodied in his mind

Of much more moral heav'nly kind ;

As, that a certain lovely girl,

More valuable than the pearl,

E'er to the merchant, that this casket,

When honourably, he could ask it,

He fondly hop'd to make his own,

“Flesh of one flesh, and bone of bone ;”

No honest Chaplain in the lurch,

But by the laws of mother Church !—

Thus the self-same thing occur'd

As has thro' life—the Captain err'd !!!

Yet what your censure may abate,

I will in few words now relate.

It happen'd that, the first cruise which he made,

His Frigate got most fearfully embay'd ;

(This was before the Chaplain came on board ;)

But I have said, our Chief was not a cow'rd :

He fearlessly beheld Death's dire encroach,
 His stealing, far most terrible approach ;
 Not in the sanguinary battle's rage,
 Where our best passions panic fears assuage,
 But in the horrors of a leeward shore,
 Where, if a Cable broke, we were no more !
 A Cable ! what a sounding term,—a thread !
 Was but between us, and a watry bed !

Torn by the fury of each whirlwind blast,
 Expos'd to Seas which e'en out-top the mast ;
 Scarcely of Sails a single ribband left ;
 Of all, save our Sheet-anchor, now bereft * !
 But this alone remaining !—God on high !
 How here misgiving Conscience gives the lie
 Unto the Atheist's stupid, monstrous creed,
 Now that Thy mighty pow'r all stand in need !—
 How can I coolly, clearly tell the tale ?
 Tell all the horrors of the furious gale,—
 When the tremendous night came dreadful on,
 When not the faintest glimmer, cheering, shone ;
 O ! all the darkness of Earth's deepest tomb
 Could not exceed this sullen awful gloom !

* The Anchors Ships come too, and moor with, are called " Bowers ;" when these go, you have only another in readiness, called the " Sheet."

But, hah! the work'd-up crisis quickly nears,
 For the fierce Hurricane more deadly veers!—
 Th' exhausted Crew, in terrors wildly tost,
 Appall'd!, heart-struck!, despair!, give all for lost!—
 Firmly the youthful Captain now commands,
 "That to his Cabin may be sent all hands:"
 There, with the Book of Pray'r, and bended knee,
 (While in the sacred action all agree,)
 With solemn mien, and most impressive voice,
 His words the lately drooping Tars rejoice;
 Until, with minds made up, much more at ease,
 They watch the wild contention of the Seas,
 And with devotion say, "As it our God may please!" }

Desir'd effect had this at Mercy's throne,
 Nor for their loss had weeping friends to moan.—
 Thro' this fell night they suffer'd;—but next morn,
 The lull'd wind veers, they ev'ry danger scorn;
 (Yet dark, unsettled is the windward sky;)
 Scarcely this change had happen'd, than to try
 To clear the close!, the frowning, fatal strand,
 The energetic Captain gives command.
 Now the important use of Discipline
 Is in our Ship's and Crew's salvation seen;
 No fearful indecision now unnerves,
 But each one in his proper station serves,
 With cool, collected, earnest, utmost force,
 According as the guiding accents hoarse

Of the rough, active Boatswain storm around,
Soon as th' emphatic Captain's orders sound.

With such a Crew, and such a noble Chief,
Our Ship soon clears the lately fateful reef;
Which rear'd between her, and a shelter'd port,
Thankful, they now no longer *vainly* court!!!

Perhaps there are, may think our Chief a Molly!
Such men! will ever deem it weakest folly
In an effem'nate NELSON—stupid man!
To let an *invocation* be his plan
Before th' eventful shock of fight's begun:
And to *Thanks give his God* when battle's won!!!
If it is possible there can be such,
'Twere vain indeed with them to argue much:
Let them find out which is the greater evil,
A God benign! to worship,—or a devil!!!
Many, I fully trust, will think my story
Adds much unto our gallant Captain's glory*.

* In this affair, as soon as the peril became great, the Pilot (a foreigner) lost his senses through terror, nor did he recover them until completely out of danger.

CANTO IV.

Argument.

Second and Third Lieutenants introduced; their Characters—Also that of a young Man who had nearly served his time—More of the First Lieutenant—Various Employments and Amusements of the Officers—An Observation Luncheon—Visiting on board Ship, and Mode of Dressing, described—Boatswain and his Wife introduced—Appeal to the Fair Sex—A strange Sail at Night—Proceedings in consequence—Recapitulation of the Cruise—A Water-Spout—Prognostics of a Gale—An old Seaman's Superstition—Preparations to meet the Storm—Young Henry falls overboard, from the Mizen Top-sail Yard-arm—Sandy Mayne and Ben Brace jump after him—Result—First Lieutenant takes in Sail, &c. according to the Captain's Directions; who, however, does not speak to the Crew—His Reasons—Reflections, and Anecdote upon ditto.

THE
C R U I S E.

CANTO IV.

LET's see!—'twill not be out of place,
Perhaps, if here I now should trace
Another Character or two;
Altho', indeed, a sketch must do.—
The First Lieutenant, I have said,
A great claim to our notice laid;
He hail'd * from Plymouth, brave and steady;
In body strong, for all things ready.

But there are two Lieutenants more,
Of whom I have not spoke before;

* To "hail" a vessel, is literally to halloo, and speak her; the first interrogation is usually, "From whence came you?" or, "What Ship is that?"—Hence the application as above, "From whence did he hail?"—"where born?"—"where belonging to?" as much as to say.

Each from Hibernia sprung,—but then
 They were very different men ;
 Both were youthful, but our Second
 Was with justice fav'rite reckon'd.
 A sort of modest dignity,
 Join'd to a mild benignity,
 Stamp'd him at once a kindly youth ;
 Allied to manliness and truth :—
 While little squabbles rag'd around,
 He, and without exertion, found
 Means to e'er keep himself aloof ;
 And yet without the least reproof ;—
 Was generous, as man could be,
 Practising real charity.
 Sometimes, when at point of sailing,
 A young creature, with love ailing,
 Came her dear husband to embrace,
 From too a very distant place :
 Scarcely had she got alongside,
 When the rough Boatswain loudly cried,
 “ Up anchor, hoy ! ” What poignant woe !
 Does now the wretched couple show.—
 Alas ! her money is all out,
 And poor JACK is of cash without *.

* It will happen, at times, that a Sailor, under the idea of his Ship's remaining in port a while, writes to his wife to come to him ; when the expectation is marred in the above distressing manner.

'Tis now our youth at once extends
 His ready purse, and nobly mends
 Their forlorn state:—He too, was brave;
 That is, he never fear'd the grave!!!
 Most like the smooth, unruffled tide,
 Which nothing e'er can set aside;
 Yet is so tranquil, you might chide,
 Or (till the sequel's known) deride,
 Its seeming sluggishness; until
 You find its quiet waters fill,
 Far surer, than th' impetuous boar!,
 Which, rushing with a hideous roar,
 Will now and then o'erwhelm the shore*.

Now you'd suppose he had no pain,
 Alas, poor youth!, he was a swain!!!—
 For ev'ry pretty girl he'd sigh!
 Most fondly gaze!—nay, almost die!—
 But then it was, in honest fashion,
 Without the least of vicious passion:
 It was a “Tenderness delightful,”
 For ev'ry female, not quite frightful!!!
 As to the other:—for a time,
 Not one could with his manners chime;

* An extraordinary force of tide (owing to a flood, for instance,) is termed by Sailors a “Boar:”—when it first comes on, and in shallows, it makes a roaring, not unlike the animal of that name.

All must succumb to his great will !,
 Or stand a chance of pop-gun pill !!!
 This did not last long tho', before
 He found he'd better say no more ;
 As none would to such terms agree,
 Being all quite as brave as he !
 After the first rub, things went well,
 Except at times a wrangling spell !
 And he became a jovial fellow,
 Tho' he forgot himself when mellow ;—
 He was brave,—or rather, rash !
 Send him straight forward, he would dash,—
 But had not cool ability,
 To act in great emergency.
 Well then—at times he'd lend a few
 But borrow, five times more of you ;—
 As to his love of heav'nly woman,
 It was in style some call inhuman.
 Could he in any way succeed,
 No matter *how*, he did the deed—
 Could he but once his end attain,
 He car'd not whom she appertain ;
 Let there be possibility ;
 Pho ! d—n laws of society.—
 No !, not regard for Friend or Brother,
 Would in him vicious honour smother.

A sense of honour !!!—sooth, he said
 Also of Manhood !!!—ever bade
 That if a woman be but fain,
 Nothing should make the man abstain.—

Now none of Us were immaculate,
 And yet we all did his maxims hate !!!*
 The fact was, he was lik'd by none,
 Tho' still amongst us he made one,
 Because he did his duty well,
 And at the boarding took his spell :

* Upon one of this Gentleman's propensities, viz. "to quarrel and fight on the slightest occasion," the Author begs leave to offer an observation or two:—Military Service really affords so many opportunities of losing one's life for the good of our Country, that it is (especially at a time like this) absolutely criminal, to throw it away at the beck of such a pest! as above described.—The Author will not enter on the subject of Duelling, further than to ask,—Ought a *known*, brave, and good Officer to hazard his life through the insolence of that vile disposition, so often, unfortunately, to be met with in all societies of men?—Ought not, the rather, his Brother Officers unanimously join to prevent it, and stigmatize the breaker of peace!—thus letting punishment fall where due?—The Author has heard of instances, where, when a notorious Duellist has *wantonly* challenged a man of honour, it has been submitted to a Jury of really honourable men, whether such a summons should be obeyed? They declared at once in the **NEGATIVE**:—and thus acted on a system which (if persevered in) must ultimately scout many wretches from society, now unfortunately tolerated; as a line of honour would then be drawn between what must perhaps (as the world is) be termed the "Duel of Necessity," and that of "Capricious Insolence," in which the man of *real honour* is invariably murdered by the *villain*, who insults, because practised in arms, and shameless in the manner of making use of them.

Of course, when men are of this stuff,
It is, on board Ship, why !—enough.

Well, let me see ; if I explain
The Officers' employ in train,
I shall have paid just so much debt,
As to have 'fore you fairly set
Account of all the avocations
On board a Ship, and Recreations ;—
You will have been too introduc'd
To such as in our Frigate cruis'd,
Of greatest note.—So, I've to say,
The Officers employ the day
In their own Cabins, writing Journal ;
A circumstance at Sea, eternal.
None can pass examination,
If, from sad procrastination,
He cannot, when his time is out,
Shew Journals of a certain route.
This regards Midshipmen ;—Lieutenants,
While ever they are under pen'ants,
Must, at the end of ev'ry year,
Let proper Journal-book appear :
If they do not this rule adopt,
By Navy-Office pay is stopt*!

* Although a young man may have served his six years in the Navy, yet they will not examine him so as to render him compe-

Sometimes these books are nicely kept,
 Being with Charts and Drawings deckt :
 One Youth, whose six years servitude
 Was nearly out,—who highly stood
 In our Captain's good opinion,
 (But no sycophantic minion,)
 Survey'd, and with much science drew *;
 Proving what I have said most true,

tent to a Lieutenant's commission, unless he shews a certain number of year's Journals, kept by himself, part of which too, as what is termed *rated* Midshipman;—for only a certain number of these are allowed a Man-of-War on her books; although every Gentleman, bringing up as such, does the duty and wears the uniform.—The Pay, which Lieutenants cannot receive without passing Journals, is called the “ Compensation.”

* Unfortunately, so little attention is paid, in the education of Naval Officers, to these very useful branches of knowledge, that few indeed possess the requisite information; such however as do, are sure to get on.—The Author attempts, in this sketch, to delineate the character of an old Messmate and Friend, now no more!,—who owed his Commission, immediately on having passed, to the superiority of his Journals, and Captain's recommendation; but the first would have insured it.—He went to Sea at sixteen, with an extremely well informed mind, and good disposition:—he kept his Journals from the outset;—not a land, harbour, or roadstead, but was beautifully sketched, and surveyed as accurately as circumstances would permit, opposite the regular description;—not a cruize, or voyage, that was not, at its termination, summed up in a Mercator's Chart;—not an action, or perilous situation, but was represented;—in short, they so truly combined the *useful* and *agreeable*, that those who saw them, were delighted.—He was promoted, and, had he not fallen a victim to the yellow fever, would probably have risen to most distinguished eminence in his profession.

That lads, who have a proper spirit,
 And reward do truly merit,
 Will not have long, in our Profession,
 To make to Fortune intercession.—
 This lad, brought up at a Free School,
 Had learnt thence many a good rule ;
 Necessity soon taught this sense,
 “ That he must learn, in his defence.”
 So he excell'd in Navigation,
 And as a Draftsman kept high station.
 His nature was, tho' manly, mild ;
 He ne'er was known to play the child,
 Early reflection came, for fortune had not smil'd !—
 Excelling many in the lore,
 So useful when we leave the shore,
 He could not but be notic'd soon,
 And gain that ever grateful boon,
 Deserv'd attention !—
 And to mention
 What follows next, is scarcely needful,
 Namely ! that our good Chief was heedful
 Of his Advancement on the Ocean,
 By soon procuring him Promotion.—
 But Journals of themselves would him earn
 Higher rank, for they were a pattern !
 Then we oft have copying orders,
 Keeping our watch-book from disorders,

Which lapse of time, of needs, occasions,
In a Ship's complicated stations.

It is in fact a mechanism,
Just as in clock-work:—if a schism

Ever takes place amongst the wheels,
Organization throughout feels ;

The clock or goes too fast or slow,
By starts, or not at all, you know:—

So, in a Ship,—if inattention,
Or any other sad prevention,

Irregularity occasions

In a Crew's work, and settled stations,
Duty, like time, it so disorders,

That it on dire confusion borders ;
Annihilation ! oft, indeed,

Of Discipline !, will this succeed.—

It is the First Lieutenant's care,

To keep the Watch, and stations fair *.

I fancy, all hands will agree

This Off'cer has immensity,

* Every man has an allotted place in a Man-of-War, against any emergency that can occur ; whether in the Watch, Quarters, Manœuvring, Boats, Prizes, &c. &c.—One or two large boards are filled with this information, and hung in a conspicuous part of the Vessel ; they are carefully corrected by the First Lieutenant, according to contingencies ;—every Officer must have a copy, in the form of a book, which he carries about him, to muster and set the men right, when requisite.

On board to do :—'tis often said,
 " A Captain may with ease be made ;
 " But, as to right good First Lieutenants,
 " It takes the best men under pen'ants !"

Now this, in part, is strictly true,
 As far as having most to do !
 In the minutiae of a Ship ;
 Yet it is not to Chiefs a flip :
 Because,—before that ere a Captain
 Can well his situation attain,
 He has been of this birth a tenant ;
 Has acted as a First Lieutenant !

From Journals, Watch-books, and Day's Works,
 No Officer on board, e'er shirks :—
 These, between Watches, time employ,
 And, to speak truth, they often cloy ;
 Ne'er is the consummation won,
 And the dull duty fairly done,
 Without a stretch or two and yawn ;
 Then blithest fun begins to dawn,
 Brightens the eye, and now throughout,
 They have a proper romping bout.
 Nor have the Middies this alone ;
 In truth the younger ones are prone,
 Even abaft !, to do the same,
 Not being, tho' commission'd, tame.

They riot, in their former sport,
 Tho' this none out of reason court;—
 You may suppose, the romping boys
 Do not make ever so much noise,
 As to compel their well-lik'd Chief
 To e'er intrude his *veto* brief!
 Perhaps some paint;—make nonsense verses;
 With intermediate hearty curses,
 Of winds and weather, and blank purses!—
 Some are warbling,—others spouting,
 That is, the softest speeches, shouting!,
 And all the rules of Hamlet routing!!!—

Thus far the Morning:—but, I pray,
 How do the Ev'nings pass away?—
 Why! there is what we term “ Bull-dancing;”
 And Visits too, our joys enhancing.—

As to the Dancing, 'tis, i'feck,
 Upon our own neat Quarter-deck :
 The Captain a Lieutenant fancies,
 (If so mayhap,) with whom he dances,—
 Transform'd, in thought, into a Doxy,
 Flourishes off this pretty proxy!
 Better, I ween, than old Ship Cook,
 Who late the part of Madam took;
 As I have said before, you know,
 With her appropriate, lovely Beau!,—

The other Off'cers also pair,
 To cut their capers in the air :—
 In this, our cannie SANDY MAYNE
 Would the prize ever hollow gain ;
 No heavy step, you'd make him steal ;
 Whether in Country-dance or Reel,
 He did a right Scotch spirit feel :—
 He jump'd, and flourish'd, but in time,
 No step, but did with measure chime ;
 Nor would he leave off cap'ring soon,
 Mark me, tho' !—he was not a loon !!!—
 Our Captain humouring the fun,
 Which, faith, he had himself begun,
 Perhaps made rather more a run,
 Than when a heav'nly dance he pac'd,
 By his lov'd fair-one sweetly grac'd.
 For I must tell you, tho' a Sailor,
 He did not dance quite like a Tailor !
 He learn'd to dance, (as also fence,) }
 And then his pulse, his ev'ry sense,
 Mov'd, in a strictest unison,
 With the accomplish'd, sweet, fair one !—
 Perhaps some, without manly passion, }
 Might step a trifle more in fashion ;
 Which of the two is lik'd the best,
 In truth, must with the Ladies rest !!!

I've seen, when other Chiefs might dine
At Sea, on board us, they'd combine,
And foot it too,—as young ones dancing,
Aye!—altho' to the foe advancing.—

I mean, a foe in Harbour block'd,
Whose feelings oftentimes were shock'd
By our lads steering in so close
As to send home a furious dose ;
I mean a pill !—a warming one!
Prepar'd by Tars, and sent by gun!
So much for this daring fun !!! *

Thus you see, whene'er weather's fine,
All try, a jocund wreath to twine.

As to the Visits !—they forsooth,
Compar'd with pic-nicks, are uncouth ;
For, I must tell you, these are parties,
In which we eat, and drink, like hearties !

We never can be seen adorning,
For visits, at, or noon, or morning ;
Then, Service most imperious calls,
As it in constant routine falls ;
(No time, of course, for this, or balls.)

* The Author has himself figured away in a Country Dance, when the Commodore of a Squadron of Frigates led off ;—the Ship at the time proceeding to reconnoitre the enemy's harbour, close in.

It is, when daily work is done,
 That these right-relish'd rigs are run.—
 At Sea, we cannot have much time;
 Things, you conceive, don't always chime;—
 Mostly our parties then, pray mind!,
 Are to blithe Saturdays confin'd.
 And when in port, they are refin'd
 By the most beauteous of our kind,
 Th' enchanting Fair Sex!, lovely creatures!,
 Charming in manners, as in features!!!—
 But avast there! * I say now, come!,
 The whole are not so deuced rum †,
 Come!, come!, no quizzing, Sir, I pray,
 Some few undoubtedly you may;
 To others, more attention pay.
 I will!—my disposition ne'er
 Reckon'd ill-natur'd satire fair;
 Tho' I, on complimenting run,
 My meaning is but harmless fun!
 Bless'd tho' they were n't with fortune's dow'r,
 Or polish'd grace; yet oft an hour

}

* "Avast!" signifies to stop; as "avast heaving,"—"avast hauling."

† "Rum," as applied here, means "odd,"—"out of the way;" a common expression among Sailors.

I've pass'd most pleasantly with such ;
 They welcom'd me indeed as much
 As in their pow'r :—Readers, I mean
 Those who had truly married been :
 Gunner, Carpenter, and Boatswain,
 Usually their gude wives have ta'en ;
 Who (as most frequently the case)
 Are, while in harbour, in their place ;—
 That is, along-side their good Hubbies,
 And oftentimes, with all their Cubbies *.

Hard run for Rhymes, when thus I call,
 Husband and child ;—not Cubs at all,
 But real, well begotten young ones.—
 Well ! you're excus'd, Sir ; so tell of buns,
 Split biscuit, Tommy soft †, and Tea ;
 Let us the style of entertainment see.—
 Well !—suppose a leisure ev'ning,
 And all hands (or most) carreening ‡ ;

* These Officers cannot always be permitted, in port, to leave their Ship, consequently their Families must come to them ;—they have very good Cabins.

† “ Soft Tommy,” or “ Tack,” is a name given by Sailors to Bread, in contradistinction to Biscuit, which is hard ; though, in this instance, softened by being soaked in water, split, toasted, and buttered.

‡ “ Carreening,” is heaving one side of a vessel so much in the water, as to bring the Keel nearly on the surface ; thus permitting the bottom to be repaired ;—the only resource where there are no Docks.—Apply this to people lolling on their sides, &c.

I won't say, altogether hove down,
 But, after duty, rather so prone;
 Stretching on chests before their tea,
 Or chairs, in which the most agree*;
 In comes a neat young Sailor Boy,
 A trim young dog, but not a toy;—
 Tough MARLINSPIKE † does him employ,
 (Our Boatswain,) and as good a fellow
 As e'er pip'd Calls, or e'er got mellow;
 Thus he oft got;—to duty true
 Tho';—fear'd, yet lik'd, by all the Crew:—
 A rough-spun Tar, of BENBOW'S School,
 Could never gulp “a fangled rule,”
 So call'd by him; tho' oft rallying,
 Old PIPES ‡, term'd it “Jacky Fal-la-ling §:”
 Yet, tho' he growl'd at aught e'er new,
 And gruff'd, and gruff'd; the thing he'd do
 In proper style,—was bred at Sea,
 Nay, *born* perhaps;—'tis, faith, likely:—

* Midshipmen have sometimes Chests in their Births, for seats;—though Chairs are most used now.

† “Marlinspike,” is a sharp-pointed iron instrument, used to open the layers of ropes, &c.: as the Boatswain presides over this duty, he is often jocosely called after it.

‡ “Pipes,” the most common familiar appellation for the Boatswain, from his call.

§ Sea-way of expressing effeminacy, foppishness, any thing nonsensical.

Hairy and strong as Greenland Bear,
 And, on my word,—now, do not stare!
 When I tenaciously declare,
 “To an ox-hide I his compare.”
 For this, in young days, he’d ne’er cover;
 Nor was he of the hat a lover:
 The more expos’d, the more he’d glory,
 And you might now believe the story;
 For, tho’ oblig’d to wear on duty
 His uniform, and *try* for beauty,
 Yet all things sat so queer upon him,
 They look’d as they did not belong him.
 But if the fight, or shiver’d mast,
 Chang’d the dull scene, away he cast,
 With fury, coat and hat, and try’d
 With might the ill to set aside;—
 This was his glory and our pride.

Pipes was not old tho’,—forty, say;
 But Service gave an older trait;
 Rough, hugely whisker’d, furrow’d o’er,
 He scarcely human vestige bore;
 When squinting at a coming squall,
 He seemingly would elements appal!!!—
 Take him in port, his wife beside,
 With royal gin,—the Sailor’s pride!

He was as hearty, good a man,
 As Ocean e'er to produce can.
 One thing more of him I must state;
 It once had been his former fate
 To have a Lordship! for a Chief;
 Poor Marlinspike's supremest grief!
 He could not say, "Yes, yes, my Lord,"
 If you would give him wealth's reward!
 'Twas e'er—"Aye, aye, Sir*," which he fear'd,
 In his Lord's eyes, so bad appear'd;
 Was such a terrible offence,
 That it in Pipes, a sad absence
 Of mind, and much delay occasion'd,—
 While an excuse he dissertation'd;
 His Lordship at length, laughing, cries,
 (To execute at once Pipes flies,)
 "Never mind *Lord!*, say, yes!, and do it!,
 "And do not fear, that you shall rue it!"
 His Wife kept up on shore an Inn,
 All Sea-port luxuries within:—
 She was an honest, thrifty body,
 And, mind!—by no means a mere noddly!
 Tight, smart, and clean in look, and clothes,
 A countenance, would not impose;

* "Aye, aye, Sir," is the usual answer to an Officer's orders.

Lov'd life, and fun, and breeding too,
 Young Boatswains,—but to Husband, true! —
 A really kind-hearted soul,
 Who ne'er thro' sulkiness would scowl:—
 But one wee tale, I can't controul,
 "She lik'd a snug sup in the bowl
 "Of Punch, she made most passing good;"—
 The sups as well tho' understood!

Well!—so young JACK, the Boatswain's boy,
 Tells us, but in a fashion coy,—

"My Master, and my Mistress too,
 "Does hope as how, that you, and you,
 "And you, and you, or any few,
 "Will come along, and take some tea,
 "And grog, and play at wisk-we-he:"
 We say, "that we shall happy be."

Away goes JACK; each Middy hies
 His Person sweet to *adonize*:—

Whips up the lid of great Sea Chest,
 And then, like hunting, goes in quest
 Of what may make him smartly drest:
 For 'tis the Fair makes tea, O zounds!,
 How that exhilarating sounds.—

Believe me, Ladies!, we at Sea
 For ever love, and worship, ye!—

Worship !!!—there's the deuce !—this homage
 So profound !,—we think grand dommage,
 (As the French say):—indeed 'tis pity,
 This worship ne'er will make you witty.
 Such goddesses you think us truly,
 That you intreat us, far too coolly :
 Why keep your rev'rence to your selves ?
 You shocking, tiresome, loving elves !
 We would have worship well exprest,
 Believe us, we like that far best !—
 What's the use of all your sighing ?
 When we know not, you're a dying !!!—

O dearest Creatures ! if you would
 Act but as tho' you understood ;
 Encourage us, thus planet-struck,
 With gracious words, or e'en a look ;
 O ! then, how readily you'd find
 That you might mould us to your mind.

But, for your own thrice-cherish'd sakes,
 Take heed ! you do not make us rakes !
 O ! do not, while our hearts you steal,
 Stifle those passions Man should feel :—
 Don't make us fops !—or of that throng !
 To whom bad principles belong ;
 Make us lively !, wooing !, pleasant ! ;
 But to *honour* e'er obeisant :

For, with the pow'r which you hold o'er us,
We'll undertake whate'er 's before us.

But, O! remember, it has yet been found,
And will, till Virtue's trump o'er earth shall sound,
That, when once broke is principle's barrier,
Nothing can stop the passions' wild career! :
Your charms may make us principles forego,
But then all manly feeling is laid low!— }
Dread then the wretch! *most*, when *you've* made him so!!! }
Why should you think a modest Tar a fool! }
Because he has been nurtur'd in a school }
Where vicious foppery can't make a tool? }
Amidst the storm, the bloody, anxious fight
Still lovely woman's image keeps in sight;—
He makes you idol of his inmost soul;
And such is ever your supreme controul,
That when return'd, after long service hard,
He hears you!—sees you smile!—O blest reward!—
Finds that, e'en what his warmest thoughts divin'd,
Is truly in your lovely selves combin'd :
If then he's struck thro' admiration mute,
Think not he is a stupid, very! brute!
Do not the planet-stricken Tar upbraid,
For failings which your lovely selves have made :
Mould him but well, and I dare tell,
He'll take a lively, pleasant spell.—

But, pray, sir, don't be so caressing ;
Do tell us, how the Mids are dressing.—

Ma'am!—by an inch of candle-light,
After much turning, heave in sight
The things requir'd,—which, as he gets,
He puts on, while in chest he sits ;
That is, as one may say, almost!—
As if a room, and he the host :
Like “ Ruttekin, the Tinker,” who
Seem'd, in his box, to bake and brew ;
Being, he said, his house and home,
Tho' without staircase, porch, or dome.—
A looking-glass, broke to a figure*
Not found in G'ometry,—scarce bigger
Than one's hand palm, is plac'd, as best,
In Till†, or somewhere 'bout the chest,
For young Adonis! to be drest.—
Drest!—O lack!—if they wore wigs,
My word! they'd cut some pretty rigs.
This problem of a glass is so crackt,
It would most surely all wigs distract,

* The “ Till,” is a small division of the Chest (sometimes with a lid), to separate papers from clothes ; there are often three.

† Davy Jones and carelessness make sad havock in the toilette on board Ship, which commonly soon consists of the cracked remains of a small mirror, lit by a morsel of candle stuck against the chest or till:—such, probably, was the “ set-out” of a Nelson!

That is, if curl'd ;—for ev'ry square
 Upon the glass would dance in air
 One curl, while lo ! another sunk ;
 Just as altho' the wig were drunk ;—
 Or, like the fretful Porcupine,
 Would in dire points, not smart curls, shine.—

But wigs had no Mid's fancy struck,
 No one would be a “ wiggish buck ;”—
 The hair in general was worn,
 As tho' by rounded bowl-dish shorn ;
 Some had great superfluity
 Made up, by being suety ! ;
 For these, to be most wond'rous smart,
 Plaster'd pomatum, with such art
 As form'd (with flour) a tallow'd head,
 Dipp'd as tho' in a feather bed !—
 Thus making such a beau-like finish,
 As needs must other heads diminish !—
 But all are n't dizen'd by a light,
 Itself enough to puzzle quite ;—
 Many, each bright luxuriant curl,
 Will, as kind nature gave, unfurl.—
 The older ones, what flows behind,
 Do with a turn of riband bind ;
 Their sole intent 's to keep it clean,
 And be like manly youths !, not half-bucks !, seen.—

These also have their clothes in order ;
 Chests free from dirt, and from disorder.—
 Effeminate now do not rate us,
 When I say some have apparatus,
 Elegance and use combining,
 With a mirror entire, shining.
 May not we have to *men* adherence,
 And yet have things of neat appearance?

What I know is, that I have seen,
 Whenever lads have careful been,
They, when necessity requir'd,
 Could do whatever *Fate* desir'd!—
 Some trifling trials to relate,—
 'Tis oft an Honourable's fate,
 (As servants are denied their state,
 One being to a mess allow'd,
 Who can't in all things tend the crowd,)
 To cheat the shoeblack of his dues,
 And clean his own *right honourable shoes* !!!—

This task, a Mid cannot refuse ;
 Or if he would, he *must* not chuse,
 To go, due cleanliness without,
 And tramp * the deck, a dirty lout !

* "To tramp the deck," a common expression at Sea;—to trudge, to walk.

We oft must tailor, cobble too,
 In short, there's nought but we must do :
 Make a plum-pudding, and sea-pie,
 Nay ! oft to boil our kettles hie;
 A Youngster needs must all things try.
 So that, if shipwreck'd on a coast,
 To toil or prison doom'd, we boast
 That tho' we are by ill luck crost,
 Still that we're not in all things lost.—

But come !—suppose now, on their clothes,
 With each a kerchief clean for nose,
 Which, as a *Petticoat*'s in case,
 Some with a drop of perfume grace.
 As for the suet heads, they've plenty,
 Mix'd in pomatum,—not too dainty !—
 Fearful that clothes of dust may savour,
 They “ brush for brush,” and “ d—n all favour ;”
 Then proceed forward, with great caution,
 To the Fore-Cockpit*, right precaution;
 Or, it might hap, a little tar
 May our sweet *adonising* mar.

* The Boatswain and Carpenter, in Line-of-Battle Ships, have their cabins in the Fore Cockpit, near their respective store-rooms; in Frigates they are before the Gun-room.—The Author speaks generally of visiting on board Men-of-War.

Arriv'd in form,—Mistress is ready
To make her curt'sy, (Ship quite steady).

Nicely laid out we find the cups,
From whence we soon take hearty sups.

Tea on board Ship, in ev'ry station,
Forms both a meal, and recreation :
A green cloth th' oaken table covers,
And a huge loaf!—while hot cake hovers
Aloft—as held by Master Jack ;
Until on table stands the tack.

Mistress this famous cake had made,
Therefore of course none could upbraid,
As, had you seen us, you'd have said.—

But first, I should have told you, PIPES,
The while his oozing mouth he wipes,
(This from tobacco's tasty juice,
Which upon Ocean has its use,)
Sings out, when first he sees us,—“ Hoy!
“ I'm glad to see each hearty boy ;
“ Give us a shake-of all your fists :”—
(O zooks! what hard, confounded twists!).

Not much is said, at least at present,—
We are about what's far more pleasant.

But, mind! in manners all agree,
Courteous throughout—to *the Lady*;

Who is in truth both frank and free,
Making us stuff, and swallow tea.

This feast once feasted, things are ta'en
Quickly away,—and now a main
We try at Whist;—the party six,
Two do at Cribbage snugly fix;
While all the relish'd *fogram* * mix.

O Hoyle! couldst thou but see us playing,
In faith, I b'lieve, there 'd be no staying.
For, as the nectar makes us mellow,
Fat BOB! that noisy, funny fellow!
Makes us so laugh, or rather bellow,
That the fishes sure might hear us;
Who in fact are rather near us.

At last old Pipes (who loses) cries:—

“ Why, smite my limbs and blow my eyes,

“ This isn't wisk, or what is't? whist;

“ I say, my hearties, can't you phwisht?”

“ My dear!” says Mistress MARLINSPIKE,

“ Why, it's the very thing we like.”—

“ O ho! then sure you this won't mind;

“ The topsails shiver in the wind,

“ Our Ship she is cast to the Sea-ee;

“ But still my heart, my gramachree,

“ The Devil made me marry thee.”

* “ Fogram,” is a cant term for liquor of any description.

This wit produc'd so loud a laugh,
 And also such a gen'ral quaff,
 And afterwards so loud a chorus,
 That laughing absolutely tore us!!!—
 Till, as the storm, which, at its height,
 Needs must in turn, you know, grow light;
 So we, when hurricane had past,
 Succeeded to a calm at last.—
 We talk of Ships and Seamanship,
 While our Host takes a long-spun trip,
 Over his wond'rous scenes thro' life;
 Of Tempest!, Shipwreck!, mortal Strife!—
 Of mad freaks in *outlandish* places;
 For, in a Seaman's mind, *this* graces.—

This curious term!, a country where
 JACK's not at home, far off, howe'er,
 'Tis JACK's outlandish! as I may,
 Perhaps superfluously, say*.

Now bread and cheese, and cold roast-beef,
 Give to our talking Tacks † relief.

* "Outlandish," means foreign to one's own country;—thus, an Otaheitan would be so in England, and an Englishman in Otaheite:—but an English Sailor, let him be where he will, abuses the people of the country for being foreigners, while it is *himself* who is so.

† When Ships sail on a wind that is "not free," or "from it,"—they have their Tacks aboard; which usually implies the *largest* Sails being set diagonally:—If a man eats, or talks, &c. &c. much, he is said to have "his so and so Tacks on board."

Then comes the bowl of punch, and when
 "Four Bells" have struck, that is, when Ten,
 'Tis fit we all (well pleas'd) turn in * :

Not much we lose, nor much we win.

This is of Visits specimen,
 Jovial, altho' in gloomy den.

But, in still larger Ships, you find
 Cabins of a different kind ;

As "Midship ones," in which the Day-Mate
 Messes,—to get at most intricate.

Both Chip's ‡ and Pipes's births are forward,
 Also to get at most untoward.

Abaft, four births, to o'er them run,
 Mids have two, and Surgeon's Mates one ;

Clerks have usually the other :

No birth's to the other Brother.

Then, in the Gun-room, on one side,

The Gunner's place may be descried :

So thus eight diff'rent births we see,

And if we do but all agree,

(As oftener the case than not,)

Why then, in turn, each mention'd spot

Affords a change, a novelty,

Forming a blithe society.—

* "Turning in," signifies going to bed.

† "Chips" is a name given to the Carpenter.

But, pray!—the Junior Lieutenant,
 Is he not of the Gun-room tenant *?—
 Yes:—there are others too, but he
 (If dispos'd to be frank and free)
 Oft, from amongst the Midshipmen,
 And, too, the other Gentlemen,
 (When there is nothing else to do,)
 Selects just a sufficient few;
 Who, in his Cabin, sociably
 Eat, drink, and chat an hour, may be.—

Having now, in due progression,
 And without undue digression,
 (At least I hope so) introduc'd
 Such things, as us—on board amus'd,
 Such as in life domestic sway,
 Whether throughout the night or day;—
 With a sort of sketching story,
 Of men's failings, and their glory;
 That is, so far!—I have to tell,
 That hunger doth all hands propel,

* All the above Births (Cabins) are on what is called "The Orlop Deck,"—(on which are the Fore and After Cockpits, the Cable Tiers, and, in large Ships, frequently the Midship Mess-place)—save and except the junior Lieutenants and Gunner's Cabins, which are on the Lower Gun-deck, close aft, in the Gun-room.—Marine Officers and Chaplain fill the other places there.

At Twelve, to have a furious nibble,
 At a hard biscuit, call'd a Devil,
 When it is pepper'd, butter'd, toasted ;
 In eating which your mouth is roasted,
 Till, being cool'd with healing grog,
 You think it a most sav'ry prog.

—Perhaps it's now as well to glance,
 How far our Cruise is on advance :—
 We are not yet far got to Sea,—
 Are scarcely from the Channel free :—
 It was but yesterday P. M. *
 That we from our snug Harbour came.
 You've had Departure, Watching, Eating
 An Exercise t'ensure a beating,
 We hope 'fore long to give the foe.
 I have endeavour'd hard also,
 That you a few on board, should know ;
 Explain'd Amusements, and our Duties ;
 I fear without poëtic beauties ;—
 But then, whatever was th' occasion,
 I worshipp'd truth, without cessation !!!—
 Suppose us now, not far at Sea,
 And all as happy as can be ;

* "P. M." means Post Meridian, after Twelve at Noon; as
 "A. M." implies Ante Meridian, before it.

The first Watch set ; the rest at supper,
 Cracking their jokes,—of course on crupper ;—
 The time 'bout Nine,—on deck a breeze,
 Which wafts us swiftly o'er the Seas ;—
 As usual, all 'fore night secur'd,
 Cloudy and dark,—the moon obscur'd,
 Just thinking now of downy bed ; - - -
 When, hark !—a sound would wake the dead !
 From Speaking-trumpet :—" Call the Drummer :
 " Quick ! beat to Quarters !" —Down went rummer !—
 Instant ! on deck we spring, with ardent throb,
 And with impatient longings seek the fighting job !!!

A lofty Ship had thro' the darkness past,
 So close, as almost, when about she cast *,
 To touch us ; inclining, as if to run,
 Before, by us, the fight could be begun.—
 Our Captain hail'd, but could not understand,
 Therefore he issued the above command ;
 And in a moment's period, not to fail
 In urgent chace, we carried pressing sail.—
 She, as we near'd her, seem'd without a press,
 As if a game at Balls, would not distress ;
 Yet still her lofty canvas she maintain'd ;
 And now, having found we'd so much gain'd,

* "To cast about," is another way of expressing "Tacking;" coming round.

As to perceive her of no trifling force;
 Quickly the Captain orders, "Change of course;"
 And instant! "Slack the sheets;" from being fair
 A station on her leeward-side to gain;—
 Fearful, if our masts should meet disaster,
 He could not possibly of her be master:
 As she then easily might bear away,
 And not our BRITISH TAR's command obey *.—

Now ready were BRITANNIA's daring Sons
 To fire, with deadly aim, their fateful guns.—
 No battle-lanterns blaze †, but are prepar'd
 T' illuminate, whene'er the foe has dar'd
 Answer our shot, or fire in fierce defiance,
 And bravely try us in our proper Science.—
 Nothing of this, however, yet appears;—
 And closer to her now our Captain steers:—

* When sailing on a wind, should you wish to bear up (away), you slack the Sheets of your lowest Sails, &c. &c.:—this is, "going from the wind," free.—If you get to the leeward of a vessel, you prevent every possibility of her escaping, except that of outsailing you on a wind, and at the same time may go before the wind yourself:—thus, if you wish to engage a vessel decisively, you should go to leeward; your losing masts will not be of consequence (so much at least), as you are still in the course of your enemy; but if you are to windward, and lose them, your foe leaves you when he likes.

† There are always "Lanterns" hung round the Gun-deck, at certain distances, during an action at night, to give light; they have covers, which are not taken off (in certain instances) until you fairly begin.

At length he loudly cries out—" Fire athwart
 " Her Quarter," that gun, which can best be brought.

An instantaneous flash !, and loud report !,
 Prove *how* we're ready for the dashing sport.

But, now is come the solemn, awful pause !
 Such as a mortal feels, when his fate draws
 Unto a final crisis !—Yet, no fear
 Does thro' our cool !, decided Crew ! appear :—
 Yet, I confess, when first I acted here,
 (Youth will, I trust, disarm the angry sneer,)
 This, more than awfully tremendous calm,
 Gave me, in shameful truth, a sick'ning qualm.
 Ha ! now " the winged messenger of death,"
 May in an instant stop my vital breath !
 Or I may, sorely wounded, fainting sink !
 While hov'ring thus on fate's extremest brink !
 On this I did, aye, too !, and trembling ! think.
 But, in a moment were these tremors routed,
 When—" Fire !—my gallant lads," was echoing shouted.

This is, however, but an ancient story ;
 We are not now, alack ! in so much glory.
 Scarce had our hostile mandate been begun,
 Explain'd concisely ! by a shotted gun ;
 Our well-arm'd Ship the while approaching fast,
 When his Main-topsail quick comes to the Mast *.

* When you wish to stop a Vessel's way, Sails must be laid in different directions ;—some full of wind, to keep her from going back-

We in a moment brace aback the same,
 And, disappointed, find he is no game!—
 But a great, lumbering, East-India Dane,
 Who would a homeward course direct maintain.

We board her,—find that it is even so,
 And then, sore vex'd, again to hammocks go.

Not to dwell too much on a certain theme,
 It may perhaps as well, nay, better seem
 For me to tell you, in this self-same place,
 That often thus is run a futile race,
 During dark nights, upon the spacious Sea,
 Whose wide expanse is to all neutrals free;
 These cut the Ocean into num'rous sections,
 As they keep traversing in all directions;
 So that it often haps, in gloomy weather,
 Two vessels crossing routes, thus close together.

This might be truly a most serious ill,
 Which would tranquillity on Ocean kill,
 Greatly,—were Sailors given to reflection;
 'Tis well for them they have to *this* objection.

They know they are not at their own command,
 But in the great Director's guardian hand.—

wards (having sternway); others, with the wind blowing against them (aback), to keep her from forging a-head (going on):—The usual method is, to lay the center Sail (Main-top-sail) against the Mast.

" We do our best!—can mortal man! do more?
 " And tho' mayhap stern fate may fearful lour,
 " We cannot help it, truly! any way;
 " Then why not! with the wise old proverb, say,
 " All cases which admit no earthly cure,
 " My honest people!, faith, you must endure."—

Oft, on a dark, a wild, tempestuous night,
 We on a vessel suddenly may light;
 And if you don't the dreadful shock evade,
 At once, smack smooth your lofty masts are laid.
 This is, alas!, in truth, the least can hap,
 From this so rightly-to-be-fear'd mishap;
 Far oft'ner 'tis mountainous waves form round her,
 Rent by the forceful shock, and make her founder!
 The foaming billows o'er her furious roll,
 Nor, from destruction, sav'd is one poor soul!!!

But if th' impending danger we escape,
 Still will it be on tranquil sleep a rape:
 A Ship an enemy we must suppose,
 Till time, convincing, does the truth disclose;
 And should it but turn out the sought-for foe,
 Then all the utmost exultation show:
 If not! we sulkily to hammocks go.—

I need not therefore any more repeat,
 That often this event at Sea we meet.
 Also conceive, it's frequently the case,
 That we've to set out on a fruitless chace,

During the day-time :—when we too oft find
 Many sails navigate, not of the kind
 So much desir'd ;—but we're in duty bound
 To search them all, that contraband be found :
 I will just let you know the gen'ral way,
 And then shall nothing further on it say.—

Suppose a vessel seen, from the mast-head,
 By the man station'd :—soon as the word's said,
 A Mate or Midshipman is sent aloft,
 (That is, it is requir'd them very oft,)
 Arm'd with a spying-glass, that they may see
 Better, what it is probable she be :
 If clearly ascertain'd a Merchantman,
 'Tis practis'd commonly, (and no bad plan,)
 To steer a course so as she may be met,
 While but the Watch on deck do fit sail set :
 But if she has a roguish-like appearance,
 If to manœuvres warlike she's adherence,—
 Our Captain is such a keen hand at cruising,
 That he himself is, and for ever, chusing
 To mount the lofty Cross-trees*, or the Yard,
 Nor cares how much in th' ardent feat he's tarr'd.

* The "Cross-trees," are pieces of timber which project from the Mast-heads on each side :—they spread the upper Shrouds, and thus support the Masts.—On the Top-mast ones, or Top-gallant Yards (still higher), the men sit who have the Look-out, and where an Officer is sent with a glass on a strange Sail being seen.—In going

Once his own eyes he fairly satisfies,
 In energetic accent, hark!—he cries,
 “On deck there, turn the hands up to make sail.”
 And how to steer, you hear him loudly hail.—
 But now, no more, anon I’ll end the tale:
 All I would have you just at this time think,
 Is, that our common routine, daily link
 Of avocations, line of Frigate’s duty
 Are often broken thus, thro’ search for booty.—
 This constant overhauling, alt’ring course,
 Would ever be a fruitful, serious source
 Of reck’ning falsely, and would much mislead,
 Did we not of the Log, and Course take heed.—
 And here one circumstance I must inform,
 We often board strange sails amidst the storm!

This is a difficult, and serious duty,
 In which cool Seamanship has ev’ry beauty.

First, with nice care, your Vessel should afford
 Good shelter to the daring men who board.—
 In a small fragile skiff, toss’d on the wave,
 You’d think that not e’en Destiny! could save
 From the death-surge of Ocean’s briny tide,
 The men, who danger boldly thus deride.

up (especially in hot weather) you can hardly avoid catching a little tar; as the ropes must have a good quantity about them, to prevent the rot.

It is, in truth, an arduous, nervous strife
 Between destruction, and each mortal's life ;—
 Yet,—in the instant that a Captain orders,
 No chilling fear the BRITISH TAR disorders.—
 At least there never is the least demurrage,
 All to *obey*, shew strenuous will, and courage,
 Determin'd, let th' event turn out as may,
 None will their hard-earn'd characters betray *.—

* The Author here would fain attempt to impress, as forcibly as he can, the extreme service a “Cork-boat” might be made to render, whether in this dangerous business of Boarding, Reconnoitring, Rowing Guard, sending Dispatches on shore, or other duties of peculiar importance ;—all of which might be executed by such a Boat, with perfect safety to the Crew, at times absolutely impracticable to others. It should be as much on the principle of a Life-boat, as lightness (for hoisting in and out) and dispatch, to which may be added cheapness, will admit of:—to meet the above essential properties, perhaps a form between the Whale-boat and Norway Yawl, (stem and stern exactly alike however,) to hold Three Rowers, pulling each a pair of short Oars (as the Yorkshire Cobles), and one in the stern and stem, to steer also with an oar, would be found best to answer. An arrangement might easily be struck out for stowing provisions, water, and compass. The equipments should be the same as the Life-boat, with the addition of *Cork Waist-belts*, for the Crew. It would even be worth while for many Men-of-War to purchase such a Boat by subscription. Admirals, or Commanders of Squadrons, might however, at all events, be allowed them by Government to advantage.—The Author begs to observe, that he has no sort of connection with the person who, he believes, has a Patent for Life-boats, viz. Mr. Greathead of Shields; but he has been in these, and wishes to add his testimony of their complete efficacy.

Imagine—now, three weeks entire have past
 Since when our Frigate was to Sea-ward cast,—
 That, as recounted, th' above time went o'er
 Without aught happ'ning since we left the shore,
 Of consequence enough t' arrest attention,
 Tho' now I have some novelty to mention :—
 It so occur'd, that for this day or two,
 The wind oft shifted, and as often blew ;
 Sometimes fell calm ; sometimes a gath'ring show'r
 Obscures the Sun, and makes th' horizon lour :
 While now and then a heavy, yellow cloud
 Would all, but a contracted prospect, shroud :
 These were infallible prognostics dire,
 That our late gentle Zephyrs 'gan to tire.—
 And now—behold !—from clouds a vacant space,
 Swift Whirlwinds spring, and o'er the waters race ;
 When lo ! a truly awful, wond'rous sight !!!—
 A Pillar rising to majestic height,
 E'en to the clouds !—from eddying foaming Seas,
 By the most *solemn, gradual, grand degrees* ;
 Heaven's expansive concave seems to close,
 As if to more stupendously impose,
 While a cadaverous dull leaden hue
 Is stampt upon th' intently gazing Crew :
 Till that the liquid Pillar's form we trace,
 Cloth'd in the darkest shades, which now displace

The ashy tint;—while as it slow ascends,
 This sullen gloom more gloomily extends:—
 Scarce is its pointed base in vapour lost,
 Than Heaven's mighty cisterns to exhaust
 Their rainy pow'rs seem steadfastly inclin'd;
 As those who watch on deck most lamentably find.
 This ever striking, grand phenomenon !,
 We Sailors often meet with on the run
 We make at Sea;—Tars it does not appal,
 But stranger Landman greatly;—'tis what all,
 A " Water-spout," on Ocean aptly call *.—
 Sometimes altho' it happens on the main,
 That it don't thus come down in pelting rain :
 For oft, alas ! it bursts before ascent,
 And to a rush of wet gives fatal vent.
 If then a miserable Ship appear,
 And to the dreadful torrent be too near,

* A " Water-spout," has, at first, the appearance of a pillar of water resting on the Sea, and capd with a low, dark cloud:—the hurried ascent of the fluid may, when near, be distinctly perceived:—at length the cloud rises, with the Water-spout attached, which quits the Sea, and becomes pointed at the base, ascending slowly, until lost in the atmosphere. It afterwards breaks in rain, but sometimes bursts while the water is in a column;—then! is the danger.—The cloud, with the Spout attached, is often also impelled by the wind, during ascent; in which case the pillar inclines from its perpendicular, according to the velocity of movement.

Stove are her decks, rent widely are her sides;
And the ingulphing abyss soon e'en vestige hides.

They tell you, to prevent this fatal ill,
You should expend upon't what's call'd a Pill,—
By Sailors that is, for the y'll have their joke,
Altho' their life's "fine thread" is all but broke:—
Therefore, whenever near towards it got,
They give their dose,—*id est*, they fire a shot.—
The Water-spout, this smart concussion breaks,
And too, before it serious mischief makes.—
I cannot say I ever saw the use,
But still it may not be of sense abuse.

Besides these warning signs, toward the West,
The dinky Porpoise speeds its very best,
With wond'rous swiftness, cleaving the salt wave,
In which they don't, with lazy tumblings, lave,
As sometimes wont, raising an ugly snout,
Not unlike hogs, while floundering about;
Oft single;—but with num'rous Scool * seem skimming
The foaming surface, more than simple swimming.

Grains, Hooks, and Gigs, with the barb'd, dread Harpoon†,
Are straight prepar'd, as we contemplate soon

* A "Scool of Fish," implies a flock; an immense number.

† "Grains," and "Gigs," are nearly the same instrument;—both have four or more prongs (sometimes barbed), with a long handle, to which is attached a cord.—The difference lays in the size.—The "Harpoon" is stronger; a single-barbed spear, with a line also.—Each is darted by hand at the fish.

To have a dash at them ;—perhaps next morn.—

Now, we must meet, the brewing, threat'ning storm ;

Which is expected from the western sky,

As, see !, towards 't these fish prophetic fly.—

For, ever from the part for which they nose,

Soon, we remark a fresh, oft high gale blows ;

The last, what ev'ry thing at present shows.—

As further proof—source of a sad dismay

To some of us on board ;—do look, I pray ;—

Behold dread Mother Cary's * fairy chicken,

Which closely round the lab'ring vessel thicken,

Superstitious souls, with qualms, to sicken.—

“ O ! Bird in shape—but wicked sprite,

“ In whom such witcheries unite,

“ Who shew the sea-toss'd Tar such spite !—

“ You Mother Cary !, Ould Nick's deary !,

“ Ah don't, I pray now, be contrary ;—

“ Do with your pitch-black lover sip,

“ Only forget to make us dip,

“ At least, good Lady, this one trip.”

* The small Sea-birds, called by Sailors “ Mother Cary's Chickens,” resemble Martins :—they only make their appearance just before or during bad weather ; hence are no favourites.—Strange powers are ascribed them and the Witch, Mother Cary, who, it is supposed, sends them. This superstition is, however, confined only to a few old Seamen.

So pray'd old ugly JOHN the Cook,
 With such true whimsicality of look,
 That my whole frame with bursting laughter shook.

Just in the midst of anxious pray'r,
 Bolt upright stood his greasy hair;
 That is, as much as grease would let,
 I mean it look'd upon the fret.—
 That desp'rate Heathen, SANDY MAYNE,
 Had, O the wretch ! a musket ta'en,
 And feather'd—kill'd perhaps, a sprite :
 Now certainly the witch will spite ;
 And poor old JACK to crazy quite.—
 Whew ! but some unlucky Youngster
 Tries,—would you think it?—to be songster !—
 Whistles too !—whistles ! 'fore the gale,
 Thrice-fearful wind-up to my tale !—

No sooner heard the fearful whistle,
 Than gummy JACK begins to drizzle,
 Not pearly dew-drops from the rose,
 Such as from weeping beauty flows ;
 But such as slowly oozes when,
 The coal is full of bitumen !—
 As much from nose, as e'er from eyes,
 Accompanied by heavy sighs :
 “ O Lord !—ould Mother Carey vex,
 “ Davy, with whistling d—d perplex ;
 “ And in the Ship too Parson Text !—

“ It’s all up with us!—that’s most sartin! ,

“ Devil a bit, we make our fortin! ,

“ All hands will be misfortunet! ,

“ I would my whole allowance bet!”—

Thus vex’d in spirit, down he goes,

Blowing like horn his great conch nose.

Unsettled weather had indeed begun,

Becoming worse, as clos’d our this day’s run ;—

For mark!—before the first dog-watch’s bell,

From the west quarter had set in a swell!—

As the Sun sinks, it spreads a wat’ry glare,

That worse than darkness is.—The hollow air

Now breaks, at intervals, the awful hush,

With an impressive sort of moaning rush.—

These passing blasts come sweeping from the west,

Which threat’ning horizon is quickly drest

In all the blackness, sablest black can boast;

Looking most like the frowning, shrouded coast:

That is, it is of such compact adherence

As to have to an i’rn-bound coast appearance * :

Tho’ now we’re cruising very far from shore,

Lisbon, the nearest port within our pow’r.

But we don’t turn our thoughts to seeking port.

A very pretty milk-and-water sort

* A bluff, rocky coast is denominated, by Mariners, “ iron-bound.”

Of useless, fearful Lubbers, we should be,
 To care forsooth !, for gales of wind at Sea.—
 To think, without the last necessity,
 On Home, and Harbour !—When that we
 Have, buffeting old Davy, cruising been
 From two, to three full months at least between,
 'Tis fair enough—we then may want fresh prog,
 And water sweet, to mix our cheering grog ;—
 Besides it then would surely justice be,
 That by that time, we should our sweethearts see,
 And from all connexions, good Friends too, hear,
 Which ever does of course our spirits cheer.—
 But now 'tis truly quite *une autre chose* !
 So, each smart Sailor squints and blows his nose,
 And buttons close, before to mount aloft
 He chewing goes,—and too, for fear that dofft *
 May be his hat or cap, or dropt his knife,
 (Than which, he almost might as well lose life,)
 He ties them safely to him, with a twine ;
 Nor cares he now, tho' Elements combine
 To bang him, on the lofty yards about :—
 The more they bluster, why ! the more he'll shout.

* “ Dofft,” means forced off,—thrown off.

Now hark !—before the bell'wing Tempest rails,
 Hands are turn'd up to reef the too-stretch'd sails;
 A serious calling, at which no one fails.
 Some Midshipmen unto the tops repair,
 The daring Seamen swing aloft in air,
 Soon as securely they've down clew'd the yard,
 And spilt the swelling sail, from flapping-hard;
 (No reefing possible, was this not barr'd),—
 Midshipmen, I have said, are always station'd
 In the tops, as seniority occasion'd;
 Two Youngsters whom I spoke before about,
 Are in the mizen-top, and both too out
 At top-sail yard-arms, as the Captain bade them:
 By which means smart young Seamen he had made them.

Yet, tho' he wish'd them ever to be fir'd
 With ardent spirit,—he had not desir'd,
 By any kind of means, they should necks break,
 For merely a fool-hardy daring's sake;—
 Yet this in spite, these two young rival chaps,
 (As it indeed with older ones oft haps)
 Shew'd the same obstinate determin'd pride
 They did, when strength at cudgelling was tried.—
 One taunting swears, if t'other is as bold,
 He will bestride the earing without hold:
 No sooner is the daring challenge ta'en,
 By t'other, of the self-same stubborn grain,

Than HENRY looses both his hands, and cries!

O Lord! O Lord!—and from the yard-arm * flies !!!—

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The woe-struck Captain sees the fav'rite Boy,

His Sister's only Child, her chiefest joy,

Thus miserably lose the fairest life

That youth e'er dawn'd, thro' the most foolish stife!

Wildly convuls'd!, he scarce has pow'r to say,

“O! low'r away the Jolly-boat, I pray:—

“Cut loose the Life-buoy †!”—but alas! before

This could be done—the Youngster was no more!!!

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 - - - - -
 - - - - -
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* The “Yard-arms” are the parts which project over the Sea; the “Earing” is the extreme end of these Yard-arms, where the Reefs of the Sails at their extremities are secured. To make lad's Seamen, they should ever be made to practise the duties of Seamen. The Mizzen-top is the smallest of the three, where Youngsters are first stationed.

† The “Jolly-boat” is the smallest in the Ship, and generally kept ready for lowering in case of accidents.—The “Life-buoy” is usually of cork, with places for people to hold by:—it will support more than one person.

At least, most thought so;—but brave SANDY MAYNE,
 We now perceiv'd, did the poor Boy sustain
 Above the billows; holding by a rope
 He had in hand:—O! now! there's room for hope!

But busy fears our anxious hopes appal,
 When we reflect upon the serious fall.—

As soon as possible the boat is low'rd,
 And, in a moment's period, makes toward:—

They get them in.—And what now do you think?

BEN BRACE, while standing on the Gangway's brink,
 Clearing some rope, observ'd poor HENRY fall,

And instantly, without a thought at all,

Of self, of coming storm, or mountain wave,

Jumps from the deck, the struggling Youth to save! }

Thou might'st have found, good fellow!, thy own grave. }

But Providence benign has sent us luck,

For none have been by Death's dark arrow struck,

And our right-worthy, gallant SANDY MAYNE,

Did from us heart-felt admiration gain.

He happily had seen young HARRY light,

And buoyant float, the serious fall in spite;

Nimble, he firmly grasps a ready cord,

And from the quarter jumps the Youth toward;

Our Frigate had not much way through the Sea,

So that they lay just by the Vessel's lee:

Brave SANDY MAYNE, by a strong rope supported,
 While his left arm the helpless Youngster courted.
 As for our proper, noble, daring BRACE,
 Who made his dash with such a manly grace,
 You may, and no Lavater, clearly trace
 From the expression of his happy face,
 That merely *doing it* 's indeed enough
 Reward for him ;—he's of such sterling stuff !!!
 However, after shifting his wet tog,
 He gets from Chief a north-west glass of grog* ;
 And the regard too of our thankful Captain,—
 Love of the Youth,—esteem of the good Chaplain.
 Time from the grateful Boy, would ne'er erase
 His love for SANDY MAYNE and brave BEN BRACE !
 A stun severe ! was all the hurt that griev'd
 Poor HENRY, when from briny wave reliev'd ;—
 What none on board at first would have believ'd.

Now, tho' the Captain's falt'ring voice, flush'd face,
 Prov'd he had feelings Man cannot disgrace,
 Occasion'd by his lov'd young Nephew's danger :
 “ Presence of mind ” was, ne'er the less, no stranger ;
 For to the Vessel's duty he attended,
 And as a perfect Seaman storm forefended,—

* “ Tog ” means Clothes.—A north-west wind is in general a strong one :—apply this to grog.

But mark tho'! he the First Lieutenant lets
 Reduce the canvas, which he also sets;—
 In short, he makes him execute his order,
 So long as it is done, without disorder.—

A real Seaman cannot e'er abide,
 That hastily, and oft, his Chief should chide,
 The while he's *strenuously* about his duty :
 No interruption!, is essential beauty!—
 When once a necessary order's given,
 If the men are, from hasty caprice, driven,
 To do aught else, 'tis a perplexing thing;
 What must vexatiously good Seamen sting;
 Whenever that a First Lieutenant's tried,
 And of his talents his Chief satisfied;
 Directions from the Captain once well told,—
 He should not *triflingly* disturb,—some hold!
 Because that a Commander's voice, at Sea,
 Should in effect almost terrific! be.—
 The Officers and Crew should ever dread
 A reprimand by Captains justly said,
 More than a place even among the dead !!!
 Only suppose, a horror panic! seizes
 On a Ship's Crew, and their blood, death-like! freezes;
 Will a voice heard *familiarly* each day,
 In *trifling* orders, turn from the heart away—
 The fatal shock?—Can *that* man e'er avert
 This fearful ill, *who must* (and oft'times) *court*?—

For in conducting daily, hard routine,
 Officers must, at times, to courting lean;
 Of course, I mean, *undue extremes* between.
 No!—I have never seen it,—never!,—never! :
 Let a man be however passing clever.
 But if a Ship's Crew do but understand
 That their smart Captain *never* will command,
 Until a circumstance perchance occurs,
 Which to the full extent his spirit stirs;
 Which to meet well, their utmost heart requires;
 'Tis *then* his rapid action each one fires!
 Like an electric spark, we feel pervade
 Orders which from the brazen trump are made!—
 Impending danger yields!—we conquer fate!—
 Say, has not *this* its use?—is it not great?

Of course a Captain ever should convince,
 That he does not from smaller duties wince
 Thro' ignorance!—how easy it is done,
 At the first outset of a Vessel's run.—
 If not a Seaman?—surely, he's not wise
 Who to display a smatt'ring knowledge tries
 In paltry trifles!—*this*, all hands despise!!!
 'Tis better quietly to gain experience,
 By having to attention strict adherence,
 Until it is not merely false appearance!
 In order now t' exemplify the thing,
 I will a real story forthwith bring:

Not from old times, but from a recent tale,
That ne'er to warm a BRITISH Tar can fail.—

And, for the date,—'twas on that fateful day,
When gallant NELSON did a reck'ning pay,
His injur'd, scoff'd-at Country, long had ow'd;
Had been a sadly galling, heavy load
Upon our poor BRITANNIA's patient spirit;
Treachorous "neutral Innovation," to wit.
Our best!, our very vital rights!, they shook,
Written, our own, in Justice's fair book;
How those, whose ancestors did help to stock
The BRITISH Isles, could ever wish to shock
Our dearest feelings!—e'er could hostile try
To make our fair, our well-earn'd Commerce, lie
At the fell mercy of one grasping nation,
Ambitious France!!!—Poor Europe's situation
Far! from better'd;—for to say *one* can think
It could *improve* its state, our wealth to sink
Into the specious Gallic Plund'rer's lap,—
Or that *but* France could gain by our mishap,
Were execrable vice,—or madness certain!
Take but a single peep behind the curtain,
Gaul cries!—Lay but BRITANNIA's Commerce low,
And at our feet the world itself must bow * !!!

* What Nation?, ancient or modern, has so just a right to enjoy its riches as England?—To the noble industry of her Children is

But common reason is not always best,
In such an age as this! the sword's the test!—

she entitled for her pre-eminence in Arts and Manufactures;—to peopling new, and, it may be said, uninhabited regions of the world; and to legitimate conquest, is she indebted (in part) for the sale of them; the profits are meritorious, and hardly earned.—What but the envy of Demons!, or imbecility of Idiots!, would take them from us?—The weaker Powers should support us with an enthusiasm, such as is produced by interest and self-preservation.—England is the trust-worthy deposit for that stake, which, when the rapacity of more powerful neighbours deprives them of other means, will be found entire,—and save them from destruction.—But England has the Commerce of the World! and a Navy to maintain it!—She monopolizes the Ocean?—Granted!—France commands the soil of Europe and its inhabitants! she has armies to continue it!—This is a sufficient answer!—for it must strike every one, that England must monopolize one way,—while France does the other.—If, by dividing part of her commerce amongst weak nations, you would secure them from France, it would be happy for Great Britain!—But the misfortune is, that whatever you take from her, at this crisis, only serves to aggrandize her insatiate enemy.—By dividing, is meant, *giving them back* the Commerce their own folly!, wickedness!, or forced submission to the will of France!, have occasioned us to deprive them of:—and to prove that the proportion they enjoyed was not *trifling*, the Author believes he needs go no further than an appeal to the Navy of this Country, who must know that the Sea literally *swarmed* with Neutrals!—Do not the very efforts they have made to prevent their vessels from being *searched*, prove the “Extent of the Trade,” as well as the “*sinister* principle on which it is conducted?”—Great Britain never yet closed a war, without giving up many, at times *very* many, conquests!—She must!, she will! do it again, or deserve annihilation!!!;—but not until her *own* vital interests, and those of *others*, will permit it.—And, while upon this truly momentous subject, it may not be thought unworthy of observing, that it would be no difficult matter to prove, “Commerce cannot exist, without a certain degree of

Therefore, great NELSON!,—first invoking God,
 Shook o'er the first he reach'd, stern Retribution's rod!
 Laid Copenhagen's floating barrier low,
 Until to ruin lay expos'd the foe.—

Monopoly;" in the present instance better deserving the name of a "Directing Principle, a Soul!;"—and that this "vital Principle" *has been, is, and ought ever to remain* centered in GREAT BRITAIN.——"That Commerce cannot exist without an impulse from *one quarter*," may be briefly proved on the *general* ground, that "Anarchy, terminating in *utter* destruction!, Slavery!, or Monopoly!, has invariably followed every attempt to obtain Equality;"—(which the *inequality* of the human intellect is sufficient alone to prove cannot exist, nor could have been the Creator's intention should exist).—This, applied to Commerce, shews, that an *equal* division of its Profits, at this moment, amongst Nations *not otherwise equal*, would only take from *those who could not spare it*, to make *one! the more powerful*;—in short, "only insure a Monopoly somewhere."—As a proof "that this Monopoly, or rather Directing Principle, *has been in GREAT BRITAIN*," we need only look to the Continents and Islands she has explored!, peopled!, extracted Produce from!—the *date*, it may be said, of a "general Commercial Spirit in the World:"—for her Sons have *instructed*, and her Capital *assisted*, those very Nations *now* in league *against* her!——"That the Commerce of the World *is* at her supreme direction," requires no proof!;—and "that it should *ever be*," (though not to the present extent, when possible to reduce it,) may be proved on the principle first set out with, viz. "that unless a preponderating Influence rests with *one* Nation, Anarchy, &c. &c. must ensue:"—that therefore, as Monopoly *must be*; it is impossible for it to be lodged in a country affording greater natural barriers against Universal Dominion than GREAT BRITAIN:—whose separation from others by the Ocean, and whose trifling population, exclusive of her Industry, aptitude to Commercial Pursuits, and established Honour!, denote her, really and safely, the "Soul of Commerce."—May the eyes of all nations soon be opened to this truth!—and may they acquire *power* to assert their conviction!!!—

Well!—did no bright example, *à-la-France*,
 Destroy the town,—make the rebellious dance
La Lanterne!, *Noyade!*, *Fusillade!*, because
 These shocking, wicked subjects did not pause
 To execute their lawful Prince's order,
 Standing the while even on ruin's border!;
 But did obey the mandate in such style
 As made our loyal Tars admiring smile.
 No!—gallant BRITISH NELSON never came
 A nation to annihilate!, but tame!!!
 People, obeying such a righteous calling,
 Did not, he thought, deserve such dreadful mauling.

Whenever Rulers will make recompence,
 To stop! is justice!, mercy! back'd by sense!

Ah, but, alas! before this taming could,
 Scuppers * were overflow'd with streams of blood!
 This most tremendous trial of War's science,
 Was between men who had a near alliance;
 But Danes beguil'd, and Englishmen could smother
 Ev'ry idea of kindred with each other:
 For we perceive as dire, as bitter rage,
 As ever chronicled in Naval page;

* "Scuppers" are small channels, made from the deck, through the sides, to carry off any water, and of course blood, should such be on them.

The very bloodiest battle, all agree,
 On our part, this last furious war at sea;
 On theirs, 't was absolute extermination!
 Not even *one* Ship left, to take a station!!!—

It was on this day's sanguinary fight,
 A Fifty * of ours soon became a sight
 Indeed most dismal!—torn by heavier shot,
 While many a noble Tar found death his lot!
 The Quarter-deck a scene at length display'd,
 In the most horrid form of death array'd,
 When the few who were yet from slaughter sav'd,
 Turn'd an imploring, speaking eye, and crav'd,—
 But, mark me! not a word!!!—"some little mercy,
 "That Heav'n for this, must surely reimburse ye!"

Thus, to the Captain!—and the piteous look
 His ev'ry nerve with agitation shook!—
 But then it was his firmly fix'd resolve,
 That let destructive fate how'er involve
 Himself, his Ship,—and more—his gallant Crew,
 Still would he at his station'd post be true!!!—

Whiz!—again comes another murd'rous ball
 Sweeping down some, unnerving even all!
 This, human nature cannot now withstand,—
 They turn! when, hark!—the ardent Chief command,

* A "Fifty-gun" Ship, is the smallest class of Two-deckers brought into the Line, although they are not properly Line-of-Battle Ships.

“Stand to your guns, Men,” in a voice of thunder,
 “Stand! I say, Sailors, tho’ you’re cut asunder!!!”—

Scarce was the energetic Hero heard,
 Than they attend!, aye dread! his angry word
 Far more than death’s uplifted vengeful stroke,
 No more aghast!—the spell of Terror’s broke,—
 Again their deep-mouth’d guns with fury rattle,
 And yet more deadly fierce! they urge the battle,
 The more they’re crush’d, the more they raise the cheer!
 Banish’d is ev’ry sense of panic fear.

At length the fruits of such brave toil they share,
 For lo!—the stubborn foe explodes in air!!!—
 The dread concussion, and the splinters, force
 Our batter’d hulk, at last, to alter course;
 Tho’ ne’er before!—altho’ the rival Ship
 With heavier metal, did her vitals rip.

Now, tho’ the First Lieutenant cheer’d and cheer’d,
 Yet, as it in this real fact appear’d,
 He was not, *so much as the Captain, fear’d!*

Reader, I trust I have been understood,
 And made my own position pretty good.—
 If First Lieutenants are not rightly clever,
 ’Twere better far that they from Captains sever,
 Than stay, and hear them constantly find fault
 And hint, “they are not worthy of their salt,”—
 Or plumply say:
 But this was not our Captain’s way;

If e'er an Officer amiss behav'd,
 With *us*, he still was from exposure sav'd
 On deck, before all hands :—a certain source
 Of fatal strife!—as Sailors think of course
Such Officers know not about their trade;
 And therefore think they need not be obey'd.
 Indeed for this, there can be no defence;
 And the invariable consequence
 Is, that the bands which form a due obedience,
 Slacken,—or break,—giving a sad precedence
 To disagreements!, murmurs!, fatal strife!
 Ending at last—how oft!—in loss of life!!!—
 Court-martials come, in serious, dread array,
 And will the dismal reck'ning sternly pay!—
 When (as I've said) an Officer did wrong,
 He was not told it 'fore the list'ning throng;
 But into Captain's Cabin being order'd,
 Was in a way, and, too, by harshness border'd,
 Timely reprov'd by the indignant Chief,
 And firmly told, “ That, tho' 't would be with grief,
 “ Yet, from a sense,—ever so paramount,—
 “ Of strictest Naval Duty, he may count,
 “ That if his observations now don't mend,
 “ Nothing on earth shall save him from the end
 “ He then would merit: needless 'tis to say,
 “ That then a Martial-court shall misdeeds pay!!! ”

In Service, such as ours, necessity
 Bids, that we may young Lieutenants see;
 Some may not be, at first, sufficient clever;
 But, if they do their very best endeavour,
 Surely none should their willing spirit break,
 By constant anger;—but essay to make
 These young men what 'tis requisite they should be,
 And what, if but encourag'd, doubtless would be.

If men are old, and past a due exertion,
 It is of present glory no desertion;
 But the direct reverse,—if they request
 To have a Post, including greater rest.
 When Officers have lost activity,
 And (except youths) without ability
 To persevere, is wretched slavery!
 Nay!—'tis in fact unto the Nation wrong;
 For, to our active Navy must belong
 Such Off'cers as are able to secure
 The glorious Service on a basis sure;
 Are brave!,—are clever!,—and can toil endure!!!

CANTO V.

Argument.

Further precautions against the Gale, which now bursts on the Ship in a Squall of Wind, Thunder, Lightning, and Rain—Mountainous Wave—Lurch in consequence—Top-gallant Yards got on Deck, and Masts struck, under very trying circumstances—Captain no longer refrains from giving the Word of Command—A Man falls from the Main-top, and breaks his collar-bone—Cockpit scene in consequence—Sea-Sickness—Incidents in the Gale—It becomes steady, but blows hard—A plan of the First Lieutenant's—Bonetta and Albicore come about the Ship—Preparations to catch them—Ben Brace an excellent Harpooner—How it came about—His Life, Marriage, &c. mentioned.

THE
C R U I S E.

CANTO V.

NOW to detail the gale's progression,
With, I hope, no undue digression :
Our First Lieutenant having made
Such sail as Captain's orders bade,
Namely,—“ three closely-reef'd top-sails,”
And “ main-sail * furl'd” from furious gales ;—
All the “ top-gallant gear † unbent,”
That yards be ready to be sent

* “ The Mainsail” is the largest in a Ship, and too powerful for very blowing weather ; it is therefore furled.

† “ Gear,” means any thing belonging to,—as, a Boat's Gear,—Fishing Gear,—implying what is necessary to both :—so to a Yard. “ Top-gallant Yards,” are (generally speaking) the highest rigged ones in a Vessel ;—the “ Royal ones,” still higher, are not usually rigged, but set what is called Flying.—“ Unbending” the Gear, implies clearing such appendages as would prevent the Yards coming down.

On deck, in case the gale increases.
 Altho' we think, before it ceases,
 It will not, cannot well be long.—
 (However *here*, all hands were wrong.)
 But it is never a right thing,
 When cruising, these on deck to bring
 Without an absolute occasion.
 A Man-of-War's best situation
 Is, when she can make such sail,
 As may be carried in the gale;
 In trim at once to chase and steer
 After the foe, when such appear:
 "Storm stay-sails" too, we forthwith bend,
 Whose texture strong, winds scarce can rend*.

The Gunner and his Crew go round,
 And have their cannon firmly bound†;
 Foreboding too the lightning's gleam,
 Some swabs, which with sea-water teem,
 They place together on the floor,
 Close to the Magazine's dread door,

* "Storm Stay-sails" are small triangular sails, made of the strongest canvass; and only set in gales of wind.

† It is a very great point, to have the cannon well secured in bad weather, as the motion is tremendously violent at times, and their breaking loose fatal.—The manner of doing it is, by what is termed "double-breeching," "cleeting," and "lashing them in to the sides by the messenger."—The first is usually sufficient.

The Carpenter inspects the wings,
 And if there's any lumber, flings
 The same away,—as nought but gear
 For gales of wind should here appear *.
 For instance, ropes to save the mast;
 As “Runners with their Tackles †” fast,
 E'en these are lash'd to stanchions ‡, so as
 Good room the Carpenter to go has.—
 The passage clear is, at each side,
 That we may stop with plugs the tide,
 Which follows shot-holes ;—this, our Chief
 Notes down expressly in the leaf
 Of written orders :—oft he sees
 Himself!, that care be paid to these.—
 Our Carpenter may therefore steer
 Thro' all the wings, and find them clear ;—
 Then he must pay to pumps attention ;
 To spars ||,—that there be no prevention

* All our Men-of-War have narrow passages, partitioned off from the sides, under water, denominated “wings,” in order to admit men to stop shot-holes, &c. &c.—Only some essential gear, not considerable enough to block a passage, is admitted in them.

† “Runners” are used in setting up the rigging, that is, tightening it; and if a shroud breaks, or stay, replaces it *pro tempore*.

‡ “Stanchions” are a kind of wooden pillar, which support the beams.

|| “Spars” mean the spare masts, yards, &c. &c. ships have.

On his part, should the furious gale,
 Or spring a mast, or make us bale.—
 Dead-lights * are also got to hand,
 Ready for fixture, at command.
 Scuttles † they shut too,—chests secure,
 That these mayn't some poor wretch immure
 Amongst them,—or between hatch-ways
 Some hapless mortal's shin-bones graze.
 Our glass, and crock'ry, are put by,
 The lest we have their loss to cry.—
 Old cranky Davy ! oft will rob
 Our once gay beaufets,—doleful job !—
 For it occasions sad expence,
 As we must buy in our defence.

Well, now suppose, all this is done,
 Before has set the angry sun ;—
 Suppose that ev'ry thing takes place
 At the same time, as is the case ;
 For in a British Man-of-War,
 Duties are portion'd to the Tar,
 Doing the *many* is no bar.—

* “ Dead-lights ” are strong wooden shutters, to secure the Cabin windows astern ; as “ half-ports ” do those at the sides, and which are continued the whole length of upper gun-decks :—they are also a kind of shutter, with a hole for the gun to go through.

† “ Scuttles ” are small openings, near the water, to admit light and air ; always closed in bad weather.

So then conceive the Ship made tight,
 As real Seamen think it right ;—
 That Helmsmen's ship the *hooded coat*
 Of painted canvass, dress afloat,
 In weather rough, of right good worth :
 Thus are they dry, as in their birth.—
 For boots of hardy Fisher suit,
 When oil'd, from *feet* the wet to shoot *.—
 That but the watch looks out at last.—
 That onward comes the rushing blast ;
 That deepest darkness spreads around,
 That hollow thunders 'gin to sound,
 And foaming, mountain-billows bound.—
 That, as the Tempest comes apace,
 Lightnings alone illumine the space
 Of Heav'n's contracted vault, and sear its face !

* There are always, in Men-of-War, when the weather is bad, "four Helmsmen," besides occasional assistance from what are termed "relieving Tackles."—The trick, or spell, at the Helm is usually two hours (often repeated in the course of twenty-four hours), during which time they are exposed, frequently, to torrents of rain and spray. Some Captains order the above coats to be made expressly for the Helm in bad weather, by which means much sickness is prevented.—The "Helm" means, generally, the machine by which a vessel is guided: in all, but small craft, it is composed of three parts, viz. the "Rudder," on the outside; the "Tiller," a bar of wood within, which moves it; and the "Wheel," which again works the Tiller.

The feeling I can never tell
 That first I felt,—it was farewell,
 A sort of solemn, dread, farewell
 To our own world ; as tho' we were
 Shut out from circumambient air ;
 As tho' ordain'd from light to go,
 And sail 'mongst shades to worlds below !!!—

Not long does this wild threat'ning warn,
 An aspect even 'Tars don't scorn,—
 For hark!—the Heavens torn asunder
 Seem, by that awful clap of thunder!
 Instant, the Vessel glares with light,
 Each countenance breaks on the sight,
 Tho' but now rapt in deepest shade :—
 This the broad flame of lightning made!—
 'Tis past ! all 's still more dark again,
 When down in torrents rushes rain.
 Hah!—"Ease her quick!" the Captain cries,
 Who a tremendous wave espies.—
 'Tis quickly done :—had it not been,
 No standing mast we should have seen*.

Down lays the Frigate a carreen,
 And at the moment all hands lean,—

* By a management of the Helm, a vessel is "eased," when she meets a heavy sea ; that is, she is made to approach it more gradually : was this not most carefully attended to, the effects would be ruinous.

Cling! to the hove-up weather side,
 For deep the other drinks the tide!—
 This, with an in-board rumbling noise,
 The Landsman's busy fear employs.
 Some coils, or things not well secur'd,
 Had, in the lurch *, been forc'd to leew'rd;
 These o'er the decks in thunders sound,
 Most so, if empty casks rebound :
 Noises within, those without drown'd.—
 Guns 'gin to creak, and oft a swash,
 Shipp'd from the waves, the decks now wash;
 Therefore each Hatch is batten'd down,
 (That is, Tarpaulins, Gratings crown †);
 One's open aft tho', that a few
 May mount on deck,—or else the Crew
 Might be half swamp'd below in bed;
 As th' upper deck in gales is laid,
 Flooded!, devour'd!, by famish'd Seas,
 Which, seemingly, would all parts seize;

* “A Lurch,” is, when a vessel falls over on one side, from a wave pressing on the other.

† “Gratings” are covers for the Hatchways, made of wood, with a number of small square spaces to admit light. “Tarpaulins” are pieces of strong canvass, painted, so as to become impervious to water: they are placed over the Gratings in bad weather, and, what is called, “battened down;” which is, being nailed to the deck by means of slips of wood, which keep them close down.

These, let us do our best, are rude,
 And oft on hapless Tars intrude:
 Vessels will work with furious fret,
 And many must below get wet.

The pumps should ever be attended,
 And stench, by fresh sea-water, mended;
 That is, whene'er you draw *foul* out,
Fresh should be made to run about:
 As oft a dismal accident
 Happens, when vapour has not vent.
 It is the Carpenter's disgrace,
 If such a thing at all take place;
 For it's his duty men to tell,
 In proper time, "to clean the well *."—
 Thro' lack of this, I one time knew
 A lamentable thing accrue,—
 Two Sailors fell;—one died outright,
 The other, ne'er recover'd quite!

* "The Well," is in the centre of a Ship, to which there is a communication from every part of the bottom, by channels, called "Limbers;" consequently, whatever water or liquid is in the Ship finds its way here, and is called "Bilge Water." As dirt and stuff will be in the Hold, the water gets impregnated, and turns black, and offensive to a degree, and full of vapour, if allowed to remain; it is therefore of great consequence to pump it off frequently, and let in fresh sea-water, to cleanse as much as possible; which is again pumped off.

So you perceive what was the cost,—
 Two valuable men were lost !!!—
 It is however only needful,
 To be of this in Harbour heedful,
 Or at Sea-calm ;—in gales, the source
 Of leakage is in too great force,
 To let us have to cocks * recourse.—
 Now, tho' we pump'd and pump'd again,
 Yet, in spite of every pain,
 The water would be still returning,
 And in the limbers kept such churning,
 That an unpleasant, noisome smell
 Of Bilge-water does some impel,
 Added to the Ship's great motion,
 Rather tow'rds a squeamish notion ;—
 Landmen's far most bitter potion,
 When rough Davy Jones they cross,
 And for the first time feel him toss :
 This so exhausts a helpless wight,
 That he can neither sip nor bite,
 But loses strength and spirit quite.—
 Some men are oft so truly bad,
 That e'en death's stroke they would have had

* Small pipes run through the sides of Men-of-War, so low down
 as to convey water to the interior, when wanted ; which is com-
 manded by " Turn-cocks."

As soon as not,
 Nor move a jot,
 Tho' loudly threaten'd on the spot!
 Not only limbs are paraliz'd,
 But manly sense is so disguis'd,
 That it is heard but in, O dear! O!
 Thrice-grand expression for a Hero!—
 Now are the Youngsters in their glory,
 (Such as are fit to tell the story);
 They preach up, that the best thing e'er
 Sickness to cure, is to prepare
 A fine fat slip of rancid pork,
 And, by a string, to make it work
 With smartness, up and down the throat.—
 Faugh!—even while the words I wrote,
 A sick'ning qualm came stealing o'er,
 As when first heard on quitting shore.—
 Just at a time when all things pall,
 That *greasy pork* should be the call,—
 Zooks!, it would turn a Hottentot,
 Not the most delicate, I wot!—

Sickness, however, does not last long,
 Therefore, my friends, you do not fast long.—
 Troth! you make up at glorious rate,
 For meals old Davy made you bate;—
 Then is the time, when you are seen
 To eat, the keenest of the keen!

No longer, "Oh! I can't touch that,
 "Faugh!—why it smells as a dead rat;—
 "Or like—" why—it's no matter what;—
 But weev'ly * biscuit, stinking cheese,
 Can even then the palate please!—
 In fact,—with little cause to fear,
 It does all bilious humours clear.

As waves to mountains now have nearly kin,
 The Chief desires his "dead-lights be put in;"
 Fearful that else his windows may be stove,
 As the Ship's counter may be forceful hove,
 From the o'erwhelming shock of a head-sea,
 In waves astern,—source of great injury †!—
 Also perceiving that the lofty masts
 Can scarcely stand the fury of the blasts;
 And that the tumult of the high-topp'd billows
 Make them bow down, even like supple willows;
 (For, as Ships feel the pressure of the Sea,
 Their lower yard-arms nearly dip a-lee;)
 He knows that therefore much top-weight is bad,
 So issues orders, "that on deck be had

* A "Weevil" is a small, brown insect, which honey-combs the biscuit, and fills it with a kind of web.

† That full part of a Vessel extending from the stern-frame towards the keel, may be termed the "Counter."—"Stern-way," in a heavy Sea, is ever dangerous. The "Keel" is the very lowest part of a Vessel, on which the whole fabric is built; it extends beneath even the bilge or bottom.

"Top-gallant yards, and struck the Masts ;"—a feat,
 With danger fraught, but whence no Tars retreat!—
 In spite of darkness, and of sleety rain ;
 Tho' winds usurp, and agitate the Main!—
 It indeed wildly blows a gale, with squalls,
 Of perfect drift* ; which most imperious calls
 For utmost caution!—'Tis now landmen quake,—
 Now, with alarm and chilliness they shake :—
 Now 'tis "*Sheet-anchor*" men alone excel,
 And in this trying, fearful feat, act well ;
 Sheet-anchor men!—most glorious, honour'd name,
 Stamp'd with an almost more than *mortal* fame :
 For like Immortals seem the wond'rous few,
 To whom this noblest of terms ! is due.—
 Judge!—when tremendous elemental strife
 Threatens t' involve in ruin mortal life ;
 When nature's wildest and most vengeful face
 T' exterminate our feebly crawling race
 Seemeth inclin'd!—when stoutest human hearts
 Can scarce sustain us, firmly thro' the parts
 We ought to play,—that is, "like men! to act,
 "Nor this, while life's last ebb remains, retract."

* In squalls, at times, the force of the wind is such, as to blow the tops of the waves into a white spray ; resembling, in some degree, a "drift of snow;"—hence the application.—The whole surface of the Sea, within reach of the squall, is, as the Sailors term it, "feather white."—At night, this luminous spray has a grand appearance.

In short—when fate's worst fiat draweth near,
 He who undaunted! firm! can still appear;
 Him whom stern death itself cannot appal,
 A *thorough-bred* Sheet-anchor man we call !!!
 Throughout the common run of life's routine,
 Such men are like unto all others seen;—
 Then,—nothing mighty happens, to give vent
 To their true manhood's, daring, great intent!—
 But, when we buffet to preserve a life,
 'Tis *then they* make, unrivall'd, wond'rous strife.

The derivation thence,
 Originated hence:—

A Ship, to keep from shipwreck's peril dread,
 Has her Sheet-anchor!—sole, remaining thread!—
 Therefore, such men as stand 'tween us and fate,
 We all “Sheet-anchor Men,” and aptly, rate*.—

The hour is now past Twelve,—and so tremendous,
 That e'en all hands on deck! can scarce forefend us,
 From either losing sails, or still worse!, masts;
 The unremitting vengeance of the blasts
 Nearly upon the surface casts the keel;
 Such is the Vessel's truly awful heel!

* In all bodies of men, some few will be found, in the hour of peril, supereminent for energy of mind and body:—*all* may do their best, but *some* will excel:—such are real heroes, provided they do not *assume* too much, in the *common* run of life.

Now, one would think, these horrors well might mar
The *strivings* even of the bravest Tar!

But no!—their energy not death can bar.—

Experienc'd!, active!, powerful!, and brave!

Both sails, and masts,—nay, Ship!,—our Sailors save.

The Chief no longer now command foregoes,
But real science strenuously shows;

He sees that every attention's paid,

That stern Necessity imperious bade.—

Dangers increase!—the more his spirit fires!—

While lo!—his energy, past thought, inspires

The hardy efforts of the ardent Crew!

And thus the threat'ning crisis is got thro'

With perfect safety:—we have but to mourn

A Sailor from the main cat-harpins torn,

Tho' happily! he's on the netting borne*.

His collar-bone, however, from the stroke,

So forceful given, sad to say! is broke!—

Numb'd with the wet, and aching sore with pain,

Th' unfortunate is to the Cockpit ta'en;

* The "Main Cat-harpins" are of rope, placed horizontally under the Main-top, strapping in the lower Shrouds, and confining the upper at their lowest extremities. Every mast has its Cat-harpins, which, from being near the tops, of course are a considerable height from the deck.—All Men-of-War have horizontal Nettings, which stretch, at least, over the quarter-deck, to prevent things falling on those underneath.—Boarding Nets are perpendicular, and go round a vessel.

Whose present scene affects the throbbing sight,
 More than the horrors of the bloodiest fight!—
 For then—our blood's inflam'd and boiling o'er,
 We cannot pause to be in mind so sore;
 As when a cool reflection mounts its throne,
 And makes us *feel* the suff'rer's anguish'd groan.
 As now!—now also 'tis that pale alarm
 Has in our bosoms no opposing charm,—
 As in the fiery battle!—now the gale
 Doth, with its fullest force, our minds assail;
 Some hearts will sink—some weaker spirits fail.
 Excepting ever tho'—the true-built Tar,
 Who shines as much in tempests as in war.

The Cockpit now appears a noisome vault,
 Where almost spectres! seem to move and halt;
 For such our *Galen*, and his peeking * Mate,
 I may, without at all exceeding, rate.—
 Not Romeo's haggard, sad Apothecary,
 Look'd, than our Surgeons, fresher or more merry;
 From divers qualms and flings they scarce can stand,
 And get their unstrung nerves in such command
 As to employ a nicely steady hand.—
 One solitary, gloomy candle's light,
 In hue sepulchral, meets th' astounded sight.
 Making each visage look a ghastly white!—

* "Peeking," out of order,—ailing.

When first a witness of this chilling scene,
 I thought myself even in Hell! between
 The scaring decks of some infernal Ship,
 Freightd with souls to take a final trip,
 Across its turbulent and darksome Ocean !!!—
 No wonder such a gloomy hippish notion,
 Should strike one in this wretched situation,
 And disturb'd fancy's wildest whim occasion.—
 Habit, however, is a second nature,
 And it soon made of this complete erasure.

The second time,—I firmly held the light!—
 The third,—had not a vestige left of fright.
 By-the-by, what in part made Doctors pale,
 Was, that sea-sickness ever did them ail;
 (At least had hitherto) when hard the gale.—
 When people have entirely conquer'd this,
 They much delight, in fact, if Ocean's phiz
 Thus works, and frets,—the more they stiff grog quaff,
 And at the peeking wretches loudly laugh!
 As to the wounded man, tho' frighten'd sadly,
 He was not hurt by any means so badly,
 But that his life was clearly quite secure;
 Nor was it long 'fore Surgeons made a cure.—

I've said, Top-gallant yards were safely down,
 And the masts struck;—now then storm-staysails crown
 The manful efforts of the heroic few,
 From whose exertions, chiefly, doth accrue

Our present safety,—thro' whose daring means
We care not how our snug-made Ship carreens.

As 'twas a serious, fearful, toilsome job,
The Captain orders them a round of grog;
Sometimes, when thus there's need, to "splice the main-brace"
Cannot at all a Naval Captain disgrace *.—
So then, you see, after a two hours fag,
Without, on one aboard the Ship, dry rag,
We swig a glass, we doff our clothes,
Again in hammocks pop our toes,
Nor ask of Morpheus leave to doze!
Our Chief, and ev'ry one, most sure,
Had made of weather too secure;
None, at the place and time of year,
Did such confounded blowing fear.—
But it is probable, I hold,
We should have been better told
By a Barometer †, if one
Had been on board us last day's run.

* "Splicing the Main Brace," is a cant term for a round of grog; frequently given after hard work, or in bad weather, but never in action; *then* there is only *water*.

† The Author once was in a Ship, whose salvation from being wrecked might fairly be attributed to her Captain's regarding the warning of one of these instruments, by getting an Offing he otherwise would not have done.—She lost her masts, and as the wind sat dead on the shore, had it not been for the long drift, she must have been lost.—Too much attention, however, should be firmly guarded against;—none should make themselves slaves to it!

It was our careful Chief's intent
 To have had one from London sent,
 But 'fore it came, to sea we went;
 Since this, they've been by many tried,
 Who in their warning much confide.

Our Chief not only wish'd to try
 This instrument, but would apply
 The means his First Lieutenant thought
 Might answer well the purpose sought,
 There is not at this moment time,
 With the good idea to chime;
 But this it is,—we often mourn
 The loss of masts from a ship torn,
 Spite of the magnitude which rears
 Above the deck, tho' it appears
 As if the structure might defy
 The wind's extremest force, nor lie
 A splinter'd ruin!, rending wide
 The vainly rated strong-built side.—

Alas! how oft the work of man
 Is render'd futile, be his plan
 Form'd with the most consummate art,
 Still he must play a mortal part.
 Of build stupendous is the Mast,
 Yet it is nought before the blast:—
 It falls!—and often we deplore
 A Tar, or crush'd!, or seen no more!,

In his attempt the ropes to clear,
 Which amidst surging waves appear;
 For, but a batten of weak wood
 Betwixt the shrouds and water stood.—
 This, as you are about to hear,
 Was, in no sense, a fit barrier:
 No sooner does the huge Mast fall,
 (Enough itself hearts to appal,)
 Than, lo!—off flies the poor weak wood,
 Sunk are the shrouds in the dread flood;
 Much to be dreaded!—for the fear
 Is, that the daring man who'd clear;
 So far without the Ship's safe deck,—
 In darkness too!—the dang'rous wreck,
 (Which from its shocks, while thus confin'd,
 To stave the side in seems inclin'd,)
 May lose his life,—may find a grave
 Ill suited to a man so brave!!!
 The First Lieutenant, to avoid
 Such a catastrophe, employ'd
 His ev'ry care, his ev'ry thought,
 And which at length this plan forth brought :—
 To have part of a Hawser got,
 With, at each end, a Thimble wrought,
 To which a Lanyard is made fast;
 Then, that the Hawser should be past

Close round the Dead-eyes,—and then made
 Within secure.—Well! with this aid,
 He thinks it may be safely said,
 You need not be of life afraid;
 As the lee-rigging can't desert
 The Chains, so much as men to hurt
 In clearing it:—for the right plan
 Then would be, that every man
 Would only have to gain the Chains,
 (A post he readily maintains,)
 And cut the Shrouds where Hawser binds,
 Easy and safe, if he but minds.
 When you have once cut ropes to leeward,
 You clear the weather ones within board.
 'Tis done! as soon as e'er you try,
 And masts, and rigging, forthwith fly!
 The Ship is eas'd!, the danger's o'er,
 At least, there's less than was before *.

* The Author trusts the above description will be sufficiently clear to Seamen; to others, it could never be made perfectly intelligible.—A few of the terms used, however, may be explained:—“Dead-eyes” are round pieces of wood, something like blocks, in which are holes, through which pass “Lanyards,” being ropes, by the means of which, rigging, &c. &c. is set up. “Thimbles,” are particular kinds of iron rings. A “Batten” is a moulding of wood.—The above scheme, for keeping the lee-rigging of a mast, when carried away, into the chains, so as it may be got at without danger, to be cut away, is only a temporary expedient; but, in the Dock-

Cutting the Bobstays *, he'll insure,
 If you will also them secure
 In the same manner as the others ;
 Shrouds, I mean, to which they're brothers.

These lashings must be handy stow'd,
 And not pass'd, until weather show'd
 A murky, dirty, threat'ning hue ;
 When they might soon be fix'd by few.—

I said, this rational invention
 The Captain had to try, intention :
 'Tis now too late,—so let me tell
 That ev'ry thing on deck went well :
 Reduc'd to Stay-sails, with scarce way,
 (Storm ones,) the Crew again are gay.

yards, surely something permanent might be struck out ; such as Iron Battens, made to take off when necessary ; or Iron Plates along the chains, one for each Dead-eye neck, embracing it, and fixed by a rivet or screw.—The fatal accidents which occur at times, from attempting to clear shrouds sunk in the water, and the injury a Vessel may sustain from not getting rid of the wreck, must be familiar to all Seamen ; some method of obviating these should then be considered of importance.—On the Author's mentioning the above plan to an old Seaman, his answer was, “ Why, Sailors soon will have nothing to do at Sea.” The numerous shipwrecks can best prove, that, at least hitherto, they have had but *too much*.

* “ Bobstays,” are very strong ropes, which secure the Bolt-sprit, (the mast which runs obliquely out from the fore part of the Ship) ; and in effect, though not appearance, are the same as the shrouds.

Nothing to do, they sit or walk,
 Or snooze, or joke, or sing, or talk ;
 For the gale seemeth well inclin'd
 To treat us some time in this kind ;
 But the Lieutenant, who looks out,
 As I've oft said, must move about.

Our Helm we never lash a-lee *,
 As oftentimes the case at Sea ;
 The Ship our Chief would keep with way,
 That she may constantly obey
 The useful Rudder, which from waves
 Of height enormous often saves
 A Ship,—now but a cockle-shell !,
 Which raging billows soon might sell.

But loudly " Four o'clock " is rung,
 Shrill pipes the call, " Watch, hoy ! " is sung ;
 The squalls of drift don't so much rail,
 As the storm settles to a gale :
 We cannot daylight well descry,
 So soon as usual ; for the sky

* " Lashing the Helm a-lee," is securing the Tiller close to one side (the lee one), by which means it becomes of no use ; and the Vessel is left at the mercy of the waves (except what the balance of sail will effect), without making the least headway :—by a contrary practice, although great command cannot be procured, yet much life may be given.

Is shut out by too thick a haze,
 T' admit the Sun's most fiery rays;
 Scarcely we see the Bowsprit end,
 Nor shall, until the sky will rend,
 Just so much as to have a view
 Of a sufficient patch of blue,
 That for one pair of breeks * may do.

The sun, tho' hid, now lights the gloom
 Enough, to prove that in a tomb
 We are not altogether shut,
 Altho', in fact, it is all but!
 E'en this however greatly cheers,
 As daylight must when it appears.

The duty is, to take a tour,
 And see that all things are secure.
 The Boatswain's self aloft must go,
 Nor can the Carpenter forego
 The same; our Gunner looks below:
 Sailors, in their proper stations,
 Put all things into situations,
 They should have been in, had not night
 Prevented their being done aright;
 That is (you will conceive) not quite!

* When once a portion of blue is seen in the sky, be it ever so small, the Sailors cry out, "Come, the gale's breaking, there's blue enough for a pair of breeks (breeches)."

Here, is a great distinction seen
 Foreign and BRITISH Ships between.
 Necessity must sometimes mar
 The work of e'en the ablest Tar;
 But then a moment can't escape,
 When possible, but that ship-shape
 The Vessel 's render'd, so that ne'er
 A BRITISH Man-of-War can scare.—
 She must be soon in right array,
 For the encounter; come what may,—
 No *lazy* part she e'er can play.—

Decks being swept in usual order,
 And all things set free from disorder,—
 What, pray! can be the matter now?
 What is the reason of that row!
 Why, Sir!—a heavy, young Marine
 Has slipp'd, and fallen in between
 Two scalding bowls of skillagalee;—
 They're only trying to set him free!—
 A pretty freedom!—soon he sees,
 The cure is worse than the disease!—
 “Butcher” is call'd, who, on carreen,
 Quickly lays down the daub'd Marine,
 And swears, “he must be blooded outright;”—
 Lugs out his knife!, at which most dread sight,

The frighten'd Gulpin * rends the air,
 With his, for mercy, earnest pray'r!
 'Tis granted, when they've had their joke;—
 You may suppose no bone is broke;
 He is alarm'd, tho' not much hurt,
 Tho' all his dress, e'en to the shirt,
 Is daub'd with hasty-pudding dirt.

Thro' blowing winds, and weather hazy,
 We are, faith, for our breakfasts crazy;
 We, of the morning watch I mean,
 Who long to act an eating scene;
 Long to enjoy the glorious sight
 Of tea to drink, and rolls to bite,
 No matter tho' they be not light.

Every thing at Sea agrees;—
 And what is eatable, must please.—

The Sailors are of course on prog,
 Quite good, but salt; and serv'd out grog;
 Some time, since they've had pot of nog †;
 E'en Officers must now dispense
 With all things fresh, and the defence

* "Gulpin" is applied to an ignorant young fellow, one that can be played upon.

† "Pot of Nog," is beer heated over the fire.

For having something salt at meals,
 (Just as the wary cat'rer deals,)
 Is, if at once they eat the fresh meat,
 Why then there will remain none to treat
 Palates withal;—that fresh may last,
 On salted too we make repast.

Now 'tis when a good Harpooneer
 Doth in intrinsic worth appear;—
 Bonetta, larger Albicore *,
 In myriads round our Vessel pour.
 The harpoon, and the wily hook,
 Made like a Flying Fish† to look,
 Are soon employ'd; and smart BEN BRACE
 Does the lee sprit-sail yard-arm ‡ grace,
 Coolness and science in his face.

And here, I think it fit to tell,
 How't came, BEN harpooneer'd so well.—

* These fish, in appearance and flavour, resemble the largest Mackerel, commonly called Horse Mackerel, but are much larger and more oily; which, however, is corrected, and they prove a very desirable dish at Sea.—The Author has however been informed, that, if not eaten quite fresh, or pickled, they are extremely hurtful,—producing swellings about the head and face.—This information the Author has inserted at the suggestion of a Medical Friend, who witnessed the circumstance in his passage from the East-Indies.

† Remarkable for rising out of the water when pursued, and continuing above the surface as long as, it is supposed, their fins retain moisture.

‡ This yard hangs across the Bolt-sprit.

This Tar was nurtur'd in that useful trade,
 Which ever has such real Seamen made;
 Where the *great* Cook made his first bright essay,
 From whence he learnt so bold a part to play*.
 'Twas from far-fam'd Newcastle's winding port,
 The firm-built, sooty Collier's chief resort,
 That our brave Seaman, active **BEN BRACE**, came;
 'Twas in its Trade, Cook promis'd future fame:
 Where the black cargo, England's chiefest pride!
 Covers in num'rous floats the rapid tide,
 Destin'd to reach the distant southern bays,
 To heap devouring London's spacious quays;
 Destin'd by man, but often not by fate,—
 Fearful's the story! painful to relate!—
 Bedeck'd with waving flags, and streamers gay,
 The gaudy Bark begins her careless way;—

* The Author had the following account of this Celebrated Navigator from a gentleman to whose father Cook was bound, before he went to-sea.—The gentleman alluded to was both merchant and shopkeeper, at a large fishing-town on the Yorkshire coast, called Staiths. Cook, who came from that part of England, served in the shop;—some money had been missed from the tills, and, to discover the delinquent, a peculiarly marked shilling was mixed with the other silver, which was counted:—the shilling was taken out by Cook, who, on being charged with it, acknowledged that it had caught his eye, and that he had taken it, but put another in its place.—This was found to be true;—and although the family were highly respectable, humane and attached to him, yet the high spirit of the boy could not brook remaining where he had been *suspected*;—he ran away,—and it is known, afterwards entered as a Cabin-boy in the Coal Trade.

On the curv'd river's current smoothly glides,
 And, as she the vast Ocean meets, derides;
 Scorns the far tempest, and the dread lee-shore,—
 Nor think the Tars, their friends they see no more!—

Heedless! presumptuous! trusting to the breeze,
 Which present blows, they tempt the shallow seas;
 Coast the wild shore too close,—nor ever think
 A change may come, till on destruction's brink!!!

Close to the land in night's dark vapour shred,
 (A cautious Mariner's incessant dread,)
 The Vessel holds her blind, misguided course,
 Until with wind and tide's united force,
 The furrowing stem ploughs up the yielding sand,
 And firmly fixes on the shingly strand.*

Oh fatal inattention! fatal cause! —
 Prudence!—how oft this ill usurps thy laws.
 Yet is a compensation quickly tried,
 (As far as can) by ev'ry nerve applied,

* “Shingles” are loose stones, amounting indeed to small rocks:—on such Beaches, a vessel first ploughs up the sand (generally outside of them), and is then stopped by these usually destructive obstacles.—The inattention of Colliers, in fine weather, and out of Narrows, is really incredible to those who have not witnessed it;—scarcely a fleet passed a part of the Yorkshire coast the Author happened to be on, in the summer time, without some of them getting on shore, of which a part were totally lost:—the most trifling precaution must have prevented it.—If ever this exposition should meet the eye of a Master in the Coal Trade, and incline him, who so well knows how! to be a little more cautious in fine weather, the Author would indeed be gratified.

To raise the Vessel's deeply buried head,
And force her from her present deadly bed.

It is the BRITISH Seaman's manly pride,
Ne'er o'er his heart to let pale fear preside
When danger presses!—but assur'd, to face
The coming peril, and his nerves new brace;
Acting throughout, with cool, collected sense,
And strenuous vigour, in his own defence.—
Not like some other nations on the Main,
Tho' *most*, the sons of vaunting France and Spain!
Who, when they are o'erta'en with dire surprise,
Feel but the terrors of wild fear arise;—
Meet the dread crisis, of all pow'r bereft,—
While to a fearful chance, their lives are left!*

* However desperately these nations may at times *rush* on fate,—yet the Author has himself witnessed so many instances of their courage failing in cases of sudden danger, and yet more in those of gradual but apparently inevitable destruction, that he cannot help venturing on asserting “their inferiority to us, in presence of mind and firmness,” without his conscience taxing him with undue partiality to his Countrymen. He could adduce the instances he alludes to, but they would encroach too much on the latitude given a note;—they must however be familiar to British Seamen.—Now, may not the want of these truly manly qualities be attributed to the misguiding Atheism of the one, and the unnerving Bigotry of the other?—If we compare them to ourselves, the charge is fully borne out, for it may not be going too far to say, “that no nation in the Universe equals us, in collectedness, and firmness, in the hour of danger, neither requiring the aid of Inebriety, or Fear, except that of Shame!, to support us.—And yet no people breathing, respect, and practise, religious duties, more than we do,—generally speaking.—The Reader may not, perhaps, think this assertion too much,

Full often will the BRITISH Tar succeed,
 And find success's but too frequent meed,
 Thrice-sweet Applause!—"our being's end and aim!"
 Much to our credit,—but more to our shame,—
 If that the source it springs from be to blame.—
 Thus, when *successful*, we can't but admire,
 The skill, and daring courage, which inspire
 The late supine, incautious, foolish Tar.—
 The Ship, we see, is off! —so still his star
 Continues bright;—yet, if an *Owner mourn*
 So much of value from his pittance torn,
 The hard-earn'd fruit of many a toilsome year,
 The cause of many a bosom rending fear,
 We curse the man, who could thus madly steer!

How oft this ill is realiz'd!—to gain
 Another Bark, alas! with tedious pain,
 Our late glad Owner must his past toil use;
 And only 'mongst a choice of evils chuse,—
 Shut from the heav'nly hope, that latter days
 May set (tho' well they might) with brighter rays*.

if he will attend a Sunday's worship in the Navy and Army, their burials, &c. &c., and read the official communications of a Nelson and others; as far remov'd from that wretched perversion of intellect, —Fanaticism, or from Hypocrisy, as they are from the impious declarations of France.

* In Newcastle, and other Ports, men, after having been years at Sea, usually find themselves rich enough to build, or buy a Vessel or two, (thus becoming Ship-owners) which they intrust to a Master; themselves enjoying onshore, in the midst of their families, that

Nay !—even bread may be from children ta'en ;—
 Can any subject be more fraught with pain ?—
 Yet altho' on the mind this is engrav'd
 In bitter characters of woe ; still sav'd
 Perhaps may be the Crew,—a consolation,
 Not always found, in such a situation.—
 Lamentable it is,—Oh how much more !
 When sudden gales make billows foam and roar ;
 When their high tops seem even to arise,
 As tho' inclin'd to touch the louring skies !—
 White spray, is with the scudding vapour mixt,
 Till, in one mass, both sky and wave seem fixt.—
 Rushing it comes to the high cliff's near base,—
 As if earth's self, 't wou'd instantly erase !!! *
 Ah ! if a fragile, hapless Bark is doom'd,
 To be in this wild grave of Ocean tomb'd ;
 Held up to sight awhile, to heighten woe,
 And the most frightful, climax'd horrors show,
 Till ev'ry limb is palsied with the scene,—
 Till our hearts throb, with feelings the most keen,—

rest, they have so dearly purchased. — The effects of being deprived of this, especially when from carelessness, may be conceived.

* “Scud” means very small clouds, or vapour, blown about by the wind, not unlike smoke.—When a squall comes from Seaward to the land, the tops of waves and low scud, form in one black bank, which rushes on, contracting the horizon more and more, until it breaks with fury on the cliffs, when nought can be seen but this cutting drift, until it is expended.

Till 'gainst the frowning, the impending rock
 The Vessel strikes!—on shore we feel the shock,
 Harrow'd with woe!—till the tremendous wave
 Closes the scene,—as *shuts the awful grave!!!*

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At length from stupor freed, we quit the shore,
 And feel, acutely feel! for those no more!*

* While on the subject of Shipwrecks, the Author would fain impress the extreme utility of “the Sea Fencible Establishment,” and offer a few observations thereon.—It is a fact, within his own knowledge, that, since the extension of the Service by Earl St. Vincent in the appointments of Lieutenants to watch the coast, in the spaces between Captains, many wrecks have been saved from plunder, many lives saved, and, generally speaking, infinite assistance afforded, in places and at times, when otherwise injury, or destruction, must have ensued.—But not only does Commerce, and the Nation at large, nay other nations too!, benefit by this civilization of the rough inhabitants of the coasts,—at all events this *check* upon the *lawless* part of them; but Government procures for the Country, “a careful look-out, and considerable defence of her shores,” and, as it may be termed, “a Volunteer Reserve for Naval purposes, in cases of emergency;”—not any one of which most desirable circumstances would take place, was it not for the *organization of Seafaring people by the means of Naval Officers*.—As such an Establishment, at a moment like the present too, may probably be admitted by all, of very considerable importance, when fully acted up to,—the Author begs to advance a few propositions, that perhaps may be thought of use in promoting this efficiency.—First, that the descriptions of men to compose a corps be more distinctly ascertained, than, the Author believes, is the case at present: that when *once* this has been effected, the men being thus better assured of their situations, the corps should have a uniform, and system of exercise, directed by Government, and extending to all,—not, as at present, in the option of officers who command them,—and consequently have their

Thus, thro' a fatal apathy of mind,
 Such soul-appalling accidents we find,—
 Sometimes from far worse causes in this Trade.

A guardian Prudence oft' has to upbraid
 For Drunkenness, the madly heedless Crew;
 Aye and, O crying shame! the Captain too:—

own method, by which means scarcely two corps are dressed alike, or can act together: in short, that some system should be adopted, by which these corps should be more regularly *organized, dressed, and disciplined*, than at present.—If they embark in Men-of-war, they become Sailors; *nothing* is requisite *here*:—it is the giving a kind of *esprit du corps*, a steadiness and respectability *on shore*, that seems wanting. They *live* on shore, they must *muster* on shore, they must *move* on shore, and often with the army. Would not then their assimilation to the Military, by the selection of a few indispensable movements, taught by a drill-serjeant allowed a certain number of men,—(the Author is aware that some corps effect this at their own expence,) enable them to act with a steadiness and confidence, not to be expected from any other method?—Does not an established uniform contribute essentially to that system, without which large bodies are absolutely nugatory?—And in regard to practising manœuvres of the Army, would it not benefit Naval Officers when they go again on general service, by the insight acquired?—One, and perhaps it may be admitted, not the *least*, recommendation of the Sea Fencible Establishment should not be omitted,—namely, its affording honourable and useful posts for those officers, who may require a short respite from the greater fatigues of Sea-service yet competent to the Sea Fencible.—Those who have charge of Ship! life! and *most* critical station! it may readily be conceived, must sooner suffer in health, than those in subordinate situations on-board ship, who have little or no anxiety!—It is long-continued and intense anxiety of mind that exhausts for a time, and demands a little relaxation.—It becomes then surely! no *trifling* recommendation to a post, that it affords *this*, and at the same time service to the country.

They think, forsooth ! no danger can be near,
 The while in water deep, they have to steer ;
 Think truly ! if in *narrows** they refrain,
 Drinking, when *clear* of them, is not a stain !—
 Thus, when sailing near that dang'rous coast,
 Where we cannot one proper harbour boast,—
 (Sorry I am, indeed, the thing to say,
 Not one ! there is, altho' full well there may,)
 From Forth's fam'd Firth, to muddy Humber's mouth,
 The first good shelter, found towards the South,
 Except some harbours, fit alone to take,
 For the poor miserable chance's sake,
 Of saving life†, well ! in this anxious run,
 Careless, or drunken, is each mother's son.

* "Narrows" imply passages between shoals,—or generally, where the Sea is contracted. From the mouth of the Humber to London, the sands are numerous, and the channels, particularly intricate :—here, day and night, are they watchful, to admiration, often drinking nothing but *tea* ;—out of *these*, however, and there is an excess of *security*, and *grog*.—But at the same time it may be readily conceived, that *many* in the Trade never swerve from the strict sobriety and attention, requisite in Seamen ; there being "no rule without an exception."

† All the harbours from the Forth to the Humber have bars at their entrances, which can only be taken at a certain time of tide, and then, not by large ships ; or are formed by piers, neither of which can be safely reckoned on.—The Tees, seems destined by Nature, for an extensive secure place of shelter, and where most wanted :—in its present state, it is extremely dangerous, and comparatively, a useless river.

One leads the flock, as blind may lead the blind ;
 One man, nay oft a boy, alone you find }
 On deck to steer ; and the frail bark to mind.—
 O ! lack of foresight, maddest, maddest ill !
 How oft' doth fate the purblind measure fill
 With all the bitterness of death, or woe !
 How can such real Seamen e'er do so ?—
 For such they truly are ;—I ne'er can chuse,
 The rightful meed of Merit to refuse :
 So to be just, I willingly allow
 That many won't to bad example bow ;—
 Who with the daring science of the Tar
 Will coast, nor let but stern fate's fiat mar ;
 Which, utmost human prowess can't controul,
 And which, when *thus*, should never shake the soul.
 For when a Fate draws near, we can't avert,
 Why should we feel the quickly passing hurt ?
 Our lives, we know, are not at our command ;
 They rest with that all-just ! all-pow'rful Hand !
 Which doth infinity of worlds direct !!!—

Let us reflect,——

And call alone our final end, a sting,
 If vice, or folly, prematurely bring
 The dread catastrophe upon us ;—*then*
 No wonder, we can't act as fitting men :—

But if we're doom'd to die, and not our fault,—

Then,—it is merely mortal Nature's halt;

Her known, inevitable, last assault!!!

'Tis, from imbibing sentiments like these,

That blithe are Tars, upon the fearful Seas;

So let the Demon, *Danger!*, frown howe'er,

Still at his threat'ning ghastly phiz they'll stare,

And but a little for his grinning care.—

This creed-marine the ballad fully shows,

Which almost ev'ry Sailor-Johnny knows,

And bellows forth, oft with a jolly noise;—

“ We're in for't, so damn me! what folly, boys,

“ To be down-hearted, yeo, ho!”——Now 'tis meet,

That I but little further on this treat.

There is no trip, that Mariners can make,

Where they should such extreme precaution take,—

Where their existence is so much at stake,

As in the truly arduous, fearful Coal Trade;

Which therefore has such real Seamen e'er made.

Gain is, of right, the powerful incentive,

Nor can they but be to this point, attentive;—

T'attain the consummation they've in view,

The greatest toils, and dangers, they go thro';—

To profit by a Market, the dread shore

They often must keep close, tho' sky may lour;

All that they have do, is to prevent,
 As much as in them is, the sky's intent.
 Now,—a necessity imperious speaks;—
 His aid, in skill, the daring Seaman seeks,—
 A skill form'd by experience, and attention
 To given rules; a few of which I'll mention :—
 The well-known Beacon, or some Land, points out
 When it is time to put the Ship about :—
 If thick the weather ?—then the lead*, and chart,
 Warn you in time, when likely to depart
 From the right channel; which on tow'rd the South
 Of rapid Humber's broad and muddy mouth,
 As far as Dover, has intricate winding,
 Which should you not, by day and night be minding,
 Inevitably it would be most serious !—
 A watchfulness intense! is then imperious.
 During a dark tempestuous night, they head,
 Conducted solely by the guiding lead ;—
 And if they miss of this, e'en but a throw !,
 They must be puzzled,—and lest wrong they go,
 Must to an anchor come, as soon as able,
 And trust their Ship, and lives, to but a cable !!!—

* This is a plummet of sufficient weight, to which a line is attached, marked with a certain number of fathoms;—a man stands in the chains, leaning on a breast-rope, and, whirling it round his head, at length throws it forward, and when he comes over it, finds the depth, and cries it.—This is called the “ Hand-lead.”

'The Ship brought up, both in bad ground and shelter,
 Oppos'd to mountain seas, which sorely pelt her,
 Nor can she quit th'expos'd, the awful spot,
 Till the night's past, and clear the weather got.—
 If sav'd their lives !—the Market still they lose,
 For the first choice to the first-come accrues.
 'Thro' want of care, at least, they lose a tide ;—
 While those who more attended, onward plied ;
 Their cargoes to a great advantage sold ;
 And, as they course again for homeward hold,
 Pass the ill-manag'd bark, and laugh while tale is told !!!

Those who've to watch on deck, throughout the night,
 Good tea should drink, to feel themselves aright ;—
 This bev'rage, has one most especial merit,—
 It better clears the brain, than clouding spirit,
 Which makes you prone, in spite of fate, to sleep,
 With afterwards, as said, oft' cause to weep.—
 It is the coasting, with no Harbours near,
 And ent'ring channels, where sand-banks appear ;
 (But oft'ner cover'd) fatal so to Ships!,
 Which make the danger of these trading trips.—
 To guard against it, Seamanship's requir'd ;—
 A body that by toil cannot be tir'd ;—
 And mind by a courageous firmness fir'd.

A Pupil of this school then, we can trace,
 Our gallant, hardy Seaman, active BRACE ;—

Yet strange however, as it may appear,
 Ne'er had he been to us, so justly dear,
 Had he continu'd longer, that pursuit;—
 For Men-of-war, an absolute Galoot,
 Raw from the country, had been full as good,
 At first, at least;—but to be understood,—
 Such Collier Seamen, as have never been
 Engag'd at sea, in any other scene
 Than merely coasting,—ne'er had been to roam,
 At any distance from their native home;
 Returning, soon as the short run was made,
 Are ever of a Man-of-war afraid,
 So much so even as in bloom to fade,
 When first they're made to serve on-board of these,
 And forc'd to quit a time, their well-known seas,
 Nor quite allow'd to do just as they please.—
 The “old wives” tell them a most fearful tale
 Of such, as in a dreadful War-ship sail;
 Tell them, “if how so be they go from shore,
 “No, they will never, never see them more!”—
 Thus the poor frighten'd, work'd on, stupid elf
 Is not allow'd to judge things for himself.—
 At first he mopes about, and pines, and whines;
 No manly spirit for a good while shines;—
 But when it does, it blazes brightly forth;
 And he becomes of a most sterling worth !!!—

The glorious education he has had,
 Proves that old Davy is his real Dad,—
 The moment he has conquer'd Mammy-Sickness,*—
 Is us'd to the rope's superior thickness;
 When the material difference is seen,
 A Man-of-war and Trading Bark between;
 But once accustom'd to the novel scene,
 He is become a thorough Tar, I ween!

Now, our BEN BRACE had in the Greenland Ships,
 In search of Northern whales, ta'en many trips;
 Added to these departures, may too, be
 A longer voyage to the Southern Sea.—
 Hence it came round, he learnt Harpoons to wield;
 Thence did his school-boy Mammy-sickness yield.—
 Tho' still I must, alas! a tale impart:
 "At times, poor fellow! he was sick at heart."—
 Some time ago, when in Newcastle's trade,
 A certain doating, and a lovely Maid,
 BEN's manly, but too yielding heart betray'd.
 Indeed 'twas mighty Love betray'd them both,
 For both He conquer'd, in sooth nothing loath.—
 Oft' did the Maiden, in their Sunday's walk,
 Lean on her darling BEN, and fondly talk:

* If a young man, or boy, pines at all at first coming on-board ship, he is said to be "Mammy sick;" hankering after the Mother,—home.—It however soon disappears.

Oft would a moisture, like a gushing tear,
 In poor BEN BRACE's gazing eye appear,
 When from his ANNA's arms he must depart;
 The last sad Anchor's heavy weight to start!—
 And here permit me say, this noble Youth,
 Alive to manly honesty, and truth,
 Would not th' unguarded, love-sick Maid betray,
 By letting vicious passion o'er him sway:
 So tenderly, so true, he lov'd the Maid,
 That this thrice-noble impulse was obey'd;—
 Namely, to try in some more distant clime
 Wealth to procure,—that he may hear the chime
 Of his sweet, gladsome, native Parish Bell,
 Loudly the tidings of his wedding tell.—
 He goes!—returns!—brings back a golden store,
 And stays a well-earn'd, blissful spell on shore.
 His charming ANN, now made a tender Wife,
 Doats on her Husband, far more than her life. }
 A child they have,—when oh! the deadly strife
 Brought on the world, by mad, ambitious France,
 Wakes him from forth his lately rapt'rous trance,
 How! are this wretched couple, now distrest,
 They know, alas! he must be quickly prest!—
 What, forc'd to serve!, no! that he'll never be,—
 His innate sense tells him, necessity

There is, for ev'ry BRITON to exert
 His very utmost prowess, and divert
 The threaten'd furious storm from coming near,
 And blasting those, to him so truly dear!
 Besides, BEN lov'd his Sovereign and Laws,
 Even high spirit will not let him pause;
 Yet when he told his doating, gentle ANN,
 That it must be his firm, determin'd plan
 Again on Ocean's waves to take a trip,
 And this too, in a King's tremendous Ship,—
 Oh! when the wretched, half-distracted Wife,
 Clung to his bosom as to parting life!,
 BEN could not help but deeply curse the foe,
 Who made him thus his greatest bliss forego;—
 Curs'd, as he felt the racking sting, his lot,
 Which thus enthrall'd, and chain'd him to the spot.

O Love! had not thy treachery betray'd
 My unsuspecting heart;—hadst thou not sway'd
 As well the bosom of this lovely Maid;—
 Never had we endur'd this bitter smart,
 The anguish, which now lacerates the heart,
 When from each other thus we're forc'd to part.—
 O ANNA! if I had not married thee,
 From such distracting pangs thou hadst been free.

But come, to close the irksome, painful page,
 And try to melancholy thoughts assuage,

Let me now tell you—that our noble BRACE,
 Made active Duty blunt the harrowing trace
 Of ANNA's love!, of ANNA's beauteous face.
 That, cheerful, ready, daring, he appear'd;
 Altho' a keen remembrance sometimes sear'd
 His manly bosom, with a smother'd flame;
 For this, poor Human Nature is to blame!
 That is, if you can think there's any shame.

END OF CANTO V.

The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to
 secure a sufficient number of
 troops to man the forts and
 garrisons. This is due to the
 fact that the government has
 been unable to raise a sufficient
 number of volunteers. The
 second of these is the fact that
 the government has been unable
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 arms and ammunition. This is
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CANTO VI.

Argument.

Bonetta caught—Manner of dressing ditto, and making Lobscouse—Further description of the Implements and Mode of catching Fish—Other Employments—Try for an Observation—Gale breaks—A Frigate at day-light on the Lee-bow—Chace—Make Signals—Proves an Enemy—Steers for Vigo—Exertions in the night to come up with her—Lose Fore-top-mast—Sequel—Arrive on the Spanish coast—Told by a Dane of a Spanish armed Merchantman, and Privateer, in a harbour to the northward—Proceed to cut them out—Preparation for, account of, and result of ditto—A Man transgresses—Captain's Conduct, and Crew's—Reflections on Punishment.

THE
C R U I S E.

CANTO VI.

WELL!—let me see;—BEN's on the yard,
Pressing the swift Bonettas hard;
For whene'er near enough they came,
He never miss'd his eager aim.—
The first fish struck, is sent with glee
Unto the Chief, “ ’cause he likes he:”—
This is hung up, when once well clean'd,—
To pickle it, the Captain mean'd,
As you do salmon; and the food
Is really almost as good.—
Others BEN gives, just as he fancies,
And, from his style, the gift enhances;

He keeps of course, as you may guess,
Enough to satisfy his mess.—

The Boatswain, soon as one he catches,
Makes a dish no one other matches.—

'Tis true Lobscouse!— O sav'ry dish !,—

O ! would kind Fortune replenish
Our plates, when empty, e'er with thee,
How we would glory in the Sea !!!

First, the great iron pot is brought,
And put in order, quick as thought ;
Then a thick lay'r of dainty paste
Is o'er the bottom laid in haste,
Pepper'd right well, to make it taste ;
Afterwards freshen'd pork and beef,
In even slices, give relief,
Thro' pleasant salt, to appetite,
Improving thus the relish'd bite :
And now Bonetta, Albicore,
Cut up in junks *, improve still more
This nice mélange ;—potatoes, onions,
Added to these, make “ Hawser Trunnions,”
Or other folk !, not turn their nose up ;
But when at Sea, at least, this toss-up.—

* “Junks,” are large pieces of any thing, as of Cables, Beef, &c. &c.

Well!—now conceive the iron pot
 Has, of this grub, good three-decks got * :
 Conceive it dress'd, and piping hot ;—
 Then noble feeding 'tis, I wot !—
 Sir!—this is passing good at Sea,
 Where choice lays in necessity ;
 Where the fresh weather makes ye eat,
 As if the world, of prog you'd cheat.—
 But such a mess, I vow, on shore
 Would be to taste, a shocking bore,—
 So drop it ;—tell how Fish are caught ;—
 On this head, you have scarcely thought.—
 Well, then ! us Tars are not oft peevish ;
 And if you do not like this Sea-dish,
 Leave it to us ;—and so your free wish
 I will indulge,—and tell you more,
 How 'tis we catch the Albicore.

First, I may say,—some think with me,
 That they to mack'rel kindred be
 In taste, in colour, and in shape ;
 But then, as monkey to the ape ;—
 That is, tho' of the self-same species,
 Yet of very different degrees ;—

* “ Grub,” is a cant term for “ eatables.”—“ Three-decks,” either of this mess, or sea-pye (which in fact is dressed in the same manner, only with a fowl in lieu of fish), imply three distinct layers of paste, &c. &c. &c.

One far greater than the other ;
 But each in the light of Brother.—
 Bonetta, is not quite so large ;
 Nor does it so much oil discharge,
 As the heavier Albicore,
 The largest of the kind :—to pour
 From all indeed the oil you must,
 Before you put them under crust.
 This job is ever done by cleaning,
 And hanging them some time carreening.—
 The smaller mack'rel are the best ;
 Horse-ones * have too much oil when drest.—
 So on, according to the size,
 We for immediate cooking prize.
 I've told you, that Fish-hooks will catch,
 Which Flying-fish in look do match ;—
 These are most useful on the Seas,
 And Sailors form them with much ease.—
 "Cork" makes the body,—or light wood ;—
 For the white belly "tin" is good ;—

* "Horse Mackerel," are the largest kind ; found in the English Channel and North Sea.—"Bonetta and Albicore," are a deep-water fish, and, the Author believes, approach no nearer the British Isles than about the island of Madeira, and entrance of the Bay of Biscay :—he is uncertain how Naturalists class them, but their properties coincide with those of Mackerel greatly.

Fins 'guile, in "bristles of the hog,"—
 And now you have him in full tog!—
 Except (as best) by some is chus'd,
 That imitative "paint" be us'd.—
 The barb'd point of these treach'rous hooks,
 Not much unlike a fish-tail looks;
 The shaft is thro' the body trac'd,
 And to the end a line is lac'd.—
 These from the Boltsprit hang, or Jib-boom,
 From Spritsail yard, or wheresoe'er room.—
 A Vessel's motion on the Seas
 Will not let fish escape with ease,
 When once they're hook'd,—so up they coil 'em,
 And, as I've said, in kettles boil 'em*.—
 As for the wary Harpooneer,
 'Tis fit he should be void of fear,
 Tho' waves their heads above him rear.—
 Tho' sometimes mounted in the air,
 Still must he balance, with cool care;
 And when the surging stem is drown'd,
 Dashing the waves, in foam around !,

* Two niceties in catching these fish should not be omitted, viz. that to the line of the hook a "Handkerchief," "Feather Vane," or some kind of "Streamer," should be fixed above the water, at an indefinite height, in order to keep the disguised hook on a flutter, and only to *dip* now and then.—The other is, that, in striking at a fish, you should aim rather *short* of it,—before it.

Still must he dauntless hear the sound ;
 Or else his efforts can't be crown'd
 With wish'd success ;—no fish for him,
 If once a trembling seize his limb.—

Firm on the yard, close to the Lift *,
 BEN wields his Harpoon, spite of drift ;—
 Whose line, at one end, is made fast
 To the yard-arm,—and then 'tis past,
 By running coils in left hand held,
 To the Harpoon,—by right, impell'd.
 Thus the swift fish must meet their doom,
 The instant that they, rushing, come
 Within a proper striking room.
 Whene'er one catches BRACE's eye,
 The fatal weapon's rais'd on high,—
 He darts !—as sure, the fish must die !!!

While some are thus employ'd in fishing ;
 Others, below, are canvass stitching.—
 Sail-makers now repair their sails † ;—
 Proper employment during gales ;—
 Gunners make wads,—and some men plat
 For masts, and yards, the useful mat.—

* The " Lifts" are the ropes which support the outer ends of the yards ; as the " Slings" do the center.

† In *settled* blowing weather (clear of squalls, not likely to shift), if the hatches can be open, and the between-decks (in a Frigate) sufficiently dry, these men work there.

Books also, music, and skylarking*,
 Serve to pass off the tedious darking.—
 Our watchful Master tries the sun,
 Soon as the glass Elev'n has run;
 By other Off'cers also done †.
 But still, however, all their care
 Won't brighten up the atmosphere.
 A ring of light, just shews us where
 The sun would be, was it but fair.
 From such a thick haze, it is plain,
 We cannot observation gain;
 “Dead reck'ning,” therefore, is our pride,
 To which, the Youngsters all applied:
 Their day's works to the Chief are sent,
 On which he passes his judgement.
 So the day goes;—but, before night,
 The setting sun just heaves in sight;
 This we all much delight to see,
 As the gale's broke, most probably.

* “Sky-larking” is generally used as a term for romping; but it is most appropriate when applied to playing about aloft.

† When the weather is thick, and seems likely to continue so, the Sun is watched for the whole day, in order to obtain what are termed “double altitudes,” (an astronomical method of ascertaining the latitude); at all events, the observers muster on deck, to catch a glimpse of the Sun, if possible, about an hour before Twelve.

Still it blows hard !,—but, in the morn,
 Some burnish'd rays the Heav'ns adorn :
 Now the Sea tops ; and sprinkling spray
 Gleams in the Prism's bright array.
 When thus a Rainbow plays among
 The billow tops,—when hush'd the tongue
 Of howling winds,—no longer squalls,
 Whose aspect for keen watching calls ;
 Then 'tis, we hope, to soon make sail,
 That done *for full due* is the gale *.
 But first the Sea is cross, tho' calm ;
 Producing rolling, and the qualm,
 At a dolefully sick'ning rate,
 To those who have not chang'd their state,
 That is, are not yet Tars become,
 But still yearn after Mam and Home !—

All the day long, and night the next,
 Were we by this wild cross-sea vex't ;—
 For when strong western winds impel,
 In the Atlantic, once a swell ;

* It often happens that the wind may cease, after blowing hard; without the gale being over ;—in this case the Sea keeps up, and the sky looks wild, both of which forebode a more forceful recurrence shortly : but if, upon the wind's lulling, the tops of the waves *break* before they attain their usual height, as in a surf on a beach, and the sky gradually clears, the water certainly will become smooth, and the weather fine.

It is a good while 'fore it settles,
So as to steadily boil kettles.

At day-light 'twas not smooth outright,
But of it we made passing light ;
For, hark now !—from the high mast-head,
Words that must banish ev'ry dread !!!

“ Sir!, a large Sail on the lee-bow * !”

My word, there's now a dashing row !—

A Frenchman sure as fate, for see !,

Already he begins to flee.—

He had seen us before we did him,

As the sun's rays at first had hid him †.

“ Starboard the helm !” our Captain cries ;

Whirling !, the wheel that moment flies ;

“ All hands make sail !” now loudly sounds,

Each to his station instant bounds.

Some reefs are loos'd, more sail is set,

And up top-gallant masts they get ;

No teaze at all, nor angry fret ;

But distinctly clear the order,

Banishing at once disorder.

* A Vessel's Bows are divided by the Cutwater (Stem) into two; the Larboard and Starboard: either of which may become of course “ Lee,” or “ Weather,” according to circumstances.

† The Sun's rays frequently shew a strong light on one Vessel, while they totally obscure another.

Yet, tho' to make all sail we thirst,
 Johnny Crapaud * had seen us first.
 The reason why, I've said before,
 And it becomes a serious bore ;
 For as he thus the start had got,
 From us he had a good deal shot.—
 The fickle breeze too favour'd him ;
 While *we* but move, *he* seems to skim !
 Yet, as it's variable, we
 Expect a chance as well as he ;
 All sail which the cross sea will let,
 Our smart lads in a shindy † set,
 And now Catspaws make our prow wet :
 For, lo ! the spray-drench'd billet-head
 Shines with a highly-varnish'd red ‡ !
 No chance occurs, but a new sail
 Is cautious set, to court the gale ;—
 And, as we urge the pressing chace,
 What ardour ! thro' the Crew we trace.—

* A very common nickname for the French among our Sailors.

† "Shindy" means, in Sea cant, expedition, off-hand.

‡ The Head of a Man-of-War is not always adorned by a figure ; from the expence of wood, carving, &c. &c., and the difficulty of replacing it abroad.—"Billet," and "Fiddle-heads," are now much esteemed :—the latter is a finish, where the figure would otherwise stand, like the head of a violin.—The Billet is the same, only with the *curl* turned *outwards* : both are frequently painted red, and, when washed by a wave, acquire a gloss for the moment.

Our Tars, when once a sail is seen,
 Pursue!—and are of capture keen,
 Until, alas! their Chief may find
 She is of so much larger kind,
 That 't would be madness, in th' extreme,
 T' approach too near her batt'ring beam.—
 Unwillingly, aware of this,
 All put on sulk's most gloomy phiz,
 And glumly such a distance keep,
 That she may not advantage reap,
 From cannon of superior size,
 From force, sense bids us not despise:
 But, if the foe should vaunting turn
 To chase us,—with what ire we burn!,
 Like the grim Lion!, who from man,
 Soon as he sees his wily plan,
 In sulkiest majesty's array,
 Moves on!—but never *flees* away!!!—
 So little us'd are *we* to run,
 That thro' the stern we point no gun!—
 Altho' it can't be term'd disgrace!,
 In time of need, guns thus to place.—

What a reverse, the poltroon foe
 Does on such an occasion show!—
Their stern-chace guns are always clear;
 Nor can a Vessel e'er appear,
 But they are struck, with anxious fear;

The *prior* thought is abject running,
 Conducted by as abject cunning.
 Nor e'er to chase do they agree,
 Until from all idea set free
 Of opposition!—then they stagger,
 Under all sail, and puff and swagger!—
 In short,—*we* think of nought but fighting,
 Whilst *they* of aught else but requiring !!! *
 As in this instance.—Well ! now soon,
 That is, a short time before noon,

* In the Stern of a Man-of-War, on the different Gun-decks, Port-holes are cut to admit Cannon, which are termed “Stern-chasers,” (to be used only in retreating); as those forward are called “Bow-chace,” (useful in advancing):—the former of these we never place until absolutely necessary. Other nations, the French and Spaniards in particular, almost invariably have them run out.—This fact, and that of the kind of fearful precaution taken on board Ships of the above-mentioned nations, on discovering a strange sail, prove, perhaps in the strongest manner possible, the immense superiority of this Country by Sea;—even if a *Frigate* of ours discovers a *Fleet*, the joy, bustle, and spirit of attack are still the same.—And is it not to this “Longing for the Fight,” that we are much indebted for our supereminence?—“Attack, and persevere while life remains!” is the Seaman’s Motto;—the result every one knows, as also that of a contrary impetus.—The French have been beaten by Sea, because they have acted as if they had it in contemplation, and were consequently half conquered before they set to.—May not also this principle be further corroborated, by reflecting on the successes gained by the French armies, who seem to be composed of different men to their Marine; at least *act* on a different system? And here it is but right to say, that our Troops have emulated our Sailors, to a degree approaching the romantic:—their triumphs have been many and glorious !!!

Th' horizon having somewhat clear'd,
 Having the stranger also near'd,
 We could make out, and nothing loath,
 That 'twas a Ship of equal growth
 To our own Bark ;—that she was French
 We could not settle, from the stench
 Of garlick and *et cætera*, which
 To nose, our Tars have special itch :
 As now, alas !, to windward we were,
 Therefore (of course) could not snuff lee air *.
 But, by her dirty sails and hull,
 Certain we are, she's not John Bull !
 But this to prove, our Captain chose
 To do what enemies impose ;—
 If they would face us, it were wrong,
 To shew a flag, don't us belong ;
 But, as things are, it is no stain
 To hoist the gaudy flag of Spain †,
 Tho' Crapaud would not be so ta'en!—
 One shrewdly thinks it was his fancy
 To suspect Spaniards, never at Sea,
 Could in such a keen chasing mood be !!!

* The Vessels of those nations which use much garlick, oil, &c.
 &c. have most assuredly a very strong scent; perceivable even at
 some distance, when the wind sets from them.—On this point, how-
 ever, *Jack* does now and then *stretch* a little.

† As a decoy, the Colours of other nations are frequently shewn,
 but never fought under.

Finding this had no good effect,
 The careful Captain does direct,
 That our "Ship's number" may be made*,
 As he (tho' slightly) was afraid
 It might be some poor ship of ours,
 Which thus away on Ocean cow'rs;
 Thro' an unfortunate disaster,
 In which the late hard gale had cast her:
 Perhaps that overboard were thrown
 Her guns,—so she must let alone
 The fight:—But she'd have signal'd!—no!—
 She might not wish herself to show.—
 'Tis possible, at any rate!
 But we must know before it's late!—

The stranger seems the helm to con,
 As if to steer east of Lisbon;
 And our suspicion we find right:—
 Signals we hoist,—keep long in sight;
 She makes no answer, but shoves on,
 As fast as sail can make her run.

I might as well have said before,
 We were not very far from shore.

* Every Ship in our Navy is numbered, and has Signals to express it;—this, with the additional proof of private Signals, constantly changed (as indeed may be the former), only in the possession of Commanders of Men-of-War, and carefully destroyed before capture, enables our Vessels to know each other, without the possibility of being deceived by the enemy.

The north-west gale had made us gain,
 By lee-way, on the coast of Spain ;
 And, by our this day's observation,
 Vigo's the nearest shelter'd station.

Full fast we find the stranger sail,
 Yet sometimes we are at his tail,—
 When the treach'rous breezes fail.—
 Every thing that men can do,
 Is done, both by the Chief and Crew.
 During the night, at times she's seen,
 When the short Moon breaks forth between
 The slowly passing, heavy clouds,
 Under whose gloom she often shrouds ;
 While, thro' the shade's deceiving blink,
 On a fierce broadside's eve, we think,
 We often are,—till found our error.—
 Moonlight e'er makes the Sea a mirror,
 Full of deceit :—yet still we send
 A longing eye ; and still we bend
 Our outstretch'd bodies o'er the prow,
 As if we *thus* could better know.—

On the high yard, the deck, cathead,
 The anxious watch of Seamen staid :
 Officers, thro' the clear night-glass,
 (Which simple vision must surpass,)

Look !, and still look !, and look again !,
 Till thinking 'tis, as they are fain,
 They cry out ever and anon,
 That " much upon him we have won."—
 Often it is so :—then the voice
 Of our brave Captain doth rejoice
 The yearning Tars,—as he sings out,
 " Down to your Quarters !"—Now the shout,
 (A smother'd one) proves the delight,
 With which all hands anticipate the fight !!!

Ah no !—ah no !—fortune benign
 Will not yet on our strivings shine :—
 But stop !—the foe stern-chacers fires !—
 Scarcely each list'ning Tar respire !
 Now 'tis, we throb ! and doubly yearn !—
 Now 'tis, our ardent spirits burn !
 Now, our fond wishes will be crown'd !—
 Ah no !—hark to that horrid sound !—
 Crash ! goes the mast ;—'tis ours is struck !—
 Ten thousand curses, on such luck !!!—
 Down too in Ocean sinks the moon,
 Our only chance !, Hope's last poor boon !

Well !—now we have but one resource,
 Which is,—to steer the direct course
 For Vigo ;—hoping still we may,
 Before he enters, cross his way.

Alas! we find it can't be so ;—
 No sooner does the day-light show
 The (now) detested Spanish land,
 Than O! we find, that close at hand
 Is Crapaud!—at his own command.—
 He has a long way got before us,
 And at his port :—what vexes more us
 Is, that he ev'ry insult tries,
 And most provokingly defies
 Our utmost prowess!—But this will
 For ever be a French “ true bill,”—
 Till time shall worthier thoughts instil.—
 Once safe,—*huge* specimen of heart!—
 They play us off, a bully's part.
 Hoist colours!—we are then saluted,
 That Spain may think our lads non-suited!—
 But, O ye gods!—what foul disgrace!
They glory, 'cause they win the race!—
 An Epoch noble *this* they rate ;
We, only when we dare our fate!!!

Our disappointed Tars are seen
 To vent their more than angry spleen
 Upon the straining, yielding cords :—
 Howe'er this better is than words ;
 For soon aloft a top-mast stands,
 Rear'd by their eager working hands.

Nor is this new fore-top-mast shot up
 Long, before the rigging 's got up,
 And all a-tanto * sail is set,—
 So once again the prow is wet.—

But, list to snuffling JACK, the Cook,
 Who, with his very wisest look,
 Tells us, “ how this mishap contrary
 “ Was all along of Mother Cary,
 “ And of the Parson,—bless the Pope!—
 “ That, on his 'davy †, there 's no hope!”
 All our hands join in trust, howe'er,
 That the like luck may happen ne'er,—

Now we approach, and at length bring
 Our Ship so close, that bullets sing
 From the near batt'ries,—whilst a shell
 Does us at once our danger tell :
 The Captain, to his utmost grief,
 Finds that there is no one relief,—
 We must be off!—for 'tis most sure
 Our rival is—but too secure.
 An easy sail is therefore spread ;
 We for along-shore turn the head,

* “ A-tanto” means, all the Masts on end, Yards aloft, Rigging set up ;—in short, every thing above as it should be.

† “ Blessing the Pope,” is of course ironical, but good-humouredly so, and not unfrequently used.—“ Davy” is here the cant abbreviation of affidavit.

As tho' we would Finisterre gain *,
And let him 'scape, be he but fain.—

Night comes apace;—but, before dark,
We board a Dane, and, only hark!

He tells our most delighted Chief,

“ That, anchor'd just within a reef,

“ In a north-eastern Harbour nigh,

“ Two Vessels are (which he rates high);

“ A Spaniard of five hundred tons,

“ Most richly laden, but with guns;

“ And, also, that a Privateer,

“ Of greater force, lay very near;

“ And that batteries close appear.”—

No sooner said,—

Than sail is made;

And all aboard cry, “ Who's afraid?”

Soon is the Ship in canvass drest,—

And for the port we make our best.

On deck the Captain calls the Crew,

And does not say, “ Now you, and you,

“ I order to the dread surprise;”

But the whole Ship's company tries :

† “ Vigo” is a Spanish port, between Lisbon and Cape Finisterre.
—There are also other strong harbours in this run.—After rounding
the above Cape from the south-westward, you enter the Bay of
Biscay.

He tells the tale the Dane had told,
And then says, "Lads! now who's so bold

"As to this port, in boats to steer,

"And cut out Ship, and Privateer?"

A tumultuous, instant *I!*

Breaks from the Crew, "I'll, Sir, or die!"

"My Heroes!"—hear the Chief exclaim!,

(Nor undeserv'd the glorious name,)

"That is enough;—since none refuse,

"Let Officers! appoint Boats' Crews."—

Our First Lieutenant 'tis directs

The enterprise;—and first selects

(From senior rank) his gallant set,—

Truly not difficult to get!

What sharpens *his* zest is, he knows

He'll rise in rank, if but his foes

Succumb beneath his ardent blows:—

For Reward after Desert goes*.

Not that the others are not keen

To act, in this right glorious scene;

He has *superior* zest!, I mean.

Now some one makes his cutlace sharp,

Soon on the same string all hands harp;

* It may be reckoned a rule of the Service (from long custom), that "the Senior Officer, in a successful attack, is rewarded."—The younger ones may behave equally well, but it is not yet their turn.—The spirit of *looking forward* is thus ever kept alive.

And round each hilt a Grummet twist,

In order to receive the wrist ;

So that, when scrambling up the side,

A sword can't drop, it being tied * !

The Captain will not let them take

A pistol, for their safety's sake ;

As, if this weapon misses fire,

Expos'd to all the fury dire

Of irritated vengeful foes,

A gallant Tar his life's blood throws!—

Ship-pistols seldom are right good :

Nor can their use be understood,

Without on board a Ship such practice

As we can't reach, for such the fact is †.

Besides the Captain thinks, a Tar,

Having, in this close kind of war,

An opportunity to choose

Two weapons, may not *either* use,

* “ A Grummet,” is a ring made of rope :—you put your hand through this first, and then grasp the handle of your cutlace, to which it is attached.—By the sword being thus fastened to the wrist, in climbing up a Vessel's side, you may let it hang ; having the use of your hand, without danger of the weapon's dropping.

† The pistols furnished to Men-of-War, are probably as good as other common ones ;—but even the best are liable to miss fire, through damp, which cannot be sufficiently corrected on Sea Service, especially in boats.—As to the practice,—to arrive at any degree of perfection, men should be daily at it ; which, after all, would only be a waste of time and powder, for, in the tumult of boarding, a steady aim cannot be taken.

By any means to full extent,
 Being on *both*—but too intent,
 Not give such dashing spirit vent.
 Whereas, (and it does seem good sense,)
 Give him but his best known defence,
 His well-form'd Cutlace,—let his trust
 Be in the parry and the thrust;
 Depend on't he'll not let it rust!—
 But, you'll say, if the cutlace break,
 What, would you then a stand-by make?—
 I answer thus!—there's scarcely danger,
 To that man, who is not a stranger
 To a Ship's deck, and to his sword:
 For he knows ropes will not afford
 Such room as lets an uprais'd arm
 Do an opponent serious harm:—
 The crowd's so great too at the first,
 That tho' you have the keenest thirst
 To cut and slash with might and main,
 Yet still you must, per force!, refrain.
 For, if you raise your arm on high,
 'Tis ten to one but you will die!!!—
 Your point is kept by ropes in air,
 And *thus* your bosom is laid bare *.

* The ropes intersect each other so much on board Ship, and so many other obstacles present themselves, that it is not possible to use a sword, as in an open space.

Therefore, I say, a man no stranger
 To all this, cannot life endanger :
 As far, at least, as mortal art
 Can turn aside death's fatal dart.

These swords are rightly short and straight,
 Well guarded, and of proper weight ;
 With ev'ry quality combin'd
 Tars can, indeed, e'er wish to find.—
 Now I could hope, it does appear,
 With swords alone there's less to fear,
 Than with too much of warlike gear.—
 When *boarding Craft*,—this maxim true
 Our Captain thought :—but when the Crew
 Were sent upon a hostile shore,
 On which arm'd Horse might rapid pour ;—
 Where there was space for the fierce foe
 To, with a single vengeful blow,
 The cutlace into shivers break ;
 And, thus expos'd, their heart's blood take :—
 In *such an instance*, he would say,
 That Tars should be in good array ;—
 Should have a sword, a pistol, pike,
 (The last, what Sailors chiefly like,)
 Or in its stead, the musket black*,
 Unto whose end the bay'net tack.—

* The barrels of Ship muskets are stained black, to prevent rust.

Necessity might loudly call,
For the full use of these things all.—

But come!—behold, the Light-house now in sight,
Near which we are to urge th' eventful fight.—

Our Frigate is hove to *, and, without noise,
“ Hoisting the boats out,” ev'ry man employs ;

Furnish'd with compasses, and due provision
Of water fresh (in kegs) too no omission.—

Soon they are mann'd,—and then told by the Chief,

“ They may depend on every relief

“ Being afforded by those in the Ship ;

“ Which shall forthwith to the nigh entrance slip,

“ And anchor, or keep close, as e'er she can.”

Then hear him firmly cry,—“ May ev'ry man

“ Remember well, he is a BRITISH Son,

“ And therefore never from his duty run!!!”

Fain would the gallant fellows all have cheer'd,
But an alarm might have been justly fear'd.

Directed by the gleaming of the light,
How to direct our Frigate's course aright,
Now, with the boats in tow, we quickly veer'd †,
And straight towards the harbour's op'ning steer'd.

* To “ heave to,” is to stop the way of a Vessel, by a management of the sails.

† “ To tow,” is to draw a slower moving body than yourself after you, by means of a Hawser, &c.—“ Veering,” is turning a Vessel round, by a contrary method to “ Tacking:”—it is generally pronounced “ wearing.”

The First Lieutenant, from correct reflection,
Had given to all the boats distinct direction.

Those, who commanded them, were clearly told
That they must ev'ry one together hold ;
That they must also on their Crews impose
The very strictest silence,—till they close,
(Oars being muffled too *,) their num'rous foes.

The Third Lieutenant is, with all his force,
(Whene'er directed) to keep rapid course
For, and attack the Spanish Merchant-man :—
A feasible, and well-digested plan !

Look now !—on 'Thwarts †, beside each man you trace
The glitt'ring of the naked, sharp cutlace ;
A few Marines, with pointed bay'nets fixt,
Observe!, are seated the Stern-sheets ‡ betwixt ;—
One's in the bow, in order to defend
The man, who must the useful boat-hook § tend.

* To “muffle oars,” is to cover the part which works, in such a manner, as to prevent the usual noise.

† The “Thwarts,” or “Athwarts,” of a Boat, are seats which go across.

‡ This is the immediate space between the Rowers and Stern of a Boat.

§ A man, called the “Bowman,” is always ready with a pole, at the end of which is a spike and hook (Boathook), to prevent the boat coming too forcibly against a Vessel's side ; and to keep her there when her way is stopped.—It is of the last consequence, in boarding, to keep a boat close to, or the Crew cannot support each other ;—therefore the Boathook-men should ever be protected by one of the others, until the whole of the Boarders are thrown in.

See! also, by the First Lieutenant's side,
 Where SANDY MAYNE bravely his fate defied.
 He it is who commands the Marine few;
 An Hibernian serjeant of them too
 Is plac'd amongst this truly choice boat's Crew.—
 Behold him seated, his lov'd Chieftain near;
 Who, he declares, "shall not have cause to fear
 "His life to lose, while so be DENNIS BURN
 "Can, in his fist, a weapon stoutly turn!"—
 To our poor PAT MAHONY's real grief,
 He is commanded strictly by the Chief
 To stay on board a Ship:—He is no Marine,—
 Nor yet enough of a smart Sailor seen;—
 Poor fellow!—such a forc'd inactive part
 Pain'd, to the core, his enterprising heart:—
 But I can warrant he'll have chance enough,
 To prove he's made of proper sterling stuff.—

As for BEN BRACE, he's Coxswain of a Cutter*;
 Determin'd, as he fiercely swears, "to butter
 "His, like a razor-sharpen'd pointed Cutlace,
 "In some long Spaniard's yellow-colour'd carcass."

Reader! excuse the term,—consider now
 Our Sailors sternly rush to meet the foe!!!—

Sail now is shorten'd,—and laid to the mast;—
 And boats are forthwith order'd to be "cast

* "Cutter," is a boat so called.

Off, from the Tow-line :”—done !—and we let go
Gently our kedge, to steady keep the prow*.

All is dead silence !—not a single soul
Can his anxiety of thought controul ;
The mind presages, that perhaps again
We ne’er may see those noble, gallant men,
Whom we have known, and therefore lov’d so long.
No wonder then some painful feelings throng,—
And press upon the heart, which throbs most keen,
While work’d-up in this anxious !, awful scene !

On the stow’d hammocks, pensive, see one rest ! ;—

It is the Captain !—seemingly opprest !—
Two Youngsters could not in the Ship be found,
Altho’ the Vessel had been search’d around :—
’Tis clear then, they must in the boats have hid,
Departing thus from what his orders bid :—
Which were, “ that none on board them be allow’d
“ But active men, nor that e’en *these* should croud.”—
In them howe’er NED and his Nephew stow’d.—

Yet, altho’ griev’d, he cannot but admire
This truly genuine proof of BRITISH fire.—
Consider too, his feelings for the brave,
The noble Tars, who care not for the grave ;

* “ Kedge,” is a small anchor, Men-of-War use at times in calm weather, to prevent drift from tide or current,—in soundings.

And 'tis no wonder should, at times, a sigh,
Unwilling, from his disturb'd bosom fly.—

In awful darkness glooms the sullen night,—
Hush'd is the blowing of the breezes quite :—

When, hark !—a gun !—the boats then must be seen !

Instant ! half overboard we panting lean,—

And listen in intensely keen suspense ;

Deeply absorb'd is ev'ry throbbing sense :—

We strive to penetrate the heavy gloom,

But all in vain ;—there's nought but shad'wy loom * :

When, hark again !—what furious uproar bursts !—

Each parch'd-up palate almost fever'd thirsts !—

Ha ! what a roar of guns !—that bursting shout !—

Now then e'en wildest mischief is let out !—

Again ! again !—O Heav'nly Pow'r ! that we
Could only but the mortal striving see,—

O ! we would e'en supremely happy be !—

For, thus pent closely up amidst the dark !

Hearing those deadly engines fearful bark ;

Knowing that war, in all its ire, is loos'd,

And yet the smallest knowledge of 't refus'd ;—

O ! this suspense creates such anguish dire,

As even would the coldest bosom fire.

* The “loom” of any thing, is its indistinct appearance :—thus, before land is seen, there is a kind of dark shade over it, which is called the “loom of land.”

But, ha! what means that worse than death-like calm!—

Why do I gasp!—whence steals that sick'ning qualm?—

The deadly strife is past!—Oh! who has won?—

ALMIGHTY POW'R protect each BRITISH Son!—

- - - - -
- - - - -

But, hark!—what's this!—with most tremendous roar,
The batt'ry-guns re-echo from the shore.

Ha! then 'tis probable the fight is ours!

O! quickly pass, ye *tedious*, anxious hours!

During three wretched ones we knew this state,—

Knew not, nor could, the dreadful battle's fate;

When, as the morning faintly streaks the sky,

A dash of tugging oars approaches nigh.—

They come!—they come!—all instantaneous cry!—

“Some Sailors quickly fly and 'tend the chair*,

“Let wounded Shipmates be our prior care!”—

Scarcely 'tis said, when a tumultuous cry

Of “Lofty sails a-stern, Sir, we espy.”

Each at the exclamation wildly starts,

While near to bursting swell our beating hearts.

A Boat we now make out;—our anxious fears

Are soften'd much, as she our Frigate nears.

The *noble* First Lieutenant loudly hails:

“What you perceive astern,—those lofty sails,

* There is, in every Man-of-War, a “Chair” fitted, to hoist wounded men, or the sick, in or out of a Ship.

" Are the two Prizes :—thro' *humanity*,
 " I've been induc'd to bring along with me
 " Those of our people who the worst wounds show ;
 " As also some of those of our *late* foe.—
 " In the attack *they* have a number lost ;
 " While but a few have suffer'd to *our* cost."

Before the boat could come close alongside,
 All hands had to the chains and gangway hied,
 To strenuously assist the fated few,
 Who had been wounded, of their own Ship's Crew ;
 And vanquish'd enemies to help up too !

The first who was haul'd up, pale, weak, and bleeding,
 Was one we can by no means pass unheeding,—
 All loudly cry out, " It is poor young HARRY !"
 Whose ebbing life's blood scarcely seems to tarry!—

The Captain kisses his cold murm'ring lips,
 Bears him at once to his own bed, and strips
 Th' apparently death-stricken, speechless Boy ;—
 Whose wayward fate damps Vict'ry's cheering joy.

Another's hoisted up : 'tis daring BOB!—

" Hurra! my lads," he cries, " we've done the job!"

Scarce said!, when of his late impetuous blood
 No throb could be perceiv'd!—check'd was the flood
 That lately mantled thro' his manly cheek,
 And made him dangers so undaunted seek.

Here is a proof of most intrinsic merit !

He swoons!—yet to the last maintains his spirit.

The Captain, just returning on deck, cries,
 "Take him below,—attend his wounds," he sighs.

Our First Lieutenant 'tis who comes up next,—
 And, only think!—the Hero's great pretext
 For his not mounting on the Gangway first,
 Is, that he b'lieves his wound is not the worst.
 Wounded he is!—"but then a shatter'd arm,
 "From the Town-batt'ry guns—is all the harm,"
 (He, with much coolness, says) "that he has got,
 "Whilst the two others have a far worse lot;
 "For, a good while before him, they receiv'd
 "An injury, he fears, can't be reliev'd
 "E'en by the skilful Surgeon's utmost art;"—
 They had in fact been stabb'd in dang'rous part.

We found that HENRY did the danger face,
 In the same boat with his well-lov'd BEN BRACE.

It seems it was not known that he was there,
 Until the boats had gone too far to dare
 Return again, and put him on-board Ship;
 Therefore this daring Youngster took his trip.—

This once decided, he, with gallant pride,
 Ranges himself close to BEN BRACE's side,—
 By BEN, on whom he does so fondly doat,—
 With a black musket taken from the boat :—
 In this array he heeds no cannon's gape,
 Altho' it belches flames, and deadly grape.

With loudest cheers*, they dare the fiery storm ;

Nor does pale fear one single brow deform ;—

Clapp'd alongside the foe, they furious rush,

Amidst the cut, and yet more vengeful push,

Their deadly cutlances in foes to sheathe,

And snatch for BRITAIN Vict'ry's glorious wreath !!!

BEN is the first to mount th'o'erhanging chains ;—

A post, he most undauntedly maintains :—

But courage solely could not shield his heart

From weapons which his foes with fury dart ;—

'Tis HENRY proves his Guardian from below,—

HENRY ! who watch'd the strivings of the foe :—

Th' heroic Boy saw by a musket's flash,

A frowning Spaniard !—just prepar'd to dash

His pointed pike, held in a fatal rest,

Thro' the lov'd Seaman, gallant BRACE's breast ;—

—Instant!, the godlike youth takes eager aim,—

Fortune proves kind, for down the Spaniard came :

—In agony, his teeth the ring-bolts† bite,

Until his soul sinks to an endless night.—

BEN quickly lays the next opponent low,

And then darts on-board on the fear-struck foe.

* At the moment of onset, the “bursting cheer,” is the British Seaman's glory.

† The “ring-bolts,” are strong iron rings, fixed into the deck near every gun, to which its tackles are hooked.

But ah! the flash of brave young HENRY's gun,
 Had shewn his figure to a Spanish Don,
 Who, with a forceful, murd'rous thrust, extends
 The youthful Hero, who his friend defends!—
 Stretch'd wounded in the boat the noble Boy,
 Bleeding, and faint with pain, yet *moans* his joy;....
 When an exulting peal of huzzas! show,
 That vanquish'd is the late vindictive foe!!!—

No sooner are they sure the Vessel's ta'en,
 Than grateful BEN, render'd almost insane,
 Looks out the gallant Lad, and in his arms,
 Part of the suff'rer's agony disarms,—
 And soon as e'er the captur'd Vessels each
 Are safely tow'd out of all danger's reach,
 The wounded Youngster in a boat is plac'd,
 Nor by this stripling are e'en *men* disgrac'd;—
 While BEN, the strokesman of this fine boat's Crew,
 With all his energy, his firm oar drew;
 Cheering the rest, to do their best to row,
 That means be quickly had to stop the blow,
 Hoping the Surgeon's long-experienc'd art,
 May yet some certain remedy impart.

It was in towing out of port, when m^{as}ter,
 Our gallant First Lieutenant met disaster.—

All had evinc'd themselves in this brush, brave!
 But one alone, had met, alas! his grave;—

That is, but one of them was kill'd outright,
 In the fierce tumult of this daring fight ;—
 His name REECE OWEN !—and a smart fore-top-man,
 To be lamented more than whom, few e'er can,
 By Captain, Officers, and Ship's Crew all ;
 His fate makes even glorious success pall.—
 This young man came from th' Isle of Anglesea,
 And was as well dispos'd, as Tar could be :—
 But we will not dwell longer on the theme,
 It doth indeed too melancholy seem.

But say—the Merchantman, altho' well arm'd,
 And as the stouter Privateer alarm'd,
 And consequently set upon her guard,
 Yet did not much our dashing lads retard.
 For soon their fearful job was final done !—
 A few were kill'd before our Sailors won,—
 While others, for the desp'rate chance's sake,
 Of saving life, unto the waters take ;
 The rest jump down below, and abject hide
 Their panic fears, and their late vaunting pride!!!—

Here let me tell, that young courageous NED,
 As t'other Younger, dar'd his blood to shed ;—
 Not one could with a truer spirit burn,—
 Not one could with a greater feeling mourn,
 When he was told of his poor Messmate's fate,
 These rivals sometimes fought, but did not hate!!!

The wounded enemy, now *thus* no more,
 Had not in piteous accents to implore
 Assistance, from the gen'rous BRITISH Tar,—
 “ Mercy begins with them ! when ceases war ! ”

But now bright Sol's thrice-cheering ray,
 O'er the smooth water 'gins to play ;—
 Near are the lately hostile sails,
 To whom our Captain loudly hails,—
 “ Let go the Anchor, that we may
 “ O'erhaul, before you're sent away.”

He knows a hostile Frigate's near,
 Which must of course th' event soon hear ;
 And may, our Prizes once but gone,
 Think if she then in battle join,
 She might our Bark with ease purloin ;—
 As to well man each Prize demanded,
 What may our Crew make too short-handed.
 And should we keep the Spanish coast,
 Our Ship must have a num'rous host
 Of sulky Prisoners, who will
 Require some force to keep them still.—
 Crediting thus the foe, our Chief
 Determines to have one relief ;
 Another motive makes him strain
 A point or two,—he is humane!—

This politic and good intention,
 Reader! without delay I'll mention :—
 It is—(should nothing cross forefend),
 He would on shore his Pris'ners send
 On their parole,—and by receipt*
 Tied, that they will not BRITONS meet,
 Until exchang'd, in hostile fight;—
 But keep aloof from warfare quite.

This is determin'd:—but before
 He sends his Captives all on shore,
 He would dispatch our Prizes two,
 With each a just sufficient Crew ;—
 And then a flowing sail to make,
 (For, as I've told, what motive's sake!)
 And get upon their native shore
 Our captur'd Spaniards ;—then before
 That this, our rival Ship can know,
 Off her own Port to vaunting go ;—
 And by all means we can devise,
 Provoke her till she fighting tries;
 Hoping she may us too weak think,
 And therefore mayn't from battle shrink.

* When prisoners are sent on shore in this manner, the officer they are delivered to, gives a receipt for the number, which is balanced against any of our men the enemy may have, or to credit.—They should not serve until exchanged.

If this won't answer—then he wou'd
 Stand off a time,—and as best cou'd,
 Have our snug Frigate so disguis'd,
 That she may not as *such* be priz'd,—
 Of course, be by the foe despis'd !
 Howe'er, what first the Captain meant,
 Was, “ that our Prizes home be sent.”—
 The Third Lieutenant, with Mids tyo,
 And twenty hands, form a good Crew
 For the stout Privateer ; while ten
 Is number quite enough of men,
 Commanded by the Lad whose merit,
 Made him, as I've said, a favourite ;—
 Whose six years time was nearly serv'd,—
 Who had a name, so well deserv'd ;—
 To man the Spanish Merchant-ship :
 With orders that he should not slip
 His Consort ; lest, upon his course,
 He be attack'd by greater force.*
 As soon as each Prize was well clear'd,—
 When ev'ry thing quite fit appear'd,—

* And here the Author could wish to again impress the important advantage of “ a sufficient degree of Nautical Education among Fore-mast-men ; ”—inasmuch as it renders them competent to take charge of *Prizes*. At times a numerous convoy is captured by, perhaps, only one or two of our Men-of-war ;—these have not officers enough to take charge :—a steady Seaman who can keep a Reckoning, becomes then of real value !

Provision, water, charts, and gear ;
 Their Crews embark.—We weigh and steer,
 Keeping each other company,
 Until an Offing's got at Sea ;—
 When, once thus distant from the land,
 “ To part,” the Captain gives command.

All our Prisoners are secur'd,
 And in the after-hold* immur'd :—
 But mind ! well treated, and well fed,
 With ev'ry one his clothes and bed ;—
 For we disdain like French to plunder,
 Whene'er the cannon cease to thunder.
 No private property is ta'en ;—
 The nationa! alone we gain,—
 But I must be well understood ;
 No thorough Seaman ever wou'd
 Touch e'en one article of dress,—
 Or any thing, which might distress
 Those poor unfortunates, who may,
 In captive state be led away :—

* The “ After-hold ” is towards the stern, and in a Frigate is separated from the Cockpit, by a partition of grating ; it is therefore airy ; and receives light from the Cockpit, where there is a centinel ;—a deck of spare planks, &c. is laid over the casks, so that it is far from being uncomfortable at night. In the day-time, a certain number are allowed on deck, in their turn.

Yet, tho' the truly brave refrain,
 At times you find there is a stain,—
 A shameful stain upon a Crew,
 Brought on them by a pilf'ring few.—
 'Tis known, that Magistrates on shore,
 Will often open Mercy's door
 To some delinquents, who must hang,
 Or feel the convict's bitter pang,
 Were they not sent to Men-of-war,
 To make amends there, as the Tar*.—
 No wonder, you'll allow it then,
 That sometimes we may meet such men,
 As will, for sake of dirty gain,
 Give to a gen'rous spirit pain.—
 Sorry I am to say, a damp
 Spread o'er our Crew, from one low scamp †.

For this bad chap, we had to thank
 (He stood alone, tho' in the rank,)
 A Guardship, where all men are brought,
 Destin'd for Naval War—till sought ;—
 It is not, you conceive! their fault
 That they get men not worth their salt !—

* Meaning such as, from the tenor of their lives, would come to sad ends, were they not prevented as above.

† A term of most contemptuous reproach.

However, we are forc'd to graft,
 Amongst our Crew, the harbour-draft;
 In which we found this wretched man,
 Who had, past doubt, from justice ran,
 Or been sent, as I've told the plan.
 A Spaniard, with much grimace, cries,
 "That some one had his *all* made prize."

Full sure! he was of clothes bereav'd;
 As certain too, that they were thiev'd.—
 Our Captain was most sorely vex'd,
 But how to act, not long perplex'd:—
 He issues loudly his commands,
 "That upon deck be turn'd all hands!"
 Assembled there,—he tells the deed,
 And sternly cries, "he hopes, with speed,
 "The Crew will find the culprit out."—
 Scarce said!—when an indignant shout!
 Proves that there are indeed but few,
 Who would so vile an action do.—
 Now they disperse to decks between;
 And are in busy groupings seen:—
 Not long tho'!—for it soon came out,
 Who was the dirty, thieving lout!
 This fellow, now on deck is brought,
 And is, in spite of cunning, caught,—
 As on him found is, what they sought,—

In part,—remainder in his bag,—
 Just as the Spaniard nam'd each rag ;—
 For they were little better, troth !
 Well boil'd, would make a sav'ry broth !
 Howe'er, the crime is full as bad
 As tho' all elegance they had ;—
 For the same nasty thief would dare,
 Filch rather things for richness rare.

Convinc'd, of course, the angry Chief
 Declares at once an order brief,
 “ Put him in irons *.”—Why this pause
 In punishment is, that because
 The Captain, to high manhood true,
 Thinks justice fair may best accrue
 By waiting a whole night between
 A crime, and the most irksome scene
 In which an Off'cer has to act ;
 But from whence he must not retract,
 Enforcing discipline!—a sting
 Of bitter kind, this e'er must bring :
 For what can wound the manly heart ?
 More than inflicting painful smart

* Called also the “ Bilboes ;” being a long iron bar, with shackles for the ankle :—a culprit sits with his leg (or legs, if the crime be very heinous) confined, a good deal in the same manner as in the Stocks ; not at all more severe :—when they walk, it must be taken off.

On fellow-men?—yet it must be!
 When there is sad necessity:—
 As, for the comfort of the whole,
 It is a duty to cotroul,
 To crush, dread vice!—which to a Chief
 Must, on reflection, give relief.—
 An Officer can never pause,
 Whene'er there is to punish cause.
 It would indeed be *worse* than wrong!—
 His actions to the Laws belong!—
 He must to those good Laws be true,—
Most, for the welfare of his Crew:
 This to his Country too he owes,
 And, in so doing, nobly shows
 A contrast to our cruel foes;
 Who let the passions have their will,
 And, how oft!, ravish, thief, or kill,
 Or whatsoe'er the dreadful ill !!!
 Never!, in BRITISH Men-of-Mar,
 Does punishment affect the Tar,
 Who is but honest!, brave!, and willing!;—
 'Tis he who pilfers clothes, or shilling;—
 The dirty, lazy, poltroon knave!
 Whom none indeed would wish to save,
 That falls beneath the law's dread lash,
 And feels the cutting whip-cord gash.—

Oh! why will not mankind but think,
 Why will they not for ever shrink
 From those sad vices, which bring down
 Suff'ring upon the guilty crown?—
 But while Vice stalks its hideous round,
 To crush it! honest men are bound.—
 The morrow is the destin'd day
 This wretch's vile account to pay;—
 For he not only was a thief,
 But all his watch-mates told the Chief,
 He ne'er would 'tend to the relief!
 In short, he was as sad a wretch
 As ever had escap'd Jack Ketch!
 Well!—I have only now to tell,
 Always is plac'd a Centinel
 Over the shackled prisoner,
 When crimes on board a Ship occur;
 And that the Corp'ral quickly brings
 To the glad Spaniard all his things:
 Who is too by the Chief assur'd,
 “ That the offender is secur'd;
 “ And that he shall to-morrow see
 “ Him punish'd with severity :—
 “ He shall in BRITISH Vessels find,
 “ That nothing passes of this kind,

“ Without a fearful retribution ;

“ Such being our Naval Institution ! ”

The Spaniard scarcely would believe,

That we could thus his loss retrieve :

Mourning his lot, the wretched foe

Had late sunk to the depth of woe ;

But now he grateful wonder shows :—

How different it is! he knows,

From what his countrymen impose,

Should BRITONS sink beneath their blows ;

When chance! but never well-earn'd war!

Puts in their pow'r a BRITISH Tar * :

Convinc'd he is, we are not those

Who can bear malice after blows !—

* History certainly has not given the Spanish nation much credit for generosity to prisoners, or humanity in war ; witness, as most prominent, their ravages in Mexico and Peru.—“ Castilian Honour” (implying, it is to be thence presumed, simply “ fulfilment of engagements,”) has however, with whatever truth, been proverbial.—The National Character, since its debasement through French connection, seems even to be void of this pretension.—Justice however should be rendered to the noble acts of individuals at times, a parallel to which is to be found in every nation under the sun.

CANTO VII.

Argument.

Stand in for a Spanish Port, to send the Prisoners on shore—Close in with the Land at day-light—Appearance of ditto—Punishment—Captain's Speech to the Crew—Get rid of the Prisoners on Parole—Spanish Governor sends Receipt, Thanks, and a Present of Fruit, &c.—Steer for Vigo—Find the French Frigate still under the Batteries—Dare her to come out; all in vain—Come to at the Harbour's Mouth—Supply ourselves with fresh Water, haul the Seine, and set up the Rigging, &c.—Stand out to Sea—Disguise the Ship—A Man falls over-board—Ben Brace's Conduct—Cruise—Get tired—Captain perseveres, and just at the expiration of three Weeks, at break of day, we find our old Rival close to us—She is deceived; comes within range of Shot, and we bring her to Close Action—Board—Sequel.

THE
C R U I S E.

CANTO VII.

WE, as I said, stood out to sea
With Prizes both, in company ;—
That when they left us, the dark land
Remain'd in sight, but not at hand :—
For it we steer, with little way,
As our spread canvass flapping lay,
Against the Masts, part of the day.—
Our Captain (as I said) would bend
His course to port, that he may send
Our sulky Pris'ners all on shore,—
The *wherefore* has been told before.—

Fresh, partial breezes, during night,
Gave us at morn the land in sight :
Indeed, we were so very near,
That mountain-tops, like clouds appear.—

What makes it so, is that their bases,
 A fog quite from our view erases;
 But, as the burning Sun exhales,
 Upwards from the deep valley sails
 This morning vapour; and we see
 A charming country, on the lee;—
 Ascending still, this mist is tost
 In various forms, until quite lost.

Now! the eye's scrutinizing search
 Finds out the village, with its church:—
 We that extensive building rate
 A mansion of the haughty great;—
 From its appearance it must be
 The palace of a prond Grandee!—
 But how delighted!—we compare
 With this, that tasty villa there!
 By fairies it was surely built
 For happiness;—as never guilt
 Could such Arcadian scenes invade;—
 No!—Love and Virtue there have staid.—

Now 'tis! that Fancy widely roams,
 And brings us to our native homes;—
 Now! our hearts throb!;—one fondly tells,
 “In such a house, my parent dwells.”
 O!, how each bosom, yearning swells!!!—
 There!, from all fear of tyrants free,
 Dwell worth and sociability;—

There!, at this hour they tranquil sleep,—
 O! could we now but take one peep!—
 'Tis vain!—But what is that dark gloom!
 What is it, does in horrors loom,
 Over that yawning mountain chasm?
 Whose distant look creates a spasm!—
 O'ertopp'd too by those Alpine rocks,
 Which 'midst the earthquake's forceful shocks,
 Must, one would think, with hideous sweep,
 Force the huge fabric o'er the steep!—
 A Convent 'tis!—or Monast'ry!—
 Lord!, in thy goodness, keep me free
 From such a prison, tomb-like spot,—
 From such an austere vicious lot;—
 Why! I'd as soon die of the rot!!!—
 Many a lovely creature there,
 Is driven to a wild despair!—
 Immur'd!—shut out from social joy!
 Which, 'midst the ills of life, will buoy
 Us up, in spite of ev'ry care:—
 In social life, we cannot share
 Such mis'ries as, we needs must think,
 O'er-brim the cup, a Nun! must drink:—
 He, who will not a bandage bind
 O'er his own eyes, may ever find
 Great happiness amongst his kind.

Oft have the Nuns themselves confest,
 A *social* life has greatest zest :
 Each sex must act, and feel the same,—
 Both cherish that all-pow'rful flame,
 Call'd mighty Love!
 Both prize it, ev'ry thing above!!!—

What makes the world worth living in?—
 That!—which in ev'ry age has been,
 Our most transcendent,—constant pleasure!—
 What! but sweet Love! our chiefest treasure;—
 Love! which the sadly pining Nun,
 Must, against Nature's pleadings, shun;
 That is, at least, to *outward* face;
 But we must not minutely trace.—
 Yet, if their rules they sacrifice,
 Ineffably! we should despise.
 Under the garb of sanctity
 They sin!—what curs'd hypocrisy!!!
 Nor *can* their joys, from woes be free.

Therefore I think it would appear
 The life is vicious, or austere.—
 As for the Friar, Priest, and Monk,
They should not love, or yet get drunk:
 But they are lads of too much spunk!—
 Altho' at sin, they cry out, “faugh!”
 And seem to steer within the law;

Yet all the sentiment they feel,
 Is how they may from man conceal
 Their vicious ways ; - - - as to that Eye!
 Which does our hidden thoughts espy,—
 Pho! what of that! ; before they die,
 They will, of course, with fury pray,—
 Give with true charity away,—
 And so be *white*! at Judgement Day!!!
 A vapid, or an impious waste
 Of life, they make;—no heav'nly taste
 Of real love, or social friendship,
 Can these most wretched mortals e'er sip,
 Within their hideous gloomy walls:—
 Zounds!—why the very sight appals!—
 Rather than be coop'd up with ye,
 I'd spend a life entire, at Sea;
 Buffet old Davy,—nor the shore
 Bargain to touch at, ever more!!!—
 Different is the House of Rest
 Unto the needy, and distrest.—
 But let no vows!, no forc'd!, guil'd will,
 Nature's *best* feelings ever kill!—
 Why make of life, a bitter pill?
 Our wish'd-for port is now brought near,
 When hark!—'Tis Seven Bells you hear,—
 The usual time, when punishment
 Has its heart-moving!, fearful vent!.

The Chief, with serious brow commands,
 "That now the Boatswain call all hands!"—
 The Spanish Pris'ner then is sought,
 And forthwith, on the gangway brought,
 (He who so late complain'd, I mean)
 To witness this impressive scene;—
 To see how BRITONS can decree,
 Against an abject villainy.

Scarce does the awful order sound,
 Than throughout, grave dispatch is found,
 Things to prepare:—a grating's tied,
 Where punishment must be applied.—

The Quarter-masters sternly stand,
 With each a twisted fox* in hand;
 The huge grim Boatswain, and his Crew,
 Rank, with their dreadful cats!† in view;
 Inspiring sentiments of pain,
 Language can ne'er, no ne'er! explain.

Around the spot is form'd a ring;—
 And now the wretched man they bring,—
 Who stands within the circle guarded,
 Waiting the fate, may be awarded.—
 The Officers are all array'd
 In side-arms (as the Service bade),

* A "Fox" is form'd of twisted ropeyarns, done loosely, not so strong as cordage.

† A "Cat" is an instrument of punishment.

And on the gangway form a line ;—
 While arm'd Marines also combine,
 To form a second * ;—preparation
 In order once—each in his station,—
 All wait, with awe, the Captain's order ;
 Who at first speaks with some disorder ;
 But off! he soon this tremor throws,
 And onward then, most *animated* goes.

“ Seamen!” he says, “ you've been with me,
 “ Most of you, now some time at Sea :
 “ I trust, that you have seen enough,
 “ To know I'm not of cruel stuff ;—
 “ You can full well believe me then,
 “ When I declare, that fellow-men
 “ Ever to torture is a smart,
 “ That really affects my heart!—
 “ But let me feel howe'er I will,
 “ There is a sense of duty still ;—
 “ Duty ! so truly paramount,
 “ Which will not let me take account
 “ Of those sensations, which I feel,—
 “ Which make for Mercy, strong appeal.
 “ No ! Sailors !—if I were to pause,—
 “ If I relax'd our Naval Laws,

* It is perhaps impossible,—certainly cannot be pleasing, to convey a more distinct idea of this scene ; the most distressing, yet impressive, that can occur on board ship.

- “ ’Twould be against *your* happiness;
 “ Nor could all nations then address
 “ Our Seamen of each envied isle,
 “ In their (at present) grateful style.
 “ Conspicuous! firm! BRITANNIA stands,
 “ Conducting forth her gallant Bands ;—
 “ Not through ambition, or for gain ;—
 “ No!—but her honour to sustain ;—
 “ ’Tis for her injur’d, glorious Cause ;
 “ ’Tis to uphold insulted Laws,—
 “ Laws *now* prov’d of real worth,
 “ That thus she wars—o’er utmost earth!—
 “ Say, men!—could you e’er find the heart
 “ To shrink from such a noble part!—
 “ Could you e’er blast your hard-earn’d name?
 “ Could you annihilate your fame!!!”—
 Enthusiastic murmurs ran,
 And flush’d the cheek of ev’ry man.
 “ No!—I can see it in each face ;—
 “ Ne’er will you suffer such disgrace!—
 “ That is, the most :—but then, a few
 “ Infernal miscreants! spoil a Crew.
 “ Here then am I, a Captain sent,
 “ Such serious mischief to prevent :
 “ I will severely, but with justice, show,
 “ That villains never shall unpunish’d go !!!”—

He paus'd;—and, being very near,
 Thus whisper, I two Sailors hear :
 ‘ My eyes, BEN ! how our Skipper talks ;
 ‘ Dang it ! how smooth the lingo walks !
 ‘ Aye, aye, BEN ! this is proper jaw,
 ‘ None of your thumping of the crow ;
 ‘ No d—d psalm-singing this, my sould !—
 ‘ Troth ! he is worth his weight in gould *.’
 Again the Chief :—“ I’ll now explain,
 “ That there is still another stain
 “ Besides vile theft, upon this wretch :
 “ It is,—that nothing can him fetch
 “ Upon the deck to do his work ;
 “ He will, it seems, his duty shirk †,
 “ If Boatswain’s Mates do not stand o’er him,
 “ And a rope’s end too lay before him.
 “ Now, such a thing I do not like ;
 “ I hate to have a cause to strike !
 “ No man is e’er ill-treated here,
 “ Then all should well-inclin’d appear.
 “ My plan is this !—if once I find
 “ I cannot bring men to my mind,

* “ Sould ” is a common way of pronouncing ‘ Soul,’ and
 “ Gould,” ‘ Gold,’ by those not great adepts in the Orthography
 of their own language.

† To “ shirk,” is to shrink from ; to evade.

“ Without continual punishment,
 “ It is my firm and just intent
 “ To let Court-martials have their bent !
 “ And *their* pow’r, you of course all know,
 “ Is greater far than I can show.
 “ With this man, howe’er, I shall try,—
 (And, while he spoke, escap’d a sigh,)
 “ What hope of mending he afford,
 “ By discipline enforc’d on board :—
 “ Strip, sir !”—he agitated cries. - - -
 ’Tis done!—each Quarter-master ties
 The culprit to the ready grating.
 Now the dread fiat all are waiting !!!—
 When, with a still disorder’d force,
 The Captain urges his discourse :
 And it he to the wretch addresses,
 Who tremblingly the grating presses,
 Imploring mercy ! at each word :
 “ Sir, as you oft ’fore now have heard,
 “ And in a moment shall again,
 “ That the most despicable stain,
 “ Stamp’d heavy on you at this time,
 “ By th’ Articles of War’s a crime *,

* By the “ Articles of War,” (given to every King’s Ship, to be publicly read on Sundays and before punishment, and to remain constantly hung up in a conspicuous part of the Vessel,) is meant, the “ Code of Laws for Military Service.”

" A serious one,—for such is theft!—
 " So therefore nothing now is left,
 " But that, with justice, I enforce
 " The law ;—that you may not act worse :—
 " And, while in this most serious scene,
 " I must inform you what I mean,
 " And am determin'd *shall* be done,—
 " That you no longer duty shun,
 " But keep your watch, and pull and haul,
 " As you e'er see your Shipmates all :
 " While each man here will do his best,
 " None, I am sure, can be oppress ;
 " But if I let the idle few,
 " Precisely as they like it, do ;
 " A double share of duty hard
 " Becomes the *willing* man's reward :
 " *These* I will ever well protect :—
 " Thank me all must, when they reflect.—
 " As you are lately come to Sea,
 " I'll tell you what a Tar should be :—
 " Obedient!—honest!—brave!—and cheerful ! ;
 " Never of DEATH,—but of CRIMES,—fearful ;
 " Ne'er minding luxury and ease ! ;
 " Sailors can never look for these :
 " No difference can Peace or War
 " Produce, in hardships to the Tar.

- “ Still storms will rage, and the wild shore,
 “ Loom on the lee, while surges roar!—
 “ Then, think not *war* takes from his ease:
 “ Again I say, it is not on the Seas!!!
 “ To plough the main requires a Race,
 “ Whose sturdy limbs and rough-seam’d face,
 “ And steady eye, proclaim true Men!
 “ Such as that gallant fellow, BEN!!!—
 “ But, have you not reward enough,
 “ The hardships of the Main to rough?—
 “ Are there not smooths between the gale,
 “ When you glide on with joyous sail?
 “ Pleasures, you know, don’t always fail!—
 “ Let Sailors but their lot compare
 “ With others; see how others fare:—
 “ They’ll find, they suffer *least* from care.—
 “ It is proverbial,—Guileless, free,
 “ Social and brave, are those who plough the Sea.
 “ Perhaps the proverb is enough
 “ To prove we are of kindly stuff;
 “ Besides—behold our flag unfurl’d,
 “ Respected!, fear’d! throughout the world.
 “ The UNIVERSE admires the Tar;
 “ Whether in peace, or furious war.—
 “ Say!, is not *this* a glorious meed!—
 “ Is it not worth our while to heed!—

“ Ambition’s chastest voice inspires,

“ Whenever virtuous glory fires!—

“ The BEING should be e’er addrest,

“ That he would thus, inflame each breast.

“ And then of Danger!—what of that!—

“ Why, from the Monarch to the Cat,

“ This plaguy Danger will intrude!!!—

“ Wherefore, then! on what *must be*, brood?—

“ A brick, from off a chimney top!;

“ May the unthinking victim stop,

“ In life’s uncertain, brief career!

“ In short!—Altho’ at Sea appear,

“ Dangers—may not be found on shore,

“ Yet, *vice versa*, they have store!—

“ Death, should not ever Tars appal,

“ For when they fall, they nobly fall * !!! ”—

Then turning to the ready clerk,

(A thing e’er done, I may remark,)

* The Author has heard the substance of the above speech delivered by more than one excellent Naval Officer.—It may appear too long for the occasion; but remembrance should be had to this being the first Cruise, with, partly, a new Ship-company:—and, upon all first acquaintances, it is customary for a Captain to deliver his sentiments, not only on reading his Commission, but on the first occurrence of such an impressive scene as punishment affords.—It is allowed by many, that Lord Nelson is much indebted to the ever-to-be-remembered communication of ideas, &c. &c. made to those serving under him, for the devotion they shew him.—How well these accord with circumstances!; detailed and comprehensive in explanation!—brief and inspiring at the moment of onset!—pious and manly in victory!

“ The Articles of War now read.”

Once over, hear the Culprit plead !—

But urgent, great necessity

Must set aside his ardent plea ;

Strong sense of Duty, *must* impel

Th’ unwilling Chief to firmly tell

The Boatswain’s Mates, to punish well !!!

“ He would not do it if he cou’d ;

“ But then, he will be understood,

“ That, when the Service e’er requires !!!—

“ Attended *shall be*, his desires !!!”

Sternly ! the duty is gone thro’ ;—

Deeply impress’d seem all the Crew :—

The fainting wretch two dozen got,

Before he left the awful spot.

No sooner done,—than ev’ry care

Is taken, to prevent the air

From fest’ring the sore smarting scratches

Made by the Cat-o’-nine-tail’s lashes*.—

* Here, we probably excel all nations:—no sooner has that penalty been paid, which the injured laws and the very existence of the Service, and indeed Society, demands, than the most humane and effective assistance is afforded.—When we contemplate the dreadful and summary modes of punishment resorted to by others, we cannot but revert to Home ! with unfeigned transport !—We have death ! ; but we have justice ! and humanity !—Nor should we failing now and then, to which all mankind is liable, militate against the general merit.

When once the Law's stern, just, intent
Has had its *due*, but dreadful vent,—

Inflicted once be punishment!,—

Then mercy and humanity

May, back'd by soundest policy,

E'er regulate each gen'rous mind;

And thus full oft reclaim mankind !!!

Once but the Law's just forfeit paid,

'Twould be vindictive to upbraid :—

It is a bad transaction past ;

The vice of which, we hope, is cast

Far from the chasten'd heart away ;

Not apt again such price to pay.

Thro' sentiments like these we rate

Simply this man “unfortunate ;”—

While, knowing that he thus is deem'd,

Again *he* hopes to be esteem'd ;

He is not driven to despair,

By constant contumely !—his care

Must only be with laws t' agree ;

When unmolested he will be.

Soon as this most unpleasant scene

Is over, 'fore the decks between,

Contain at dinner all our hands,

Again t' attend our Chief's demands.—

To the same Spaniard hear him say,—

“ This, Sir, you’ll always find the way

“ We punish men, who do the villain play :—

“ And now, I think, you fully know

“ That BRITONS are a noble foe !!! ”

Cats-paws, upon the day’s advance,

More frequently o’er Ocean dance ;

But soon they altogether cease,

And blend in one fresh mack’rel * breeze.

Dinner now o’er,—all sail we sport,

And steer in for th’ intended port.

Some fishing-boats are soon brought to,

And told what ’tis we wish to do ;—

Videlicet, “ that we would send

“ Our prisoners on shore :—to lend

“ Their Vessels, therefore, we require.”

Instant they yield to our desire.

Rejoicing at the kind permission,

’T’ assist in giving foes dismissal,

They say, “ they’ll make it their concern

“ That our Officer shall return.”

* In the Mackerel season, that sort of moderate, steady breeze, which enables Vessels to catch them best, is so denominated ; therefore every general, but moderate breeze, is termed a “ Mackerel one.”

He's order'd "to make special haste;"
They promise, "time they will not waste."

The prisoners on board them sent,
 Give, when they part, a heart-felt vent
 To gratitude and admiration:—
 Honour'd is our generous Nation!—
 For, hark!—these men, the moment clear,
 Give us, with one accord, the cheer!
 And then tow'rds home right joyful steer.

Old Spain would be a charming place,
 Her sons too a most noble race;
 Had they but thrice-blest Liberty!!!
 In lieu of odious Tyranny.

When we contrast our happy Isle,
 O! with what ecstasy we smile!—

Our Frigate had but two hours past,
 With her main-top-sail to the mast,
 When once again on board we get
 Our Officer,—just 'fore sunset;
 Loaded with presents, and a letter,
 In which, "acknowledg'd as a debtor,
 "Is the Governor, to our Chief,
 "For th' unexpected *great* relief,
 "Afforded to the many friends
 "Of those, whom he so nobly sends

" On their parole; and who are bound
 " Never to be in warfare found
 " Until exchang'd.—Begg he will take
 " Some trifling presents, for his sake;
 " And for the honour of great Spain,
 " Who would unsullied *this* maintain.*

Well said, brave Governor!—at least,
 Thou hast sent us a *tasty* feast!—
 In this, more truth than Spanish honour,
 For many things sit foul upon her!!!—

Well!—now of lumb'ring pris'ners clear,
 Again for Vigo's port we steer;
 Off which, at day-light, we appear;
 And, by the chart, and cautious lead,
 Approach, without the smallest dread,
 The batt'ries, and our rival Ship;
 Which we trust, now, will cut or slip*,
 And hazard the unequal fight;
 For she must know, of hands we're light.—

* When Vessels at anchor wish quickly to get under weigh, they do not stay to *raise* the anchor; but either *cut* the cable, or *peer* it all out, which last is called "slipping."—When you wish to recover your cable and anchor, a float, called a "Buoy," is fixed to the end by a sufficiently strong and long rope, which consequently marks the spot where your cable lies, and which you bring up by hauling in the buoy rope.

Besides, so close to her own strand,
 Surely! she may the battle stand!
 Then too, she may as yet suppose,
 We are incumber'd much with foes;—
 For they cannot as yet have got
 News of our clearing them, I wot!

Well!—our Ship having reach'd well in,
 Nearly a range of shot within;—
 We, in defiance, fire a gun;
 And let the bright gleams of the sun
 Shine on our GLORIOUS UNION CROSS,
 Which winds, in playful fashion, toss.—
 The Naval pen'ant, BRITAIN'S Whip! *
 As it is hoisted, takes a dip
 In the salt wave,—till *uncontroll'd*
 It floats aloft, in many a fold!—

* The Author records the following origin of our Naval Pendant, as a "Sea Legend."—Those who have better opportunities of searching back than he has, must satisfy themselves whether it is founded on fact, or not.—Before and during the early part of the Dutch war, when their admirals Tromp and Ruyter distinguished themselves so much, *large* Flags and Streamers, the Author believes, distinguished Vessels of War.—By a manœuvre in politics, the English were at length taken by surprise;—their harbours insulted, and the audacious bravado made of hoisting a Broom! at the Mast-head of the Dutch Admiral, to intimate his having "swept the Seas."—The English, however, soon appeared, with, at *their* Mast-heads, a long narrow Streamer, like the Lash of a Coach-whip (the present Pendant), intimating a determination to flog them into their harbours again.

Now we lay to,—and now steer in ;
 Until a cannon's range within,
 We fire a broadside,—then stand out ;
 And with three cheers ! defiance shout.

Th' IMPERIAL Ship keeps close at home :—
 We've greater chance of fighting Rome !!!

So, steer again towards the Sea ;
 And as that it might better be
 To get some water, we come to
 In shelter,—harbour's mouth near to ;
 And during night perform our task,
 To fill again the emptied cask :
 Nor do we Spain's permission ask ! *

Fine pleasant weather, breezes light,
 We make our Vessel snug and tight ;—
 Set up the rigging, with each stay ;
 And, wheresoever needing, pay
 With pitch, first caulking ; sheaves, fresh grease,—
 In short, the present time we seize
 To fit the Ship to buffet Seas †.—

* Watering in an enemy's port, is not unfrequently done ;—a tolerable proof of the mastery by Sea.

† The constant working of a Ship at Sea would occasion the rigging to become slack, was it not carefully prevented by “ setting-up : ”—this is best done in smooth water.—“ To caulk,” is to drive in *between* the planks, with a peculiar kind of chissel, oakum (viz. rope-yarns pick'd out), which you afterwards “ pay ; ” that is, cover

Thus taking it, you see, most coolly,
 Tho' not unfit for action wholly :
 As at the higher mast-head's stay
 Men to alarm, if foes should weigh.—
 The distance 'tween us, in this case,
 Is such, that 'fore a fight takes place,
 We should be ready foes to face.

Whilst watering the Ship at night,
 I should have said, as moon shone bright,
 A few were sent to haul the Seine *,—
 A service, in which all are keen :
 Fresh fish is no bad thing, I ween !

In our well-found War-ships appear,
 Those various kinds of fishing gear,
 According with a climate ; sent
 By a Paternal Government,
 Scorbutic humours to prevent.
 Besides this net, we have the Trawl † :—
 And now I think I've told you all ;

with boiling pitch:—which covering is also extended to the *whole surface* of outside planks in parts of the Ship where not painted.—
 This must often be attended to, or a vessel would leak.—
 A “ Sheave,” is a small block wheel, on which ropes traverse ;—a mechanical increase of power.

* The “ Seine,” is a net, long, and moderately deep, by which fish may be encompassed on a beach,—a smooth one.

† The “ Trawl,” is a bag net, the mouth of which is kept open by a beam, &c. When the bottom of the Sea is clear of rocks,

It had been full as well before,
 When you had Hook and Harpoon lore;—
 As the old adage says, however,
 'Tis surely “better late than never.”

But now the second Sun's last ray
 Tells us, we should get under weigh.
 We do, and closely keep next day;—
 Then stretch a long way out at Sea,
 To set our dastard Rival free.—
 “Let them come out,” great NELSON! said;
 “Alongside then they may be laid!—
 “Confine! the Ships of Spain and France;
 “To capture them, you have no chance*.”—

Now, as the Chief before intention'd,
 And which, you recollect, I mention'd,
 His wits he does together lay,
 To find out the securest way,

and not too deep, you can use it; attached to the Vessel by a Hawser, which admits it to lay flat on the ground; to insure which, your Ship must have little way through the water.—You thus catch flat fish.

* Although Lord Nelson has carried this principle so gloriously into execution!, and although, by the present system of blockade, your ships suffer somewhat from wear and tear; yet are there not strong reasons against opening the ports of the enemy? Such as, the probability of much mischief from the greater facility given to egress and ingress; the great difficulty of tracing and coming up with them; and the likelihood of insubordination, or indolence, from confining the Crews of your Ships in port, with little or nothing to do; and a certainty too of much disease being introduced by this continuance in harbour!

His Frigate so well to disguise,
 That foes may think to make her prize.
 The enemy he ne'er can meet,
 And you know, cannot ever beat,
 While we appear, as what we are,
Id est, " a BRITISH Man-of-War ;"
 Therefore 'tis fair to alter look,
 And 'guile the poltroon to our hook.

First then, while water keeps so smooth,
 With paint we render her uncouth ;—
 After,—have hammock-cloths to go,
 So as that we prevent the show
 Of beds and guns ;—while boats and spars,
 In chains, and Quarters, war-look marris ;
 A fore and miz'n top-gallant mast
 Are struck, when yards on deck are past,—
 Tarpaulins o'er the head are cast.
 Then we've to steer with lounging sail ;
 And seem inclin'd to court the gale,
 A destin'd harbour to attain,
 As if not *cruising* on the Main.

Well, now, suppose we've at Sea been
 Full four and five good weeks between ;
 Yet still the Captain will stay out,
 And I confess, we rather pout.

Two famous prizes have been ta'en ;
 And from our agent we could gain
 (Should they not both at once be sold,)
 Yet quite enough of sterling gold
 To fit us for a *cruise* on shore,
 Was this, *now* tiresome !, Sea-cruise o'er.—
 Thus, you see, when we've got the prize,
 Old Davy's goodness we despise ;
 And, 'stead of *thanking*, d—n his eyes.—
 But, to be sure, the water's bad ;—
 Then no more fresh grub * to be had ;—
 Water !—alas !, and, O good lack !—
 'Tis turn'd almost to very black ! †—

Thus tainted, *old* Tars will declare,
 (Altho' I still to doubt it dare,
 Thinking that they, like cunning apes,
 Call things, when out of reach, sour grapes !)

* "Grub," as here applied, means Stock.

† It must be understood, that only a *present* supply, can be obtained by watering, as just now described ;—*completing* a Ship requires time and safety.—The duration of water in a sweet state, depends much on the place you water at, and the weather :—now and then a cask may not have been well cleaned, in which case the water will very soon turn : the ground tier of casks also (the lowest) cannot always be removed on active service ; and consequently when broke into, must be tainted : to remove this as much as possible, a tin ventilator is allowed every Man-of-War, and which, in some degree, effects the desired intent.

'That water, tho' so very bad,
Is finest!—*none else* to be had!—
But it's a good propensity,
To make the best of things at Sea.

In order cheerfully to live,
We must a fib, or two, forgive.

Besides these ills,—we fruitless seek
A Vessel, week here after week;
And so we may for ever sneak!

She will not give us any chance!
Now I'll be bound she's gone for France.—

So grumble on, the *grumble Tonny's*,—
Faith, Officers! as well as Johnnys:

Indeed the Captain has a mind,
To be a little so inclin'd;—

Lord! what a tiresome enemy;
Who will not come, and taken be!

However, as we cannot make
The foe to fight, for fighting's sake,
In truth! my honest fighting John,
Still you must grumble!, grumble on.

Some days go by!—another's past,
In fact as dully as the last;

Making the cruise out "just six weeks:"
Yet still our Frigate keenly seeks

A cunning, cautious, frighten'd foe ;
 Who, we now think, will never show
 His nose from forth his guarded nest ;
 No !—let us do our very best.

Our Chief, howe'er, will persevere,
 Duty forbids tow'rds home to steer.

Nothing, in this last while, we trace,
 But a brave feat of worthy BRACE.

One fine forenoon, the Captain cries,
 “ Of Sails I'll have an exercise.”

We reef, and furl, and canvass spread,
 Just as the Captain's order led :—

At last, O God !—“ A fall ! a fall !”
 Several voices loudly call.

Tumultuously the fearful word is borne,
 That from the yard-arm, poor JACK HANDSAIL torn !
 By the huge flapping sail, attempts to gain
 The passing Ship,—but strives, alas ! in vain !—
 The moment heard, all instantaneous hie,
 Intent to save,—but BEN, to save, or die !!!
 Off fly his clothes ;—and, from the lofty side,
 He leaps at once into the briny tide :
 With eager strokes he cleaves the yielding wave,
 And dares his fate, a Shipmate's life to save !—
 Sinking, poor JACK casts round a longing eye,
 The wind just catches his despairing sigh !—

Redoubled ardour fills BEN BRACE's heart,
 Exerted is his utmost strength and art.
 At length he reaches the eventful spot,
 Seizes his friend, we think,—but, hapless lot!—
 It is not JACK:—BEN but his hat has got.—

Lo! he sinks too!—ah! both have disappear'd :
 Oh! stern, relentless fate, 'tis what we fear'd!—
 Our view is hid;—the swift-row'd boat has reach'd;—
 Again all hands imploringly beseech'd
 Their GOD! to spare the brave—our Frigate's pride;—
 When, see!—the Crew hang o'er the offward side :
 They haul them in!—by Heavens! both are sav'd !!!
 A wild burst 'scapes the Crew, as tho' they rav'd.

BEN must have div'd, when his poor Shipmate sunk ;
 And, 'fore he caught him, must of Ocean drunk.

The Boat's Crew now, with stretching sinews, strive
 To reach the Ship, and keep their friends alive ;
 Each patient is by rapid motion roll'd,
 To force the briny tide to quit its hold ;
 Till, with more skill, the Surgeon gives his aid,
 Who has them in a better posture laid ;
 While stimulants, and proper warmth, applied,
 Make the pulse beat,—and now is death defied !!!

I need not say, I think, that noble BEN,
 We reckon 'mongst the very first of men !
 Thro' him a loss of life we've not to mourn.—
 But, to our cruising to return.

Just as a six weeks space is out,
 At day-light,—hear!—a sudden shout !
 “ A Ship a-head !—just in our route.”
 Those who had charge, had all been told,
 “ That they must not the same course hold
 “ As first, when a strange sail was seen ;
 “ But seem to act, in doubts between.”—
 This is, in order foes may think,
 We’re not of force, so thro’ fear shrink ;
 For when a Craft is not well arm’d,
 ’Tis natural to be alarm’d.—

The course is alter’d—and we yaw,
 As if we fear’d his pouncing paw.—
 Our Captain, when he makes him out,
 Comes to the wind, and heaves about * ;
 And, as in fear, makes awkward rout.—
 We croud all sail, and from him run ;
 But then I’ll tell you what is done : —
 A something is put o’er the side,
 Which just sinks so much in the tide,
 That it our Frigate’s speed retards † :—
 And now, O ! ye immortal Bards !

* “ To come to the wind,” or “ haul to it,” is to bring the Ship as near it as she will *sail*, with the yards braced sharp up,—diagonally about six points of the compass within.—To “ heave about,” is to tack, as before explained.

† When a sail, cask, spar, &c. &c. is put over with this intention, it is term’d a “ Droge,” or “ Drudge.”

Great Homer! Virgil! Shakespear! Milton!
 Ye, who have Human Passions dwelt on,—
 O! could you with your fire but trace
 The wild expression of each face,
 When our Chief swears, “ ’tis even she!
 “ Our late chas’d, pent up, enemy;”
 Who, like a shark, yields to the look
 Of the disguis’d, but fatal hook!;—
 Gods! what a picture you would draw!
 ’Twould our cold blood, in Iceland, thaw!
 Would, in Spitzbergen, men inspire,—
 Until their late froze cheeks glow’d with a crimson fire!!!

But as I’m not, faith, such a Poet,
 However well inclin’d to show it,—
 Pity the tameness of my pen,
 For, to describe the scene, is past my ken.

Now, at their quarters, are the Crew;
 No further preparation’s due.—
 Even poor BOB! tho’ not recover’d,
 Nobly about his quarters hover’d;—
 HENRY must yet keep down below,
 Being as yet too weak to go
 To where he’s quarter’d;—JACK and BEN,
 In a few hours, became stout men*.

* It is hoped the Reader remembers that neither Henry, or Bob, were said to have died; the first being carried off the deck speech-

Most are conceal'd ; the rest disguis'd ;
 That they be Merchant's Sailors priz'd
 By the deluded foe ; who spreads
 All sail, as he no longer dreads.—
 Incautious !, he to windward makes ; —
 We're glad, he this position takes ;
 Because, with half an eye, we know,
 By this means, he can never go
 From us ; as he most surely wou'd,
 When once our class is understood.—
 For if to *leeward* he would steer,
 T' obstruct—our ready guns appear ;
 And of course, all the art of man,
 Broadside to *windward*, never can
 Force the huge ship,—one way is left ;
 But, of advantage he's bereft—
 The op'ning is—*a-head* to stretch ;—
 But on this point, we're sure to catch ;—
 For we can our own Ship impel
 To *on a wind* sail passing well.

As fighting now's a hollow thing ;
 Young friends to holes in Capstan bring,
 A *proof of friendship*, their chest keys ! ;
 Meaning, that the contents of these

less, and supposed to be dying ; the latter fainted after his exclamation on the Quarter-deck.—Jack and Ben had only a severe ducking.

Should him belong, who fate may give
 Fortune, the others to outlive.—
 They all shake hands!—fly to each station,
 And with true BRITISH animation,
 “ Long to deserve well of the Nation!!! ;” —
 Save one poor Youth, whom idle dreams
 Had made quite spiritless, it seems!—
 Tho’ he had often dreamt before
 Things as terrific, yet no more
 He thought of them—the usual way ;—
 We dream!, and ’tis forgot next day!—
 Except it may, as often chances
 That some occurrence dream enhances ;—
 Then is, what *else* had been forgot,
 Made of great consequence, I wot!—
 ’Tis wonderment! that thoughts of *light*
 (From whence in fact spring those of *night*)
 Should happen with events to chime ;
 Tho’ the result, we knew, in time
 Might reasonably come to pass!
 To wonder then, bespeaks an ass !!!
 We sail—and leave a friend on shore
 So ill, we may not see him more ;
 His image haunts us oft by day,
 And therefore too, in dreams oft may.—

Well!—we at length, to port return,
 And find his death we have to mourn :—
 Now some, all laws of reason scorning,
 Cry, “ O ! I dreamt it ; I’ve had warning !!! ”

Such pow’r has simple dreaming o’er us!—
 Deriv’d from those, who went before us,
 In ages dark ; when ignorance
 Led reason such a plaguy dance ;—
 Mankind, by superstition chain’d,
 All her most monstrous whims maintain’d ;
 And this example has such hold,
 That th’ error cannot be controul’d,
 Without much rational reflection
 On proof,—which needs must cause rejection,—
 So it now happen’d with our youth :—
 A dream, this Cruise, gave birth forsooth!
 To sad presentiment!—a dread
 Of being number’d with the dead,
 In the first action might be fought :—
 Now is the very time, he thought.
 Dejected, wan, and almost faint,
 From Superstition’s baneful taint,
 The young unfortunate had near
 Yielded his mind to abject fear ;
 And one great quality forgot,
 Which forms the Man!—for the quick shot

He would have shrunk from, if he cou'd!—
 As brave a lad as ever stood,
 Altho' he 'd been!—disgrac'd his nation,
 Friends, Service, and his Reputation,—
 High as it was, from well-earn'd cause;—
 O!, what a truly serious pause!—
 On these, with mute despair he thinks,—
 Then, tho' each nerve rebellious shrinks,
 Yet work'd up!, render'd desperate!
 He stands! —and dares expected fate!!—

Well!—what d'ye think of this became?—
 Why!—neither sick!, or sore!, or lame!,
 Out of the battle, to his shame,
 This dream-distracted Hero, came!!!
 Howe'er, he had the grace to feel,
 That if a dream again should deal,
 With him in e'er so dread a way,
 That he would not such high cost pay,
 As on this most eventful day. —

So much of our fierce battle's fate,
 I've ventur'd to anticipate. ---
 But lo!—the rival Ship approaches nigh,—
 And ha!—she seems our equal rate to spy;—
 Fain would she now, the shock of battle shun,
 When, in the instant! ev'ry deadly gun,

Sternly from forth our Frigate's tell-tale side,
 At once proclaims, "here fate decrees you bide;"
 Nor is her vain attempt much longer tried.—
 In turn delusive Fortune's favour bade,
 That they shall not again, by flight, evade
 The dreadful fight;—the bitter deadly dose,
 They needs must gulp—for behold!—we are close!!!—

But just before, the furious, deaf'ning roar
 Of hostile cannon shakes the distant shore;—
 Ere yet, these mortal thunders awful roll;—
 Let but the fearful, hypochondriac soul
 See BRITISH Seamen rang'd, all stripp'd for fight,
 With brawny arms embar'd,—a nervous sight!—
 And ample waist embound with tight-drawn fold
 Of India's kerchief, spangled o'er with gold*.

Standing in grim array,—dead silence reigning,—
 Amidst the BROADSIDE, each his rank maintaining;
 Fix'd to the deck, in attitudes so firm,
 That, it were not to misapply the term,
 To say, that when *thus* seen are BRITISH Crews,
 "They look like animated, stern statues:"—

* In order to have no superfluous clothing, to hinder exertion in action, Sailors strip to the trowsers and shirt,—untying the silk neck-handkerchief (which usually has much yellow in it), and binding it tightly round the waist, to enable them to keep their wind better;—the shirt sleeves are tucked up to their shoulders, shewing their muscular arms, for which Sailors (owing to rowing, and pulling and hawling,) are remarkable.

Save some—whose latent fury, hardly pent,
By grinding powder, or tough lead, has vent.*

But when the word—the dread, tremendous word!
Bids Seamen fire!—and instantaneous heard
Is the loud thund'ring *peal* of BRITISH guns,
Impetuous urg'd by her heroic Sons.—

Where is that trembling, or that jaundic'd mind,
(BRITAIN, we know, has of the gloomy kind)
Which would not *here*, its hippish qualms give o'er,
And swear the foe can never reach our shore !!!,—
Except as Prize?—But the time's come!—that sound
Bids carnage! deadly carnage! stalk around,—

“Coins number Two, my Boys!”—BRITONS, stand by!—
“Remember this, Lads,—fight until you die!—
“Point well your guns!—*now*, Heroes!! *now* let fly !!!” }

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Dreadful the battle rag'd!—when lo!—the tide
No longer intervenes—she meets our side!—

* At the tremendous moment, when (if about engaging a First Rate) a Crew may receive the fire from sixty pieces of heavy ordnance, close to them, without being permitted to return it, in order to allay the irritation of nerves, from impatience! and fury!, a piece of lead torn from what is called the apron of a gun, or a handful of gunpowder, is ground between the teeth.

“ Lash her, my Boys!” the ardent Captain cries;—

“ Huzza! my BRITONS, now we make her Prize!”—

Swift on the gangway springs our daring BRACE!

Wrestles with fate,—and ruin stares in face;

Ruin!—alas!—a *ruin* soon was he;—

For scarcely did the anxious Captain see,

Our cathead firmly lash'd to hers a-lee;

Scarce had our gallant BRACE! past the last turn,

Than O! most fatal! fatal! cause to mourn,—

A hissing bullet deeply gores his side,—

The deck's ensanguin'd by the purple tide!—

Young PAT MAHONY, to his Messmate true,

That instant to afford assistance flew;—

And to the Cock-pit, would poor BEN have ta'en;

Who, altho' writhing, struggling, faint with pain,

Yet nobly tells, and signs him to refrain;—

Points to the hostile decks, where Boarders rush;—

And with, alas! a weak, yet strenuous push,

Keeps off his friend; who, finding help in vain,

Tries, with *Hibernian* gallantry, to gain

The Frenchman's deck; where furious, mortal strife

Has, e'en already!, stopp'd the stream of life

In many a youthful and heroic Tar:—

For foes oppose a most determin'd war!—

Our gallant Captain was himself the first

To rush on-board,—led on by glorious thirst

Of Country's praise!—of eminence in arms!—
 Love too! the Hero's glowing bosom warms.—
 His rival Chieftain, desperately brave,
 Flew to oppose, and Gallia's honour save:—
 This he did well,—for his last trembling sigh,
 Breath'd forth, “O! Frenchmen, Frenchmen, do not fly!”—
 Pierc'd with a pike's fierce thrust from our Chief's hand,
 He yields his life blood,—and his high command. !- - -
 The cheer! that instant burst, was as the roar
 Of waves mountainous, breaking on the shore!—
 With mighty force they rush—no calm they own!
 Until all opposition's overthrown!!!—

In vain great courage some few foes adorn,—
 In vain a captive life, some bravely scorn,—
 In vain a little desp'rate forlorn band
 Of Chiefs, 'gainst our *impetuous* Sailors stand;—
 Who, as wild raging billows, when they reach,
 Forc'd by a storm, the huge mound's fatal breach,
 Pour foaming thro' the rent;—and spreading, flood
 Those quiet pastures, which so late withstood
 (And, as their owners thought, e'en ever might)
 The Ocean tempest's very utmost height:—
 So our fierce Tars, with force resistless rush'd,
 And, as the torrent, opposition crush'd,—
 Soon as our Chief a deadly op'ning made;
 When he his rival, with fierce sternness, bade

“ Learn,” (as he pois’d to strike the fatal blow)
 “ BRITONS are just!—but then a dreadful foe!!!”

Now panic-struck, the Frenchmen wildly fly;—
 Or stretch’d in heaps on deck, kill’d!, dying!, lie.
 Scarce did young EDWARD this event behold,
 When, with a spirit frantically bold,
 He forces wildly past the warring throng;—
 Rushes, with hurried steps, the deck along;—
 Reaches the foe’s late vaunting Ensign-staff,
 And with a cry!, a shrill hysteric laugh!,
 Tears down the Banner of the vanquish’d foe,—
 Now rightly doom’d its proper fate to know!!!—
 As the tri-colour’d flag in haste descends,
 The concave shakes!—old Ocean’s bosom rends!
 With *cheers*, which loudly burst from ev’ry breast,—
 Fury’s last vent!—now are our hearts at rest.—

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Now, doth an awful, silent calm appear;—
 Now, in each-eye, starts forth the manly tear;—
 Now, we survey the dismal scene around;—
 Now, for the first time ’tis, we hear resound
 Pain’s frightful gnash!—the agonizing groan!,
 Or the more overcoming, faint, low moan!—

And as we now behold our *hard-earn'd* Prize ;
 What harrowing objects strike upon the eyes !—
 Decks, torn by shot, and slippery with blood !;—
 Bodies disfigur'd, bath'd in gory flood !;—
 Sails tatter'd, and in wildest chaos cast !;—
 While, weak from gaping wounds, nods ev'ry mast !;—
 Yards cut, or sorely splinter'd, all are seen
 To hang, with half their rigging, scarce between
 The smoke-clad Sky, and Sea !; —dismounted guns,
 Shew with what furious rage our angry Sons
 Urge war,—on that proud, impious, treach'rous foe,
 Who fain would lay BRITANNIA'S honour low :—
 But vainly would they deal the fatal blow.—
 BRITONS perchance may be by *guile* seduc'd,
 But *never* can they be by force ! reduc'd !!!—

So diff'rent to all this, is our Ship seen,
 That many might to scepticism lean,
 Who did not they themselves the scene behold,
 But were the fact simply by others told.—
 Our loss of men on board by cannon shot,
 (Of truth no single syllable forgot,)
 Consists of only five !—" three Seamen skill'd,
 " With two Marines, forming the total kill'd."—
 All these, as ev'ry spark of life had flown,
 Were at once into the deep Ocean thrown.

Another fact, I also must relate,—
 Not one amongst us was ordain'd by fate
 To meet his death upon the hostile plank ;
 For which a guardian Providence we thank :
 No sooner had we a firm footing gain'd,
 Than, like the lightning's swiftness, was obtain'd
 The end,—the well-accomplish'd end ! in view ;—
 Namely, “ with gleaming swords and pikes to strew
 “ The hostile decks, with heaps of hostile dead ;
 “ But not a drop of **BRITISH** blood to shed.”

We have ten wounded men ;—the most in state,
 We trust, not absolutely desperate.—
 With all these men, the mischief had been done
 Either before the boarding had begun,
 Or in the act,—when poor **BEN BRACE** made one. }
 Our canvass, rigging, masts, and yards also,
 That we have been in action, plainly show ;—
 But no great damage does from thence accrue,
 And we shall soon look just as good as new.—

All such as had been wounded first, were ta'en
 At once down to the Cockpit ; that their pain
 Might be assuag'd ;—but the remainder, who
 Did our decks at the boarding struggle strew,
 Are *now* with gentlest dispatch borne down ;
 (In all, before too, final life has flown.)

Humane and sorrowing is the victor Tar,
Tho' late he wag'd such an infuriate war.

In my detail now let me make a pause,
To praise those heart-reviving noble laws !
Which bid, that every article on board
Should be, which can, in any sense, afford
Aid, in arresting the dread hand of slaughter.—
Lo! in the Cockpit chamber, under water,
Surgeons, with skilful and attentive care,
The means allow'd by Government prepare,
To heal the lacerated, dang'rous wound,
And make the suff'rer once more hale and sound.

Yet tho', in gratitude, we this admire,
We tremble at the scene,—it is so dire!—
The gloomy light around, just faintly shows
The mangled victims, on the floor, in rows ;
Whose forms the pale gleams of the sullen lamp
Do to the eye in greater terrors stamp.

With naked arms, and a cadav'rous hue,
The Surgeons stand (their instruments in view)
Around the spacious amputating chest ;
While, within reach, in far more horrors drest,
Looms the huge Tub! that portion to receive,
Which the knife from the sufferers bereave!!!

But, Reader! tho' this scene impresses now
My mind, as of unutterable woe!

Yet, at the time I witness'd it, 'twas nought,—
 Nobody then the scene so dreadful thought;
 Not e'en the victims!—One right gallant Youth,
 Who, as the Surgeon carves him, coolly, sooth!
 Keeps singing, “ Rule, BRITANNIA, rule the waves;
 “ For BRITONS never, never will be slaves!”—

In fact, when once our spirits are well up,
 We ne'er can taste pain's agonizing cup :
 We feel a shock !, and instantly we fall !—
 But do not know the serious mischief all ;
 Till, on discov'ring we can't move a peg,
 We look !—and find we've *only* lost—a leg !!!—

O ! what a contrast does the savage foe
 In blessed, Christian-like attention show
 Tow'rds finding medicine and implement !
 But it is their remorseless government ;—
 Denied the means, by worse than brutal men,
 Far fitter for the bloody tiger's den,
 To govern wildest beasts !—than e'er to reign
 O'er human beings in a rich domain ;—
 Of such extent too !—whose dire passions prize
 War, only as a glutting sacrifice
 Of myriads ! to Ambition's cruel thirst ;
 Which, when *thus* evil, is the very worst,—
 The most insatiable,—the most accurst !—
 Of widest range,—the most envenom'd sting,
 The worst of men can on his species bring !—

Such fiends send victims forth, without that aid,
 Which Mercy, Justice,—nay, e'en Manhood bade,
 Should e'er be ready to improve that state,
 Which must in war—how oft!—the Tar await.—
 Nor stops the mischief here :—should unkind fate
 Doom but our capture ;—then *we* also feel,
 What ills these “ scourges of our race ” can deal.
 For the unprincipled,—the plund'ring bands,
 From our now captive, helpless Surgeon's hands,
 Tear the essential instruments, altho'
 He by his skill might yet prevent the blow
 Of death, to many,—heal the ghastly seams
 With which each body hideously teems ;—
 Had they but, in kind mercy, left him means !!!*

* The Author wishes again to assure the Reader, that the above observations are founded on facts.—Instances of men singing a loyal song under amputation, cheering upon losing a limb, and even wishing it, rammed into a gun to fire back upon the enemy, must be known to every Naval Officer ;—as must the declaration, “ that, in the heat of action, one may lose a limb, without instantly being aware of it, or feeling at the moment much pain.”— — As to the inhuman deficiency of instruments (and deed surgical assistance of any kind) amongst the French at the beginning of the war, and the diabolical seizure of them from the hands of our Surgeons, even while in the act of amputating ;—the instance of the *Alexander*, of 74 guns, commanded by the present Admiral Bligh, captured by a French squadron, may be selected from among others, which have come within the Author's knowledge. Nor do the actions Buonaparte has either dictated or permitted, exonerate the imperial despotism from the general charge of cruelty, (though there may be some difference in the manner of evincing it,) more than the former Republican Anarchy ;—witness the inhuman treatment of Captain Wright

Hail, great BRITANNIA, virtuously great!—
 O! may Historians ne'er have to relate
 Your fall, from that exalted, mighty throne,
 Th' impartial world now tells you, "is your own."—

Urge war! you must, when envious foes provoke;
 But ever humanize the dreadful stroke,
 By Justice!, Mercy!, and Benignity!
 When unalloy'd enjoy your Victory!!!

But to return!—we have now to secure
 Our num'rous prisoners, and make all sure
 On-board each Ship;—to clear the decks of slaughter,
 And wash them afterwards, throughout, with water.

The first attain'd, and the two Frigates cast
 Clear of each other once, we then our fast
 Break,—and the first time!—For it's surely meet
 That our exhausted Crew, at length should eat.
 I think indeed, with this idea you'll chime,
 When I assure you, it is now "noon-time."

of the Navy, (confining it merely to his imprisonment)!—Of the defenders of India and Merchant-ships, stabbed in cool blood after striking their colours!—Of the oppression of many unoffending individuals of our Countrymen, &c. &c. &c.—My God!, because the subjects of a lawful Sovereign do their duty to Him, and their Country, that they should be pursued with such unrelenting ferocity, is dreadful!, is absolutely revolting to human nature!—The gallantry of young Edward is no idle story.—Boys have *actually* and *often* this war performed wonders.

CANTO VIII.

Argument.

Anecdote of French Brutality—Shape Course homeward—An account of the Skin being punctured by Sailors—Bury a regretted Seaman, who died of his Wounds—A Song, written by an Officer, on his Death—Get Soundings—Make the Land—Great Joy—Come to an Anchor—Captain goes to the Admiral—Imagination apostrophized—Postman comes off—Various Letters received—Their Effects attempted to be described—Captain returns with a Pilot—Weigh, and go into Harbour—Strip, and go into Dock—News arrives of the great Victory off Trafalgar, and Death of Lord Nelson—The Effect—Sandy Mayne brings off a Friend to Dinner, who sings a Song upon it—The Effect—Conclusion.

THE
C R U I S E.

CANTO VIII.

WELL!—we, in haste, our worn-out strength recruit;
And then use proper means to reap the fruit
Of well-earn'd victory.—Some hands were sent
To clear away aloft; whilst others went
To heave o'erboard all the remaining few
Dead bodies of our late foe's num'rous crew,
Which may have 'scap'd our notice in the flurry,
Or in the needed ration's eager hurry.

The loss of lives on board our Prize is great,
As from its *Role* * we make an estimate
Of “Forty kill'd upon the deck outright;”
(Chiefly these fell in single-handed fight;)

* What by us is termed the “Ship's Book,”—“Muster Book,” answers to the French “*Rôle d' Equipage*.”—By comparing the last muster with the present, of course, the intervening loss can be ascertained.

Wounded were, in proportion, wondrous few,
 As "twenty" only, thus their decks bestrew.
 And here I must a glaring instance state,
 (Amongst indeed the many) which must rate
 Our Gallic enemy (this war at least),
 Far, far! below the level of the beast.

There was a time, we know, when warring Gaul
 Would yet attend unto some human call;
 When a chivalrous spirit nobly bade
 Feelings arise, Detraction ne'er can fade!!!
 Which e'er must shine in Hist'ry's brightest page,
 Ever admir'd by an enlighten'd age!—
 (At least amongst those nations who maintain
 Themselves without a foul, an impious stain;)
 Such as soft Pity's godlike, mild controul,
 Which spreads its balmy influence o'er the soul;
 Which does from real Heroes emanate,
 The instant that they know the battle's fate.
 These!, when the rage of conflict has expir'd,
 No longer are heart-steel'd!—by hatred fir'd!—
 Then 'tis Compassion, gen'rous sorrow steals;
 And as a Christian! the fierce warrior feels;
 Turns from the carnage with a deep-drawn sigh,
 While tears of manliness o'er-brim his eye!—
 A dog will howl!,—the lordly bull will groan!,
 When they perceive the mangled fragments strown

Of their own species.—Frenchmen!—French alone!
 Will not a savage brute's emotion own!!!
 Some of them had on board the Prize been left,
 Of arms, but not of liberty, bereft;—
 And as our gang of Sailors went the round,
 Two brutal Gallic soldiers (shock'd) they found
 Smoking at ease, reclining on a Friend!—
 (Or Comrade, say) who did the deck extend,
 By death disfigur'd in most hideous way!—
 Yet these curs'd, fiend-like wretches, “*toujours gai*,”
 (“*En mode de France!*”) were, unmov'd, heard to say,—
 When honest-hearted, manly, BRITISH JACK!
 Swore “he'd a d—d good mind to beat 'em black;
 “And head 'em for a swim, in some old leager,
 “'Caise they were worse by chalks, than any Negre.
 “Why, d—n ye, don't you heave the body over?
 “Why, smite my limbs!—you thieves, why it's a brother!!!”
 On this harangue, with aspects of cold stone!
 Pipes, for the instant merely, let alone;
 Not to say fill'd with shame, “In faith that's true;”
 But “*Bah! m'en fou garçons c'est rien à nous.*”
 Those who, at Acre's bloody siege, would heap
 Their comrades' carcasses, that they might reap
 A kind of shelter from the ploughing shot;
 And this, till they thro' putrefaction rot!—

Such men, 'tis credible, would not refuse
A brother soldier, as I've said, to use*.

Now clear'd aloft, our Sailors quickly hie,
(That Carpenters may, with due safety, try
At stopping ev'ry shot-hole, may be seen,)
To get each Frigate on a right carreen.—
This is well done 'fore night ;—all is made tight,
And nought appears now of the late dire fight,
But low small sails on board our cut-up Prize,—
For danger, tho' not *fear'd*, we don't *despise*.
So, having got the wreck of top-masts clear,
Under the wounded lower masts we steer ;
Which are secur'd by means of pond'rous fishes †,
And tho' not fully equal to our wishes,
Yet, the emergency of things according,
As well as possible our pains rewarding.
Now I'll inform you what at once must hinder
Thoughts that our masts were lost by storm ; as cinder,

* A " Leager," is a cask so called.—" Exceeding by Chalks," is derived from a game among Sailors, of trying who can reach the farthest to chalk a plank, and recover himself.—" Negre," is the Sea-pronunciation of Negro.—This anecdote is founded on a circumstance which occurred on board the *Hoche*, of 80 guns, captured off Ireland by Sir John Warren.

† When Masts are sprung, (cracked,) or cut, by shot in action, Spars, carried for the purpose in all Men-of-War, are firmly woolded (lashed), and otherwise secured to them, to strengthen:—ssill, however, you may not, as in present instance, be enabled to carry lofty sail.

Dark cinder colour, in funereal pride,
 Usurps throughout the aspect of *that* side
 At which our flashing guns, we rapid plied.
 For, as she fell aboard our Vessel close,
 We gave her, *touching*, one right fiery dose !,
 And then no longer at our cannon tarried,
 But (as you know) by furious boarding carried.—
 As to our own, so late engag'd, tight Ship ;
 During the while we're on our homeward trip,
 We shift torn sails, refresh around with paint ;
 So that a man must be a very saint,
 To find out that our Frigate e'er had been
 In such a truly wild, destructive scene,
 As late she was ;—a thing by no means new
 In Naval Annals :—true, on my word, most true * !

I said, we homeward steer'd :—ecstatic sound !
 Now, how our hollow, quick-pac'd decks resound
 With joyful steps ;—while knowing rubs and winks
 Shew 'tis on blithest pleasure each one thinks.

* Amongst many instances which might be adduced to prove the possibility of this circumstance, the Author brings forward only that of the Mars, of 74 guns, Captain Hood ; who brought the Hercule French ship, of equal force, to such close action, as to touch her sides with the muzzles of his guns :—and such was the superiority of his fire, that the enemy were soon driven from the great guns ; and their Ship, with the side on which she was engaged burnt to a cinder by the flash of her opponent's guns, and otherwise dreadfully disabled, towed into Plymouth by the Mars ; which ship actually appeared not to have been in action.

Enrich'd we know we are with pelf and glory :—
My timbers ! 'tis a right-down noble story !!!—

Our Captain now plans his Official Letter ;
With one, I'll not affirm, he likes still better !,
His feelings are in such sweet unison :
But let me say just, that the *latter* one
Is to an afore-mention'd lovely Lass !
Whom no one other can, in charms, surpass,
But this of course.—O ! fashionable Fair !
Do not at our quaint, Tar-like lingo stare.
A Lass !—it is the rough-spun Seaman's way,—
His uncouth tongue will thus his love betray :
But *I* said “ Lass,”—mind ! *not* our gallant Captain !—
I'd lay a wager that *his* words were rapt in
That mellifluous, sweetly soothing flow,
Which those far gone in love can ne'er forego
Perchance it was, “ Delightful !—heav'nly Maid !
“ Lovely in make !—in mind, without a shade !”
In mind !—avast ! * does fashionable love,
Enquire much after a good store above ?—
Well !—faith, I do not know ;—all to be said
Is this, howe'er,—that our Sea Captain paid
A real adoration, at the shrine ;
So far !, at all events, he did refine.

* “ Avast !” is the Sea-term “ to stop,”—“ to hold.”

Let it be how it will,—he writes his letters,
 One brief and manly, to, in rank, his Betters;
 While t'other treats of Love, and happy fetters!!!—

Others too write;—and have with joy to tell
 A Wife! or Parent!, Sweet-heart!, Friend!, that well
 They had in fight behav'd;—had too escap'd
 From ev'ry harm; tho' bullets almost scrap'd!—

JACK cuts an active shuffle, swears a spell
 He will soon have on shore with POLL or NELL,
 Over a flowing bowl of warming flip*;
 And then he'll tell how he made Crapaud skip!;
 Aye!, and what gold galore†, he hopes to share:
 “Oh!, I knows, JACK, it must be with the Fair;”—
 Aye! with the fair or yellow, brown or black,
 My hearty lass, says he, with a loud smack,
 None come amiss to JACK, that wear a cap!!!—
 In honest truth, good Master JOHN, when mellow,
 Thou'rt known to be a plaguy, roguish fellow.

Thus Sailor-like, they passing soon forget
 Their troubles and their woe; tho' scarcely yet
 A day! a single, fleeting day! has past,
 Since some respected Shipmate breath'd his last:
 Ever the case at Sea!—to-day we sorrow!—
 And banish all our griefs, before to-morrow!!!—

* “Flip,” is commonly composed of Ale, Spirits, Sugar, and Spice, boiled up, and drunk hot; but it is best with the addition of Eggs.

† “Galore,”—plenty.

Soon are the Crew, however, overta'en
With the most bitter pangs of woe, again.—

Scarce is a third Sun verging to its close
Since the fierce contest with their furious foes ;
When the dejected Surgeon, sad of heart,
Told the Chief, “ that his very utmost art,
“ Th’ attention he had never ceas’d to pay,
“ Yet could not turn death’s fatal dart away
“ From poor devoted **BRACE** !”—No sooner known,
Than the Chief starts ! and does much sorrow own ;
As nature’s proof, we hear a breathing sigh,
Whilst he doth quickly to the poor Tar hie.

All joy had ceas’d ; the sadly mournful Crew
Around their dying Shipmate’s hammock drew.
No smiling now ; no jibe ; all, all !, are flown !—
No sound intrudes, save **BEN**’s departing moan ;—
Save the low murm’ring of the washing tide,
As it recedes from the quick cleaving side ;—
Save the, at times, monotonous exclaim
Of the dull con, which doth direction name ;—
Or now th’ approaching, hurried, pacing feet
Of the sad Chief,—who seeks pale ruin’s seat.—

Arriv’d !—he grasps the Sailor’s clay-cold hand,
And soothingly intreats his last command.—
Poor grateful **BEN** ! opes slow, a heavy eye,—
And, as it moistens, steals the swelling sigh !

At length he moans!—" Captain! send this to ANN;—

" Tell her,—her Husband acted like a Man!—

" Tell her,—he lov'd his own,—his darling Wife,

" While there remain'd a single spark of life!"—

Then, with emphatic energy addressing

His well-lov'd, deep-mov'd Chief,—“ O! take a blessing,

“ A Seaman's blessing, with you!—ANN!”—he sighs;—

“ My child!—my ANN!”—and without struggle dies !!!—

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A hectic flush, from e'en the soul!, betrays

Our Captain's heart-felt grief,—as he surveys

The form, now sunk in death, of such a man,

As to be equall'd scarcely ever can.—

At length,—he bares BEN's manly, yet warm breast,

To take from thence his earnest, last request!—

Affection's pledge!—poor widow'd ANNA's hair,

Enshrin'd within a golden locket rare;—

When, in the deeply punctur'd skin, appears

What rids the Sailors of religious fears:—

It is our blessed Saviour!, crucified;—

Of all, who own a Christian creed, the pride!—

And this is meant, that should a dreadful fate

Throw him upon a foreign Christian state,

A lifeless corse!—that then the blessed sign

May ev'ry sect, thro' reverence, combine

In one intent,—give one resolve a birth,—
 “The Christian’s body to inhume in earth.”—

This, on the right breast stamp’d, arrests the eye;
 Another object meets its glance hard by.

Mark’d in rude semblance, on the rising left,

Is she, now of a Husband fond bereft* ;—

Poor ANN!—the lov’d, and the adoring Wife!—

Well will it be for her, if mental strife

Does not affect her senses, or her life.—

But there’s a Pleader at her breast, must tell

What duty ’tis a Mother should impel :

That all the woes by fate’s decree e’er sent,

Should ne’er divert her from this great intent,—

“Never to be by ills of life beguil’d,

“From ev’ry effort to protect her Child.”

Now is the token ta’en from BRACE’s heart,

While in the Captain’s eye the full tears start.—

Religiously his gen’rous mind is bent,

To try whate’er may possibly prevent

* It is a common practice amongst Seamen of Christian countries, to have the skin punctured by a needle, and rubbed with gun-powder, Indian ink, &c. which thus becomes indelible.—In addition to the subjects here described, the Author has frequently seen Masonic and whimsical devices;—sometimes the whole body and limbs marked with Suns, Moons, Stars, &c. &c.—as the ancient inhabitants of our Island.——For a very beautiful description of a scene somewhat similar, *vide* the ballad of “Tom Halyard,” by Dr. Walcot.

Distress befalling her, whom dying BRACE
Seem'd fain to in his good protection place.

Slowly he moves away, his face o'erspread
With grief, to think the gallant Seaman's dead :
While oft, when pond'ring on the dismal stroke,
A sad expression from his bosom broke.

But who can paint young HENRY's gush of woe,
When the event they let him fully know?—
That man, who once had risk'd his life to save him,
Sunk into the grave!;—who so oft too gave him
Proofs of an open-hearted Tar's affection :
Oh! 'tis to him the bitterest reflection.—
Well for the feeling Youth it is, indeed,
That he has some time ceas'd from wounds to bleed ;
That he is happily so far recover'd,
As, when an anguish thus around him hover'd,
He does not fever, or so weaken'd sink, .
As to be on this world's extremest brink.—
Others,—all!, all!, deeply lamented too;—
For Sorrow's sombre pencil forthwith threw
A cloudy tint o'er the late joyous Crew.

Soon is the corpse laid in the hammock's shroud,
While melancholy groups around it croud ;
And mournful bear it to the Sailors' BIER,—
The MIDSHIP GRATING !, wet e'en with a tear!

Then o'er the body, sadly slow is spread
The UNION CROSS,—a pall now to the dead :—

Here is it wak'd!—tho' simple is the way,
 "No choirists chaunt!, no priests unfeeling pray!"

A simple lanthorn shews where worth is laid:
 All cry, alas!—Th' imperious Pow'r that bade,
 Was the full heart,—was unaffected woe,
 Which scorns the mockery of pageant show!—
 Here rest awhile!—here, void of guile, receive
 The manly homage, which our hearts relieve.—

Here, noble Seaman, be in spirit blest:—
 List!—in what glowing terms thy name's addrest.—

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Not long is rite of sepulture delay'd,
 Not long the dismal grating is array'd
 In such a melancholy garb of woe;
 Th' inevitable stroke of death, we know,
 Has laid its destin'd gallant victim low.—
 'Tis better then, the mournful scene to close;
 Nor longer sorrow so acute impose.
 At the approaching midnight hour is meant,
 The time when all hands are upon deck sent,
 Watch of relief, as well as that reliev'd,
 That into Ocean's bosom shall be heav'd
 What now remains, of the poor Tar we mourn,
 Whom fate inscrutable has from us torn !!!—

 Now then!—the hour is come, when the still Deep
 Claims the brave Seaman, lock'd in Death's cold sleep!—

The hollow tollings of the great Ship-bell,
 That the sad rite begins, impressive tell :—
 Uncover'd !, pale !, behold the Captain stand,
 His features stamp'd o'er all the gallant band.—

Quickly to leeward is the gangway clear'd ;
 Borne on the grating now the corpse appear'd.

Near the rob'd Chaplain is the lanthorn held,
 So that the whole his countenance beheld.

'Twas a most solemn meekness that o'erspread
 An aspect, from whence colour quite had fled !
 No time, no change, while life remains, will let
 My mem'ry his expressive mien forget!—
 His gesture, his e'en more than mortal look !

As he pronounc'd the Form, from our most sacred Book !!!

No sound is heard!—save !, till the sudden dash
 Strikes on the nerves, as the swift lightning's flash.—

Each eager eye strains thro' the water's gloom,
 And fain would penetrate deep Ocean's tomb !!!

How solemn is the midnight burial scene!

When the thin vap'ry clouds float slowly 'tween
The silver Moon, and deepen Ocean's green!—

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We feel reliev'd!—our Shipmate's gone for good,
Sunk in the abyss of unfathom'd flood.—

Yet tho' he's buried, will he still be found
Alive!, till death our fated knell shall sound,
In ev'ry heart, throughout the Frigate's Crew,
As in the hearts of all, who the brave Seaman knew.

Nay! our sincere esteem for noble BRACE,
Perchance, some future youthful Tar may trace.

An Officer of ours who did belong
In part to Poets, wrote a sort of Song.—
Some may denounce the small poetic merit,
But none, I'm confident, the Author's spirit.

'Tis penn'd in order to commemorate
A truly gallant Sailor's noble fate.—

O! chastest of desires!—indeed sublime!
To wish t'engraft illustrious deeds on time.—
For, from the record, shall th' admiring Son
With ardour burn, his Parent's race to run !!!

Whene'er the jovial, the *thrice*-relish'd night
Of Saturday comes round, their late fierce fight

Is canvass'd o'er, again, and yet again!—
 The brimming bowl is by the Songsman ta'en,
 And 'fore he sips, he toasts, "Here's our BEN BRACE!;"
 "And may we, Lads!, run his right glorious race!"
 This drunk,—th'exulting "Three times three" loud rings,
 And then with robust pow'r the Songsman sings.*—

'Mongst a Frigate's gallant Band,
 Was BEN BRACE, a youthful Tar;
 See him at his quarters stand,
 Eager now to urge the war.—

BEN was of a manly figure,—
 Dauntless heart, yet form'd for love;
 Firm in friendship, constant ever,—
 Mild, as e'er the Turtle-dove.

Yet in battle, ardent, daring,
 Furious as the springing pard;
 Nought his innate courage scaring,—
 - Fearless, seeking his reward:—

* When a particularly popular toast is given on-board Ship, the whole company stand up, drink a bumper, and give three cheers;—then another glass, and cheers repeated;—and then a third bumper, with remaining three cheers;—making nine cheers, or the "Three times three."

'Tis his Captain's smile gives pleasure;—

'Tis to have his Country's praise;—

But, (and not his poorest treasure,)

What does high his spirits raise,—

Is the thought of gentle ANNA,

Throbbing, shedding tears of joy;

Drops more sweet, than welcome manna;

Bliss, without the least alloy!

“ O! BEN, have you 'scap'd the slaughter!,

“ Am I, in my Husband's arms?”

Then she shews their little daughter,

While to each his bosom warms!

This, the image which steals o'er him,—

'Midst the horrors of the fight;—

Where clotted blood, and brains before him,

Harrow up the aching sight!—

Close alongside falls the fierce foe!—

Swift to lash, flies daring BRACE;—

Scarcely done,—when ha! his blood flows,—

Death's pale hue spreads o'er his face.—

For the foe pours in a broadside,—
 Hiss! a whizzing bullet flies,—
 Strikes poor BEN,—exhausts his life's tide,—
 O! my ANN, he moans, and dies!

Yet, what cause for grief, and sorrow?
 Neither, will our spirits mend;—
 Who'd not gladly of fate borrow,
 Leave to have BEN's glorious end?—

But come, my Friends!, it will not do to dwell
 Too much upon so lov'd a fellow's knell.—
 Calm is the night,—and soothing is the Sea,
 While the bright Moon sets beauteous o'er the lee.
 Our spirits imperceptibly return
 To usual bent,—we cease to vainly mourn;—
 “We but remember,”—breeze gets fresh and fair;
 We tow, and 'tend our Prize with pleasing care.—
 Another day breaks forth; and 'fore its close,
 Our deep-sea-lead, a Quarter-master throws
 Into the Ocean, from the foremost chains;—
 (Men on the guns to clear it too take pains;—
 Our Master on the Tafrel* post maintains;—

* “Tafrell, or Tafrel-rail,” a kind of railing over the stern.

The Ship brought to *;)—we all intently look,
 For lo!, the line the lead no longer took,—
 Of course the lead then must have struck the bottom.—
 All cry out,—“Soundings, Sir!—we’re sure we’ve got ’em.”

Now, in the “Snatch-block†,” is the lengthy line
 Plac’d by some hands;—while others nimbly ’twine
 The same, with care, around the whirring reel;—
 A sight (not long delay’d) we peeping steal
 At the “erm’d”‡ bottom of the sounding lead,—
 Which is with sand and sea-shells amply fed!—
 For at one end, it being hollow’d out,
 ’Tis fill’d with tallow;—so is found the route,—
 As the soft substance of the grease receives
 Whatever print, the Ocean’s bottom leaves.—
 Therefore when soundings, thus beneath appear,
 We know correctly how our course to steer.—
 The present arming clearly proves we are,
 From Scilly’s§ dang’rous rocks not very far.
 But still we let the making them alone,—
 No splendid Moon would guide us,—no Sun shone,—

* If a Ship has much way through the water, she must be brought to, before you attempt to sound.

† A “Snatch-block,” is open at one side, so as to receive the *bight* (bend) of a rope; whereas others oblige you to reeve (pass) the *end* through.

‡ “Erm’d,” or “Arm’d.”

§ “Scilly Islands,” at the entrance of the English Channel, environed with innumerable, and most dangerous rocks.

Not even once, throughout the foll'wing day;—
 'Midst an impervious haze, we held our way.
 To rightly steer, we were not, tho', perplext
 In spite of this;—yet if thro' night the next
 It had continued, 'twould have sorely vext.

But soon as e'er the second morning broke,
 We saw the Sun would clear of vapour soak,
 Or rather dry up, by its vivid rays,
 This, had it tasted, *tantalizing* haze.—
 For by our present reckoning we are
 From Plymouth, destin'd port, not very far.
 At length the regions of blue Ether clears,
 And—why this haste, my pen?—the land appears !!!

The cheering sound throughout the Vessel flew;—
 And Fancy's magic pencil nimbly drew
 Some pleasing picture, on each sanguine mind,
 In tints, to suit the boist'rous, grave, refin'd.—
 Joy gladden'd *all* around,—the nod and smile,
 Our tedious moments of approach beguile.—
 At length in groups, and pairs, the restless Crew
 Some utt'rance find, and talk it o'er anew.
 Th' expected bliss is near; and each runs o'er
 The various pleasures, he expects on shore:—
 He who has tasted Hymen's chastest joys,
 And finds connubial fondness never cloy,—

Anticipates th' ecstastic, soften'd bliss
 Of Virtue's folding arms, and balmy kiss.—
 The little Cherub smiling at her breast,
 Alternately, is with her Husband prest;—
 And as the glow of rapt'rous transport glides,
 Tears, in her HENRY's bosom, MARY hides!—
 Delightful scene!—to libertines unknown;—
 Alas!, with them, the faint and sickly moan,
 The pallid hues of misery and pain,
 Strike on the sight, and agonize the brain.
 'Tis the deluded Girl!, once chaste and fair,
 Once tasting comfort, *now* keen pinching care!—
 What can be worse than this?—nipp'd in the bud
 The sweetest flowret of the garden stood,
 Wither'd, and weak, and shiv'ring in the blast;—
 In death, repenting errors of the past!!!—

This is thy recompence, vile youth!—with thee,
 Let gnawing conscience e'er an inmate be!—
 Of all our punishments, 'tis sure the worst,
 Most heart-corroding, far, far most accurst!!!—

But hold, my pen!—Amongst our gallant Band,
 None could his Shipmate with “seduction!” brand:—
 No gloomy looks!, no startings of the brain!,
 No half-check'd groans! (all ills in Vice's train)
 Tinctur'd each open feature of the Tar,—
 Seam'd with the traits of honourable war,

And brighten'd up by smiles of cheerful glee.
 Far, far then be it, honest JACK!, from me,
 To tax thy well-known worth, to blast thy fame,
 And tarnish o'er thy hard-earn'd glorious name!

'Tis but the mirror, polish'd to reflect
 More charms on those, in Honour's garment deck'd.—
 See! in the faithful glass, the contrast forms,
Virtue in radiance bright,—*Vice* clad in storms.

Too just a similitude!—the Human Race
 Will have its thoughts stamp'd on the index face,
 Some time or other.—Villains often smile,—
 But, in *unguarded* moments, banish guile!—
 The human aspect, therefore, strikes the sight,
 In tempests luring, or in sunshine dight.—
 Radiance! the *Virtue*,—*Vice* the shades of night*!

But come, my Muse!, rehearse why now resounds
 The hoarse-tongu'd Boatswain, who e'en Ocean'sounds?
 Why is he echoed by those stentor bawls?
 Why, in rude harmony, now pipe the calls?
 "Prepare to anchor,"—soul-enliv'ning sound!—
 Each Tar responsive, gives a willing bound.—
 Some fly aloft, prepar'd the sail to hand;
 While see below, a half-stripp'd, sturdy band,

* "Deliberate Seduction," the Author firmly believes he may say without fear of contradiction, stands too isolated, to be reckoned a part of the Sailor's catalogue of pleasures.

With nervous arms, employing all their might
 To force on deck, the Cable's pondrous bight;—
 Others again, and those a chosen few,
 The pointed Cable from the Hawse-hole drew;
 Whose end is then, thro' fair Hope's emblem past,
 When this great thread of fate! is well made fast.*

The anxious Master, ever and anon,
 Dictates the instantly repeated con;—
 And now the Leadsman, with harmonious song,
 Shews when the course is right, and when 'tis wrong.

See now the smoking chimneys! aye, 'tis there
 Dwells my Heart's Idol!, dwells my EMMA fair!—

O Love!, O potent Love!,—thy pow'r divine
 Bids, 'midst a thousand charms, a Chimney! shine.

'Midst the luxuriant foliage of the wood,
 While clad in varying tints, the mountains stood;
 While, on the shining surface of the Deep,
 The plying Vessels, gilt in sun-beams, sweep;—

* Cables are always unbent, on leaving the land for any time.—When *cruizing*, however, only *one* is,—the “sheet,”—which is again bent, on approaching port.—The end of a cable is pointed in a peculiar manner, to prevent fagging out; this is pushed out of the hawse-holes (made in the bows for the purpose), and then fastened to the ring of the anchor:—a “range of cable,” that is, a length equal to the depth of water you come to in, is always got out of the cable tiers (on the hollop deck) to the deck level with the hawse-holes, before you let go the anchor.

While Earth, Sea, Heavens, all their charms combine;—

Yet does the Chimney, all their charms outshine:

O! 'tis the Beacon that dispels all care;—

'Tis there dwells EMMA, dwells my EMMA fair!!!—

But, tho' the noblest passion! fills my soul!,

Will I not yield to mighty Love's controul,

So far, as such fond vows to rashly plight,

As may unfit me for the ardent fight.—

Hymen! thy blandishment I must withstand,

Till Rank and Fortune grace my willing hand!!!—

Silence now reigns around!—the word is past,—

“Each in his station,” till the Ship's made fast.

The word once spoke!, the busy hum is o'er;

The laugh, the joke, and call, are heard no more.

In mute attention, Chiefs and Seamen stand,

Waiting the Captain's clear and loud command.—

Again hail, Discipline!—our Navy's boast,

Thy rules are ever, in themselves a host;

While equal Justice, firm, yet *mild* of sway,

Shall o'er our floating Castles dart its ray,—

The foreign foe's, or home-bred viper's sting,

Can with it nothing pestilential bring;—

Thanks to thy care, St. VINCENT!—thanks to thee!—

Thy Knowledge set BRITANNIA's Seamen free

From the insidious plotter's murd'rous taint,—

Too truly horrible again to paint

In all its mad, its ruinous effects.—

Thanks then to Thee !, and HIM, who Tars protects !

You ! burst the link, which frantic demons forg'd,—
Demons ! whose lash our Fleets and Country scourg'd.

Again BRITANNIA saw her Sons go forth,

Purg'd of the taint, conform'd in Patriot worth;—

Certain their Country's cause was good and great,

They, to uphold it, nobly rush'd on fate !!!*

* The Author begs leave to advance here in explanation, that although he will not pretend to say, what motives induced Lord St. Vincent to pay off the Navy so suddenly and extensively at the Peace of Amiens (to which the above passage adverts), yet that, as the *doing so* was attended with the most beneficial effects, he trusts the eulogium may not be thought misapplied.—Without therefore taking the liberty of supposing what may have been his Lordship's reasons, he will offer a few remarks, in the character of a Naval Officer, to prove why he thinks the paying the Navy off at that period, of the highest importance, to its interests, and consequently that of the Nation.—The dreadful mutinies proved, that whatever loyalty British Seamen possessed at *heart*, yet when their *understandings* became attacked in the new and insidious way in which they were, they could not be expected to be proof against delusions which have cast such miseries on the *world at large*.—None but those who actually served during that period, could know the extent, to which the villainous agents of still greater villains, forged the chains by which the gallant but deluded Crews were held;—nothing but the most “decided firmness” on the part of Officers, and “the native patriotism” of the Men, could have prevented the artifices of those demons of anarchy, from having more dreadful consequences, than they had.—Yet, although from the above causes, the Country might be said to have been saved, and although the Crews seemed anxious to wipe out the stain by gallant deeds, the effects of Jacobinism (which fortunately *has now* destroyed itself) “were not entirely eradicated at the Peace of Amiens.”—The only method to

At length the word, "See Sheets and Halyards clear*;"—
 "The Anchor stand by;"—"More to port† now steer."—
 "Clew up," "Haul down‡;"—with magic force 'tis done!
 "Now stream the Buoy§;"—"Now let the Anchor run."
 The stoppers past ||,—like lightning, round she flies,
 And sheering, ev'ry stretching rope-yarn tries! **

radically purge away this taint then, seemed to be, "by paying the Navy entirely off;" by which means, the link which connected these "agents of iniquity," would be broken:—the Crews, by comparing notes with their countrymen on shore, would discover the fallacy of the doctrines which had misled them;—and, by spending their money, appreciate the comforts of their Profession, and learn the *wholesome truth*, that "Sailors can only live by it;"—therefore would return with avidity!—Has not all this been accomplished?—Those who deceived our Crews, have either met their fate from the injured laws of their Country;—finding their cause hopeless, have emigrated;—or, convinced of their error, have become good subjects.—Sailors seeing this, in addition to what has been already mentioned, and too that their Country was threatened with extermination, *re-entered* the Navy with ardour, and have proved, by their deeds, their union, and invincible determination to, without an atom of Gallic affectation, "*deserve well of their Country.*"

* "Sheets" (as has been observed) haul out the sails to the yard-arms.—"Halyards" hoist them.

† Meaning to the "Larbord," or "Left," as already explained.

‡ Square sails are "clewed up" (as already described), and stay-sails "hailed down;" in general, at the same moment.

§ To every anchor there is a Buoy (a kind of cask) to shew where the anchor is;—as it is made to float just over it.—This must always be let go, "streamed" before the anchor.

|| "Stoppers" are of different kinds, made of rope, fixed to the deck and elsewhere, to put round the cable, when you wish to prevent its running any more out:

** "To sheer" is to go from one side to the other, which a Vessel does, straining at the same time her cable (according to the wind's force), "until brought up," as it is called.

We do not moor, as soon up harbour bound ;
 The word " Out boats," is echoed then around.
 Nimble their Crews hook on the pendent falls,*
 And now the rest obey the piping calls.—
 The Barge once out, is in an instant mann'd ;
 The ready Captain is as soon at hand,—
 And with a sparkling eye, rows swift to land,
 Anticipating pleasant dinner prog,
 With the Port Adm'ral,—soon as our Ship's log,
 And her report of state, have once been read ;
 And, on their glorious contents, all things said
 Can gratify a gallant youthful spirit,
 From the mouth of a vet'ran man of merit†.
 This being but an earnest of what follows ;—
 Whistling shot, we know, had made some hollows
 In our Ship's planks and masts ; and so 'tis fit
 We go to dock, and overhaul a bit ;—
 And this, in sequel, sends our Chief to town,
 Where, from the gracious Monarch on his throne,

* " Yard-tackle falls," by which boats, &c. are hoisted out of a vessel.

† On arriving in port, the senior Officer must always be waited upon with the " Log-book" (or Journal), and a " Report of the state in which a vessel arrives ;" by which means her wants are ascertained.—The dinner is of course.—After any particular piece of service, a descriptive letter is addressed to a senior Officer, or Admiralty Secretary, according to circumstances.

He will receive such truly grateful praise,
 As must his mind 'bove all things earthly raise !!!—
 Only his *mind*, remark!—as to his *heart*,
 A certain beauteous Damsel plays her part,
 With such a winning grace, so kindly sweet,—
 O! all ye pow'rs of Love! how great the treat!
 What mortal but would strive the foe to beat!!!

'Tis certain, while encircled round the waist,
 The Mistress lets her ardent Lover taste
 Th' ecstatic nectar of her ruby lip!

A first!—but not the *last*, most rapt'rous sip!

Who is so cold of heart, to think it shame
 Thus to reward a glorious deed of fame?
 Surely! when Swains are cover'd with renown,
 A *chaste*, rewarding Love, the Fair may own.

Well!—after tasting such transcendant pleasure,
 In a more tranquil, yet a blessed measure,
 His noble Parents both are fondly prest
 Unto his truly filial, manly breast.—
 Soldiers, and Sailors, oft fare passing hard;
 But 'tis made up by such supreme reward!

Young HENRY, too, prov'd such a noble boy!,
 Is, with his Uncle, London to enjoy;—
 And also both his doating Parents bless,
 Receiving once again their sweet caress!—

Inform'd of this, the gen'rous Youngster prays,
 His Messmate EDWARD may come in the chaise;
 Nor does the Captain hesitate to take
 The lad, for well-deserving HARRY's sake;—
 Indeed for EDWARD's own great merit too;
 The *wherefore* has already been told you.—
 Now, pray conceive, tho' this is here related,
 'Tis but the real fact, anticipated;—
 I merely introduce the matter here,
 Because on shore I don't intend to steer;
 No longer does my pen accompany,
 Than on the Cruise, or while we fit for Sea.

But let me, Reader! your attention call
 To other themes;—essay to tell, why all
 On board are restless;—why these soon betray
 Hearts much oppress'd, indiff'rent, grave, or gay.

Alas! it is beyond my feeble art
 To paint the varied feelings of the heart.
 Indeed, can language such a scope embrace?
 Can words express, and with the pulse keep pace?

Our mantling blood, which from the heart-spring flows,
 Thro' ev'ry feature each emotion shows!
 How can cramp'd words explain the workings of the soul?
 How speak, when eyes beam love, or, lit by fury, roll!—
 What!—when responsive sighs impart th' ecstatic bliss!
 When bashful, sweet confession yields the balmy kiss!—

When gentle heaves the bosom's rapture prove,
Say! can a word escape to murmur love?—

The eyes look all,—the close-entwin'd embrace,
With "Love's avowal" can alone keep pace!—

Or, when demoniac passions shake the soul,
Can words! the working tumult e'er controul?
What!—when the flashing eye, and uprais'd vengeful arm,
By headstrong fury urg'd, inspire a dread alarm!—
Can language then the passions dire assuage?—

Impotent effort of Poetic rage !!!——
Words may our cooler feelings well rehearse
In clear-told Prose, or more harmonious Verse:
But, when the passions are at highest bent,
'Tis in a language of their *own* they vent.

Most true!—but yet there is a magic pow'r
Can make e'en feeble language cheat the hour;
Can make a word convey a sense of bliss;
Tho' unsubstantial, yet yield Beauty's kiss!—
Can make the distant scene of woe appear,
And softer natures melt to shed a tear;—
Can in wild tumult passions agitate,
Until we rush amidst the battle's hate !!!

Imagination!—Pow'r of Fairy mien!
'Tis thou alone canst paint the wond'rous scene;—
Canst urge the varied feelings of the heart,
And, by a word, canst joy or grief impart.

As e'en the mild, the serious, stern, or gay,
 In part acknowledge thy seducing sway;
 Fain would I hope, that, thus possess'd of thee,
 All, in description, may the substance see.
 Then come, my Muse!, and try, in pleasing Song,
 To tell why now these uncouth mortals throng;
 And wherefore this to passions should belong.

Yon flying Skiff, that sweeps along the Main,
 Does at her helm a harbinger contain,
 Full charg'd with fate!—its fiat, joy or grief?—
 O! come Conviction; yield, O! yield relief.
 Tho' the dire truth may agonize my heart,
 Yet from suspense I feel a *keener* smart.
 The POSTMAN comes!—and, surely, mocks our pains,
 While he some crabbed argument maintains;
 Or, still relentless, cracks his irksome joke,
 And wonders why so eager seem the folk *!—

* The moment a Man-of-War arrives in port, she is reported to the Post-Office; which instantly sends off the boat in its pay with the Ship's letters; which now only cost the Crew one *penny*, in lieu of a postage they often and often could not pay.—For the comfort, nay humanity! of thus being enabled to hear from their friends, as also to answer them, at no greater cost than a penny postage on receipt, (a Commissioned Officer of a Man-of-War being allowed to frank,)—the Navy has to thank, the Author is given to understand, the Post-Office in 1795;—it extends to the Army; and creates a most pleasing confidence in our Country, as acts conducive to our happiness are not confined to our immediate Boards, but are fulfilled where far removed from us.

At length he finds 'tis better to abstain,
Or JACK from clumsy thumps may not refrain.

A letter, forth he lugs,—and, hear him swear,
“ 'Tis for TOM TRYSAIL,—Plymouth, or elsewhere.”
“ Be sharp! hand here,” cries eager TOM, “ the slack*,
“ Or, joker! down I lay ye on your back!”—

The pence deliver'd,—see, with break-neck speed,
TOM, and a Messmate who, kind fate!, can read,
Rushing below,—and, with a blubb'ring cry
And awkward paw, to ope the letter try.

Th' intricate folds at length are torn asunder,—
When, lo! with vacant stare, TOM seems to wonder,—
“ His jewel, MOLLY, has quite well got o'er
“ The pains of childbirth, since he left the shore! :”
Tho' scarcely yet six fleeting months are gone
Since wedlock's blissful bonds, he gets a son!—

Who would have thought that MOLLY's modest face
Would heap upon her charming sex disgrace;
And to a Sailor kind, and void of guile,
Behave, you see, in this ungen'rous style?
The world! my honest JACK;—for too oft there,
Virtue's consider'd *foul*, and vicious precept *fair*.

Cheer up, my Lad!—thy manly spirit show;—
If woman slight you, *Frenchmen* do not so!

* The “ Slack” of any thing is the Sea-cant for the *thing itself*;—
derived from hauling in the slack of a rope, it is presumed.

The thought perhaps had struck him,—for, instead
 Of horrid oaths, and hanging down his head,
 He gives the board one precious, angry thump!,
 Then sitting him upright upon his rump,
 He whistles first, then sings, and squirts his scorn,
 Till full as blithe as joyous May-day morn,
 The treach'rous Helpmate, and all care's forgot;
 'Tis Sea-philosophy, improves his lot. —
 All hail! all hail! thou wonder-working pow'r!
 From whence possessest thou this magic pow'r?—
 Say!, when we're struck in the most tender part,
 Whence comes the balsam which allays the smart?
 Why, simply hence, my friend!—'tis all combin'd
 In these two lines, of necromantic kind!—
 “What Fate decrees no human art can cure,
 “We Sailors think, troth!, we must needs endure.”
 We do our best!—can mortal man do more?—
 And tho' full often fate may sternly lour,
 Yet if we're sure, we *merit* fortune's smile,
 What consequence to us, if she beguile?—
 We know, we cannot help it either way;
 Then why not, with the quaint old proverb, say,
 “All cases, which admit no earthly cure,
 “My honest people, faith! you must endure.”—
 Therefore of whate'er happens “make the best,”
 So will, at last, your perturb'd spirits rest.—

Now, mark that handsome youth, with speaking eye,
 No utt'rance finding, save a *deep-drawn* sigh;
 His bosom rapture 'tis that keeps him mute;
 Till feeling transport, even too acute!,
 Instinctively he seeks a kindred breast,
 And while his sympathising friend is prest,
 The mighty tale is told!—"That friends are kind;—
 "And lovely LAURA prays, a fav'ring wind
 "May waft him quickly to her fond embrace;
 "As both may now receive the nuptial grace."

Take care, my dainty, love-bewilder'd friend!—
 Wedlock, mayhap, may not thy state much mend!
 But come!, I know you'll say, I only preach,
 The best advice full oft the heart can't reach;
 Let then *experience* the correctness teach.

Another see!, with a sedater mien,
 Altho' much satisfaction still is seen.—
 His patron now informs him, "he has reason,
 "In proper place, and at a proper season,
 "To *somehow* think his young friend on the Ocean
 "May, if it is *deserv'd*, attain promotion."
 Deserv'd!—aye, there's the deuce on't!—for a chasm,
 Giving the hardiest Mid a twitching spasm,
 Lays between Cockpit and a Luff's commission,
 "The passing Captain's dread, most dread decision!!!

Ye shiv'ring tribe!—methinks I see ye yet
 In the tremendous House of Somerset!—
 Those varying streaks of blue, of white, and red,
 With chatt'ring teeth, proclaim your inward dread!

The hollow footsteps, from yon distant stair,
 Sound awfully, O! Mids, prepare, prepare!—

The folding doors now ope,—Big-wig appears;
 The wretch enjoying your foreboding fears.

“Come, Mr. ———, the Passing Captains wait!”

Despairing, now he cries, “Protect me, fate!”

See him return!—important in his look!—

Swearing, he knew full well, th'old boys he'd cook:—

Tho' not a word, how *fearfully* he shook!!!

Thus with us all;—and, joking set apart,
 The dread remembrance yet will make me start:
 Still can I feel a spasm and a twinge,
 At the dire creaking of the dreaded hinge!!! *

* When a young man has served six years in a Man-of-War, according to the rules of the Service; he sends his Journals, and Certificates of good Conduct, &c. to his Agent, who procures a document of his time having been duly served;—he is then allowed to stand an examination in the different branches of his profession, before a certain number of Post Captains, at Somerset House, London; who, if he satisfies them, sign a Certificate to the effect, and he is then competent to a Commission, nor is he examined after:—but should he be wanting in his answers, they send him back to his Ship to serve some time; when he may again try his fortune.—Perhaps forty anxious mortals are seen on the passing day, walking up and down the Great Hall, terrified at the idea of being turned back:—the sound

But, FRANK!—what's this?—that wild expression tells,
 Your heart, too much alive, with anguish swells:—
 Tell me, my Friend! whence the emotion springs;
 Say! what it is that thus thy bosom wrings?—
 Serious, I fear, when feelings so intense
 Usurp thy mind, and agonize each sense.—
 Feelings so tender, FRANK!, must be withstood,
 Or not a day would pass without some cause to brood.

None!—but we Sailors surely, least of all,
 Should into such a grievous error fall.—
 Feelings a man must have, or be a brute;
 But should-ne'er suffer them to be acute.
 Now FRANK, tho' brave in battle, gen'rous, kind,
 Yet had a serious fault,—“ was too refin'd.”—
 He said himself, he was by no means so,
 And that he would not sentiment forego
 For all the universe could give beside;
 It was by far his greatest joy and pride.
 But, come now, tell me, FRANK!—when woe assails,
 How is't your manly spirit so much fails?—

of the Porter (nick-named “ Big-wig”) coming from the Chamber of Examination to call those wanted, is therefore a *nervous* business.—
 But though this alarm is natural, there is no foundation for it in reality, as the Officers appointed to examine, make it a point to dispel this flutter of the nerves as much as possible, and afford every indulgence and encouragement.

Tho' you feel pleasure where no other can,
 Yet I have seen you sink beneath the man.
 He thought not so!—" Altho' I yield to grief,
 " Yet still I have proportionate relief:
 " That I despond at times, is indeed true;
 " But then, what joys from the same source accrue!"

I studied him; and soon found out, alas!
 His *pain* did pleasure very far surpass.
 This rule I cherish then,—“ That men should suit
 “ Feelings t' events; but let them not take root!”
 A proof how just this is, there never can
 Be stronger instance than in this young man.

No strength of mind warded the heavy stroke;
 He pin'd!,—he sunk!,—his heart, *too* feeling, broke*!

But, hark!—my name is call'd,—the seal is black,—
 Good God!—it surely cannot be from JACK?
 What loss has he sustain'd?—the hand's not his;—
 But 'tis his seal,—and written thence he is!—
 A sort of fearful tremor o'er me shook,—
 And tho' my eager hands the letter took,

* Much as a certain degree of refined sentiment is essential in Military Service, to conciliate esteem both in a political and moral point of view; yet, when carried to such lengths, it becomes weak and ridiculous!—Extraordinary as it may appear that such an instance as above detailed should occur on board Ship!, yet it is strictly true.—The contents of the letter cannot be of importance,—suffice it, that the cause of this catastrophe was an “over-refinement,”—an “excess of Sensibility.”

Yet so the flutter of my spirits rose,
 That I could not the fateful task impose
 Of getting knowledge, which I yearn'd to gain :—
 At length a friendly youth, who saw my pain,
 With well-meant haste, the fatal letter tore
 From my weak grasp, and thoughtless reads,—“ No more,
 “ In this world, shall poor JOHN —— greet
 “ Thy ear with friendly converse ;—ne'er to meet
 “ In this life can you.”—O ! how my heart's oppress !—
 Where now's the friend on whom that heart can rest ?
 Alas ! he's gone !—gone to that unknown shore,
 Which an All-ruling Pow'r decrees we quit no more !—
 From whose thrice-awfully “ mysterious bourne,”
 In mortal state we never can return !!!—
 Not even real worth, like his, could save,
 “ Or yet, a little, cheat the mould'ring grave :—”
 A little !—why this little wish to snatch ?—
 Croud all the sail we can, yet death will catch !—
 And, for a moment if a man but thinks,
 Assur'd he must be, that, when “ Virtue sinks,”
 'Tis to receive that *future*, bless'd reward,
 Religion tells us, shall be Worth's reward !—
 I dwell not on the theme ;—for what can it avail,
 To loose the canvass to grief's 'whelming gale ?—
 He's tranquil moor'd !—I hear the tempest howl,
 Feel the keen frost, and see the snow-drift scowl.—

Let me enjoy the quickly passing calm,
Nor by regrets so vain! infect the zephyr's balm.—

Mellow'd by time will be the fest'ring smart;
And anguish then will cease to tear my heart*.

How strange it doth appear!—and yet how true!,
That the most adverse feelings ever strew
Throughout existence, mankind's tortuous path.

Benign peace beams!—a moment after, wrath!—
Now we are sad,—and anon blithely gay!;—
These in the compass of a fleeting day.
But I defy such chequer'd scenes to be
Witness'd elsewhere, as we who go to Sea
Experience;—'tis a life of that kind,
Where things occur will touch each chord of mind.—
Yet, as I've said, "Care's restless symptom marrs
"The peace but *seldom*, and *not long*, of Tars."—
Pleasure predominates,—O! how much more!,
Than gnawing pain;—not long our hearts feel sore.—

Besides the glory of the Life; that thirst
Which mankind have imbib'd—aye, from the first!,
Of widely roaming, and exploring, we
Indulge, e'en to its full extent, at Sea.

* Those who have had the misfortune to lose a real friend, may not, perhaps, think indulging in such melancholy reflections, at the moment his loss is announced, inconsistent with nature.

Ever a novelty!—some wond'rous shore
 We visit, and delightedly explore.
 And when, in regions of the peopled world,
 Scarce is BRITANNIA's well-known Flag unfurl'd,
 Than, gods! what honour, love, and Gala-fête,
 The BRITISH Officer, and Tar, await:—
 Pleasures, which former pains more exquisite create.

}

Various the letters, which the Crew receive;
 Various the causes, to rejoice, or grieve.—
 Of these, perhaps you'll think I've said enough;
 Let me then turn to other kind of stuff;—
 And forthwith tell
 What, if before, perchance, had been as well;
 Namely, that gunners, 'fore at anch'ring spot,
 Had drawn from guns their, *might be*, fatal shot.—
 In this particular, the prudent Chief
 Gave, from the first, his orders, strict and brief;—
 “Unshot the cannon on your ent'ring port;
 “Shot them again, whenever Sea we court.”—
 This was, and with a proper foresight, meant
 To guard against a serious accident *.—

* Many dreadful accidents have happened, owing to guns being kept shotted in port.—To instance one:—when the Boyne, of 98 guns, was burning at Spithead, her cannon, on being reached by the flames, went off, and killed men in Ships near:—most providential it was, the mischief did not extend to a greater degree.—But even shotted lower-deck guns at Sea, is dangerous.—Two of our Line-of-

But see there!, skimming o'er the rippling tide,
 The Captain's barge;—now laid close alongside.—
 He greets us all;—says, that “no longer stay
 “We must make here,—but in a moment weigh.”

A pilot he has brought;—so all employ
 Their hands with strength, their minds o'erflow'd with joy,
 To heave the anchor, and to moorings go,
 With our well-batter'd, low-sail'd Prize in tow.—

Now, with majestic sail, our Ship moves on,
 While the yet lofty sun in radiance shone:
 Then, as tho' conscious of her abject plight,
 Unwilling moves our Prize in colours dight;—
 That of the foe beneath the Union Cross,
 Which last the partial, sportive breezes toss,
 Sometimes in folds, sometimes in full display,
 As if on purpose.—The tri-colours lay
 Lank, as thro' shame;—quite stripp'd of former pride;
 While BRITAIN'S Arms triumphantly preside!!! *

Battle Ships nearly foundered in consequence:—during the night, in a gale of wind, they worked to that degree that the shot became loose, and by friction, or collision, fired the powder; by which means the port was blown out, and the Ship's safety imminently hazarded.—A *lower-deck* gun is soon shotted, when you clear for action,—and the *upper*, which are not *housed*, (run in, and the muzzle resting within board, consequently can do no mischief by going off,) are ready for immediate firing.

* As the lower flag is near the deck, and becalmed by the upper one (except the breeze is very strong), it cannot blow out, though the one above may.—Our method of distinguishing Prizes is, by hoisting the flag of Britain over that of the captured foe,

Now we our course for inner harbour shape ;
 And as we round the shelving, shelt'ring cape,
 What thousands ! fill the air with ardent cries ;—
 What loud returns ! burst from our Ship and Prize.

Now warlike music thro' the concave sounds,
 While the full cheer at interval resounds.—
 The heav'nly, patriot FAIR their kerchiefs wave,
 And point towards, and greet our conquer'd slave :
 The bands and voices make the welkin ring,
 With “ Rule Britannia,” and “ God save the King !!! ”

We float on air !—and things to sense appear,
 As if thro' promis'd Paradise we steer !—
 Each man 's a Hero !—O ! entranc'd, we sigh,
 “ Let us in battle conquer, or in battle die !!! ”——

- - - - -
 - - - - -

Soon as our Frigates two are safely brought
 To the snug moorings which our Pilot sought,
 We look !—and, with most animated glee,
 Lying moor'd near us our first Prizes see.
 This cheering prospect, and old Shipmates come
 From them to shake hands with us, make the sum,
 And not the trifling sum, of grateful pleasure ;—
 What indeed somewhat adds, is a rich treasure
 They, like right-hearted fellows, bring on board,—
 What does at present more our Lads afford,

Than gold !, delight ;—being this tasty treat,
 Soft tack !, milk !, greens !, fresh butter !, and fresh meat !
 And, let me see, what else ?—aye, aye, Steel's List !
 And a month's Papers, for a reading twist.
 Our Purser too, good fellow in the main,
 Neglects not to endeavour to obtain,
 For the Ship's Crew to-morrow, fresh-beef grub,
 With wholesome relish'd beer also for bub :
 Now, to buy from the bumboat's freight, they club *.

Well, now, shall I some certain things unfold?—
 But mind,—a bargain !—if I do, don't scold !—
 Perhaps you may not, if you do but think,
 How often we have been on ruin's brink ;
 After such scenes will not the Cynick let,
 Some few, at least, in pleasure's trance, forget
 The many hardships past !—“ faith ! some got tipsy !”
 And some sent *not* away the coaxing gypsy †.

* A “ Bum-boat” is a shore-boat, with articles of various sorts,—chiefly eatables.

† The Author cannot help here observing, that if young Naval Officers (for to those at years of discretion the following observations of course cannot be supposed to apply,) would endeavour more to seek the society of reputable families in our great Naval Sea-ports, (in no other places are they obliged to *seek*,) and those families be more inclined to take notice of them, there might be a reciprocal advantage ; as the young men would not then be so much, in a manner, driven to associate with themselves, and in consequence would not commit those extravagancies (at least so frequently) as must annoy now and then the others. Ebullitions of youthful thoughtlessness

I must, however, have you all suppose,
 That, no, not e'en a single one of those,
 Whose bounden duty 'tis to keep look-out,
 But who is competent to move about :
 No!—only those by duty *un-confin'd*,
 It is, who thoughtless leave “dull care behind.”
 And if they give too wild a scope to this,
 What can we say?—is it past hope amiss?
 The prisoners (and to their real sorrow)
 Are to be shifted from our Ship to-morrow.
 They had been treated throughout truly well,
 As you may hear all hands, unask'd-for, tell,
 In prison-ships they are full fairly used ;
 Yet had they rather been that birth excus'd.
 It is not long delay'd before we strip,
 And have a clear-swept hold to dock the Ship.
 Our cannon, shot, and diff'rent stores, are got,
 By lighters, to the wharfs a proper spot.
 Soon will the Captain's time be all his own,
 And he will fly on wings of love to town.
 That day is come!—for we get into dock,
 Where the mountainous billows cease to rock :

can perhaps only be checked by a pleasing acquaintance with the
 estimable; at all events, being thrown totally on those of a different
 denomination can only harden, except they most fortunately afford
 an antidote in themselves, by raising disgust.

That is, our *Ship*, conceive!—we *mortals* stow
A hulk's old decks afloat, 'bove and below *.

If nothing happ'd to alter the intent,
Commencing travelling our Captain meant
Early next morn.—O! truly fateful morn!—
What an eventful stroke doth thee adorn!—

Just after post, the Captain hurrying came,
And, panting, did such wondrous tidings name,
As instantly most mark'd expressions drew
Of import varied, from the breathless Crew.—
Sometimes, the speaking eye would work and flash;
Sometimes, a glist'ning tear impede the lash,
And veil the sight;—at times, a glowing flush
Would o'er the aspect instantaneous rush.—

Anon, our late rous'd spirits seem to fail,
And you behold us, mournful, wild, and pale.—
Whence, are these workings of the inmost soul?—
'Trafalgar's Cape! heard thund'ring ordnance roll!;—
'Trafalgar's Cape! beheld fierce lightnings flash
From mighty rival fleets,—saw NELSON dash,

* After an action of any severity, a Vessel is taken into Dock; as there may be shot-holes under water not known. According to circumstances, she is stript, and cleared, or not. When Men-of-War become unfit for Sea Service, they have their Masts, Guns, Stores, &c. &c. taken out, and are fitted up to receive the Crews of those Vessels which are in Dock, or fitting out alongside: such are designated "Hulks."

Undaunted! thro' the foe's more num'rous line;—
 And like a Hero, more than mortal!, shine:—
 Saw him at once grasp Vict'ry's brightest palm!—
 Saw him, alas!, in death's impressive calm !!!—

Oh! what a fatal melancholy rest!—
 How sadly is the warrior's heart opprest!—
 The foe is beaten!—nay!—they are no more!!—
 But NELSON, godlike NELSON!, lies in gore!!!
 NELSON 's the fearful price!—our spirits sink,—
 E'en while the brimming cup of joy we drink!—

How can the power of language e'er express
 The exultation,—yet the deep distress?—
 When, did our Tars so great a deed atchieve?—
 When, had we such a rending cause to grieve?—
 Ne'er did emotions in contention steal,
 With half the force, as those which now we feel.—
 Oh! honour'd, honour'd NELSON!—truly great,
 In agony, we mourn, thy hapless fate!—
 Transcendent man!—thousands have been as brave;—
 Have, for their Country, like *thee* dar'd the grave!—
 But none, no! none of them were, like *thee*, GOOD!—
 For who, as NELSON, has so well withstood
 Those irritable feelings, which betray
 Man's noble nature, far too oft, astray
 From its right bent?—NELSON! thou hadst a mind
 Of mighty grasp, and yet *humane* and *kind*.

Nurs'd in the "cradle of the Ocean's surge,"—
 Tho' thou would'st wild, as wildest fury, urge
 The progress of th' exterminating fight;
 Yet in the brunt, RELIGION, kept in sight,—
 Kept a firm station in thy pious heart,
 And bade thee play an almost perfect part.
 Lo! all exclaim with fervid energy,
 "Death has no sting, grave has no victory,"
 In such a truly glorious end as thine!—

Impressive MILTON!, could thy fire be mine;—
 Thy sacred, thy e'en soul-expanding fire!—
 O! how my fervent MUSE would then inspire
 The Human Race throughout,—my fellow man,
 Whose life at *most*, is but the *shortest* span!,
 To care not how soon, they *this span* may 'bate,
 If they're repaid by meeting such a fate!—

Death did not hover round the Hero's bed,
 In terrors clad.—No!—sweetly calm the spirit fled!!!

- - - - -

Say! can Voluptuaries e'er meet their fate,
 In such resign'd, in such a heav'nly state?—
 Or those vile Indolents, who ne'er have won
 Tranquillity, from actions nobly done?—
 Say! can the vicious Rake, the Glutton, Sot,
 E'er finish *thus* in peace, their mortal lot?
 No!—their *past* lives will not be then forgot.

}

Phantoms of conscience ! must the wretch attend,
 And to its fate, his soul convulsive send !!!—
 While heroic spirit the great Warrior shields,
 And he, as worthy men !—a life with calmness yields.

NELSON! we all in one acclaim agree,
 And with BRITANNIA sigh, “ Great is our loss in thee.”

— — — — —
 But let us hope, our Country’s not bereft
 Of all, in thee !—that NELSONS still are left,—
 Determin’d Courage, and great Naval Skill,
 Throughout, our present glorious Annals fill;
 Nor should we doubt, but all will try to tow’r
 Like thee in eminence, and gain thy pow’r!—
 “ To be e’er idoliz’d, and e’er obey’d,
 “ Until life’s hues, in death’s dark shadows fade.”

Live, gallant NELSON !—live in each grateful breast ;
 Live there !; and ever be rever’d, carest.—
 Long may it be our Navy’s glorious boast,
 To the “ IMMORTAL MEM’RY,” fondly toast.—
 ’Tis thine, great soul! thine is the mem’ry dear!
 We drink in rapture !—yet repress the tear !!!*

— — — — —
 — — — — —

* The Author trusts he will not be accused of “ wishing to de-
 preciate the merit of past and present Naval Characters, by thus

- - - - -
- - - - -

But say, my MUSE! whose manly, modest pen?
Noble attendant on all gallant men,—
Who was the Warrior, tell me, did indite
The minutes of this most decisive fight?—

Highly distinguish'd, valiant COLLINGWOOD!—
Who on the splendid List of Heroes stood
The second,—ah! need I say *first*, alas!—
When the “grim Tyrant” DEATH! bid orders pass
From slaughter'd NELSON!—but, O MUSE, 'twere wrong
Longer to dwell upon dejected song.—

contrasting them with the great Nelson.”—The world has allowed him such pre-eminence! that it surely cannot derogate from the glory of others, to say, “his fame is as *yet* unrivalled:”—by the *past* certainly;—as to the *present* generation, *the path is open*.—Many may equal, nay! *excel* him;—for there never yet has been *perfection*.—To extol great men, is a duty, and a way to make them.—If so?—surely all should contribute their mite.——The enthusiasm of those who served with Lord Nelson,—their affection to his person,—their veneration for his remains, could only have been produced by what may fairly be termed “goodness.”——British Sailors will *fight* under *any* man who will lead them into action!—but they may not bear him *affection*,—nor, in the enthusiastic language of the Poet, (but *here* most strictly applicable,) “Bear in their hands the thunderbolts of war!”—so tremendously sudden was Trafalgar’s Victory achieved, that the Author has heard French officers who survived the combat, compare it to a “dreadful dream.”

Brave COLLINGWOOD! more of thee would I say,

But sense of delicacy stops the lay.—

Thou art alive!—therefore it is not meet,

That I should all thy glory here repeat.—

Historians will the story true relate,

And will thee high amongst our Naval Heroes rate.

Poor DUFF!—poor COOK!—* alas!, and many more,

Die for their Country's sake; but why deplore?—

Why feel wild grief, when we the story tell?—

“For we know, when they fell, they *nobly* fell!!!”—

Enough!—the liberal Historian's page,

Will note the Heroes, who did here engage,

As an example glorious! for each future age!!!—

The day in talking of the fight pass'd on,

And on his journey is the Captain gone.—

Now, that no active service bids, no more

We dine at Two o'clock,—’tis serv’d at Four.—

This once dispatch’d,—fresh wine is forthwith brought,

And an old Friend, our SANDY MAYNE had caught

Just in the nick of time, and fetch’d on-board,

Did, from his style of singing, all afford

Much serious pleasure :—for his vocal lay

Told of the ever-memorable day,

* Two Captains of Line-of-battle-ships, who fell in this great action.

When the immortal NELSON nobly fell ;
 As you have heard me but this moment tell.—
 The Poet thought, this mighty battle's form
 Partook in fierceness, so much of the Storm,
 That the same metre and same air belong
 To his attempt, as to that fine old song *.—
 With, 'stead of raging Tempest of the Main,
 The still more dreadful Battle's hurricane.—
 Our worthy President signs, " no more noise ;"
 And now the song, each eager ear employs :—



Near TRAFALGAR's Cape was steering
 Gallia's fleet, combin'd with Spain ;
 Thirty-three their force appearing,
 All sail set, the straits to gain.—
 No sooner did the orient morning
 Their stupendous, dark hulls show,
 Than NELSON, force superior scorning,
 Turn'd to them his willing prow.

* The " Storm ;" commencing with " Cease, rude Boreas," &c
 &c.

No signal made, but "for the Foe stem,

"As in two lines of sailing form'd."

And when the daring Chieftain near'd them,

Hark!—how the daunted Villeneuf storm'd:—

"What!, is there no way for retreating?

"Must we fight the dreaded foe?

"What!, no means left to shun the meeting?—

"Alas! alas! our blood must flow.

"The signal make, prepare for battle!,

"In two lines convex'd—then veer;

"For before our cannons rattle,

"To the northward I would steer;

"Make GRAVINA's signal quickly

"To form close." - - - Short grew his breath!

And turning pale, he moan'd out sickly,

"Frenchmen! we fight for life, or death!"

Four-and-twenty was the number

Of the gallant BRITISH Fleet;

Nought their warlike decks incumber,

All prepar'd the foe to meet.

'Tis not the hopes of sharing booty

Now each BRITISH heart inspires!—

'Tis NELSON's words!—"Men, do your duty!"—

That ev'ry Tar with ardour fires!!!

Now the deep-mouth'd cannon thunder,
 Peals on peals tremendous roar ;—
 Masts and yards are torn asunder ;—
 Many a Tar lies stretch'd in gore.—
 Muzzle to a muzzle straining,
 Soon as the hostile lines were broke,
 Each with valour still maintaining
 Desp'rate fight ;—when, Oh !—a stroke ! - - -

A stroke of fate, I'm now deploring,
 Vict'ry's self can scarce requite ;—
 One, 'midst a show'r of bullets pouring,
 Pierc'd noble NELSON !—At the sight,
 Th' exulting foe the death-blow ! shouted !
 This rous'd our Tars revenge to take :—
 Their ire increas'd !—the foe is routed ;—
 Victorious shouts the concave shake !!!—

Heroic NELSON's heart's-blood flowing,
 Mantling now,—his pale cheek flush'd ;—
 With fervid joy, his aspect glowing,
 He thanks his GOD !—and all was hush'd !!!—
 But, gallant Sailors ! cease your wailing,—
 'Tis the *glorious* chance of war ;—
 His mighty soul to Heaven sailing,
 Will shine from thence our Polar Star.

Keep it in view, my Brother Sailors!

Let it ever be your guide;—

Then no proud foe, or boasting railer,

Shall BRITAIN'S Navy e'er deride.—

Come, my boys!, let 's have no shrinking:

Fill your glasses to the brim,

"Immortal Memory," now we're drinking,—

"NELSON!!!—and those who bled with him."*—

Enthusiastic plaudits wildly ran,

And to the very bottom ev'ry man

Took off his brimming glass;—then all agree

To give th' inspiring Toast,—a three-times three!

The peal is over!—and a solemn pause

Proves our souls' homage to the song's great Cause.

Now we deplore our godlike NELSON'S fate,

Then on his Vict'ry feel—O! how elate!!!

* The Author has endeavoured, in the above Ballad, to come as near facts as possible;—to exemplify, *vide* Lord Collingwood's letter. —As to Admiral Villeneuve's speech (a poetical licence of course), it is not meant by it to attack the personal bravery of that unfortunate man, who certainly appears to have done his *utmost*; but to advance that the *result* of the conflict was *dreaded* by him.—It is only justice here to remark, that from circumstances which have fallen within the Author's knowledge, this Officer seems entitled to the character of an amiable, brave, and liberal man.

Whether it from the kindling subject sprung,
 Or from his wondrous energy who sung,
 Nothing we ever felt was so impressive,
 Nay!—I may further say, almost oppressive!!!

- - - - -
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Here let me stop!—and at a Hero's end
 My thoughts poetic tow'rds conclusion bend.—

Told, is “th’ unvarnish’d tale;”—o’er is the CRUISE;
 Errors, I trust, nay! beg, you will excuse,
 And join sincerely in this ardent pray’r,—
 “That it may be each BRITON’s constant care
 “To keep BRITANNIA’s ample flowing sail
 “Trimm’d, to inflate with HONOUR’s noble gale.
 “That VIRTUE be the Top’s resplendent light;
 “That COURAGE order in the bloody fight.—
 “But above all!—fix’d firmly at the Helm,
 “To steer her to an ever-blissful realm,
 “That mild RELIGION have its heav’nly sway.”—
 Then shall far-fam’d BRITANNIA make sure way;—
 Then will o’er Earth’s great globe, e’en ev’ry Nation,
 Not curse! but “reverence and greet her station:”
 Then, shall Invasion as a bugbear stand,
 To only frighten the infantine band!—

Or, metaphor to quit,—“ Almighty Pow’r!
 “ O’er our fair Isles thy choicest blessings show’r;
 “ Turn from us ever, thy tremendous wrath,—
 “ Incline us e’er to walk in Wisdom’s path!”—
 Wisdom!—thou art the *veriest* sum of all;—
 For if we’re wise! then *can* no ill befall!—
If we are wise? we shall be brave and good;
Ambition’s lawless thirst will be withstood:
Yet will we never meanly abject flinch,
Nor give up of our rights one single inch!;—
Will idolize a patriot good old King!
And factious reptiles from us, loathing, fling.
If we are wise? we will our best blood see
Flowing in streams!—meet ruin!—cease to be!—
Rather than, as a NATION, not be FREE!!!



CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

Preface, page	x,	line	17, for this, <i>r.</i> the
Poem, —	10,	—	1, for length'thy, <i>r.</i> lengthy.
— —	23,	—	7, for t'unmoor, <i>r.</i> to unmoor.
— —	128,	—	22, after off, <i>r.</i> also.
— —	134,	—	10, for changeless, <i>r.</i> changeful.
— —	138,	—	13, for sill, <i>r.</i> till.
— —	148,	—	2, for seaman, <i>r.</i> seamen.
— —	149,	—	17, after but, <i>r.</i> he.
— —	192,	—	22, for journal book, <i>r.</i> journal books.
— —	209,	—	11, for great, <i>r.</i> not.
— —	320,	—	12, for on board a ship, <i>r.</i> on board ship.
— —	323,	—	10, for the dreadful, <i>r.</i> th' eventful.
— —	326,	—	22, for on board, <i>r.</i> in board.
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Poem, —	390,	—	18, for our, <i>r.</i> her.
Note 2. —	390,	—	3, for ssill, <i>r.</i> still.
Poem, —	405,	—	9, for tasted, <i>r.</i> lasted.

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